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CECIL RHODES

The Hon. C. J. Rhodes

CECIL RHODES

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY ONE OF HIS PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES

GORDON LE SUEUR, F.R.G.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1911

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"Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, his private arbours and new-planted orchards, on this side Tiber; he hath left them you, and to your heirs for ever; common pleasures, to walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?"

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Sc. ii.

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1913

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TO

MY MOTHER

I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE

THIS BOOK

PREFACE

In undertaking this work I am complying with the wishes of a great number of friends, more especially Rhodesians, who knew "the Old Man."

I have no intention of attempting a complete Life or Biography of Cecil Rhodes, but am simply endeavouring to convey an impression of the man and his work formed from what I knew of him and from the anecdotes I retail.

I have had the assistance of a very few notes and of one or two stray documents and articles, to the unknown writers of which I tender acknowledgment, but nearly the whole is written from memory.

Some years ago I designed a more pretentious Life, for the purpose of which I had collected a large amount of material; but the Rhodes Trustees had no faith in my discretion, and I abandoned the work in deference to their wishes, and they purchased my notes and materials.

Sir Lewis Michell later got his colleagues to

allow him to collect further materials for the use of an official biography.

He enlarged this licence, and actually published a Life in two volumes; but no more than any other was this an authorized Life.

In addition to Sir Lewis Michell's work, Sir T. E. Fuller published a monograph and Mr. Philip Jourdan "Memoirs of Rhodes's Private Life"; but I do not think that a combination of all three constitutes a real biography, nor will it be easy for any one man to write a complete Life from his own knowledge—those having the capacity not having the intimate knowledge of Rhodes's private life necessary, and those who possess the knowledge lacking the capacity or inclination.

My old friend and colleague, Charles Boyd, C.M.G., Rhodes's political Secretary and later Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees, could write one. His article on Rhodes in the Dictionary of National Biography portrays the real Rhodes; but the Trustees appear to think "the Old Man's" time too recent for the completed story.

Rhodes was such a many-sided personality that men associated with him in politics often knew little of his inmost thoughts on social matters, even though, as Sir Thomas Fuller says, they were "privileged to be on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Rhodes."

Others, again, who were associated with him closely in various things, and who did not ask him his reasons for his actions in affairs foreign to their particular business and to whom he did not volunteer information, gathered but a one-sided idea of his views.

My object is to record anything I know of interest to the public, and especially to those who knew Rhodes, Rhodesians more particularly, and to present Rhodes as a human document.

Many of the anecdotes will be recalled by others, and people not referred to by name will probably be identified.

In dealing with Rhodes's work I have necessarily had to refer to South African history and South African affairs which I hope will have interest for the general public, and in writing of his private life I have had to speak of myself a good deal, but I trust that any approach to egoism will be forgiven.

Moreover, I am not without an uneasy feeling that I have, in some instances, perhaps ventured into over-deep waters; but with all its defects I present my work to my readers and crave their indulgence.

GORDON LE SUEUR.

CAPE TOWN,
January 1913.

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CECIL RHODES

CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY

CECIL RHODES was frequently asked his reasons for first going out to Africa.

"Why did I come to Africa?" he once replied to a friend. "Well, they will tell you that I came out on account of my health, or from a love of adventure—and to some extent that may be true; but the real fact is that I could no longer stand the eternal cold mutton."

He probably intended by this to convey that he was tired of home, and he liked giving the impression that he was forced to seek his fortune, but the literal idea that he or any of his were doomed to perpetual cold mutton and a stay-at-home life is of course absurd.

He was the fourth son of the Rector of Bishop's Stortford, the Rev. F. W. Rhodes.

His father was twice married, and by his first wife had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married a cousin, another Rhodes; she and Ernest, the third son, being the only ones who married.

Of his second marriage there were, in all, eleven

children, nine of whom were sons. Two died in infancy.

The eldest son by the second marriage was Herbert; then Francis (Colonel Frank Rhodes, the Reformer and a distinguished soldier); then Ernest, known as "Binfield" Rhodes; then Cecil John; then Elmhirst, also a soldier; then Arthur Montagu; and, lastly, Bernard, another soldier. There were two sisters, Louisa and Edith.

The Rev. F. W. Rhodes was, as a matter of fact, by no means badly off, and the fact that he was able to put four of his sons into the army —one, at all events, into a crack cavalry regiment —disposes of the "cold mutton" theory.

Cecil Rhodes was fond of alluding to the fact that his grandfather was, as he put it, "a cowkeeper at Dalston." "I believe," he would say, especially when any one spoke of his own ancestry, "that my ancestor was a keeper of cows."

Herbert, the eldest son, died in 1879 in Central Africa; his death I shall refer to later.

Frank, the second son, entered the army (1st Royals) and rose to the rank of colonel. He particularly distinguished himself at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882 when "Ahmed Arabi, the Egyptian," was smashed by the British Army under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he also did good service in Uganda He was one of the Reformers sentenced to death after the Johannesburg Crisis of 1895–6, and he afterwards served with Lord Kitchener in the Soudan, being present at Atbara and Omdurman. He was for a short time Administrator of Rhodesia, and after Cecil's death he inherited Dalham and

Denham near Newmarket, but after a trip to the Victoria Falls he contracted blackwater fever and died at Groote Schuur in 1903. "Frankie" Rhodes was a charming personality and very popular in London society, in which he held an almost unique place. A tablet was erected to his memory at his old school, Eton, and his is not the most insignificant name on the glorious roll of honour of the school.

Ernest ("Binfield"), the third son, went out to Australia in about 1883, after leaving the army with the rank of captain. He married, and later came to Johannesburg as manager of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa. On his brother Frank's death he inherited Dalham, but he, too, died not long afterwards, the property going to his son.

Elmhirst, the fifth son, joined the Berkshire Regiment, and specialized in signalling. During the Boer War of 1899 he was Director of Signalling, but left the army after the cessation of hostilities.

The next brother, Arthur Montagu, commenced ostrich-farming at Oudtshoorn, but this undertaking was not a success, and he subsequently settled at Bulawayo. He had several farms on the Bembezi close to Bulawayo, of which he was in possession during the Matabele Rebellion, and on peace being established he put in a claim for mealies which had been destroyed. It amounted to a goodly sum, and doubt was expressed as to the existence of the mealies. Arthur explained that he had supplied the natives with seed grain to grow

on half shares. Cecil Rhodes had most of these claims submitted to him, and across his brother's he wrote: "This is the most impudent claim that has yet been submitted."

The youngest brother, Bernard, also became a soldier, but resigned not long before the Boer War of 1899. He rejoined, however, on the outbreak of hostilities. Cecil was very fond of him, but objected to his leading what he called a useless life.

A visitor to Groote Schuur, on first meeting Cecil Rhodes, told him that he knew his brother Bernard. "Ah, yes," said Rhodes, "Bernard is a charming fellow; he rides, shoots, and fishes; in fact, he is a loafer."

The Rev. F. W. Rhodes died on February 25, 1878, and lies buried at Fairlight.

Of the two sisters, Louisa lived quietly at Iver, near Uxbridge, and Edith, who died in 1904, had a house in Albion Street. Both paid lengthy visits to South Africa. Edith was extremely like her brother Cecil—perhaps more like him than any of his brothers—and had a large share of his determined spirit. Careless in attire, generous to a fault, and sympathetic to a supreme degree, she bore many of his characteristics. She, like Rhodes, was inundated with begging letters, and many must have been the tales of woe poured into her sympathetic ears. Nor was she more expert than her brother in selecting suitable objects for compassion. Two young men she passed on to me as "most deserving cases," whom she said she would vouch for. One of them took a month to embezzle £250, and the other only a fortnight to acquire by

unique means £160 to give him a start in business. Once while she was staying at the Cape she proposed to come and stay at Groote Schuur whilst her brother was there, but he told me to write and decline the pleasure, remarking, "I'm very fond of my sister, and it would be very pleasant to have her here, but I am afraid the house is not big enough for the two of us!" She displayed splendid disregard for conventionalities, and freely asserted her right to independent action. Moreover, she possessed a wonderful store of energy, and "had she been a man," a friend once said, "she, too, would have made a new country, or, if there were no more new countries, she would have built an island out in the ocean!" She was immensely pleased when this remark was repeated to her.

The estates at Dalston which had belonged to the Rhodes family were bought in by Cecil. Part he presented to the public for a public square, and the remainder was mortgaged for some £70,000 shortly before his death, the money being required for the purchase of Dalham Hall and Denham, near Newmarket, the property of Sir Robert Affleck. At Dalham Rhodes only spent a week-end when he decided to purchase it. He hoped that the bracing air of Newmarket would give him a few more years of life which would have been denied to him in the heat of South Africa, and before his death he strongly craved to get the fresh breezes of Newmarket, the while he panted his breath away in the stifling heat of a Cape summer.

The revenue from the Dalston estates he be-

queathed to his family—that is, to his surviving brothers and sisters, with the exception of Frank, to whom he left Dalham and Denham with entail to his heirs and successors, together with a sum to enable him to keep up the estate. The estate, on Frank's death, went to the next brother, Ernest, who, in turn dying, passed it on to his son. Cecil hoped that Frank would marry and have an heir, but he remained a bachelor. There was a tradition in the Affleck family that whoever came into possession of Dalham would die within the year, and this, strangely enough, was true of Cecil Rhodes and his brothers Frank and Ernest.

Cecil Rhodes was born on July 5, 1853, at Bishop's Stortford, and his early youth does not seem to have been distinguished by anything remarkable, nor does he appear to have given early promise of particular ability or of future brilliance. He was healthy enough, though not particularly athletic. He preferred to spend long hours quietly by himself or in the company of his eldest brother, Herbert, to whom he was devoted.

After a more or less uneventful school career he proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford. He was undecided as to his future vocation; and although he was at this time intended for the Church, he also attended a few terms at the Inner Temple. He continued his reading at Oxford until 1870, when he developed a slight lung affection, and on account of which he was ordered a long sea voyage. He thereupon went out to Natal to join his favourite brother, Herbert, who was coffee-planting there.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN KIMBERLEY AND FRIENDS

In 1870, the year that Cecil Rhodes came out to Natal, the first diamond rush occurred to Kimberley, and Herbert Rhodes, inspired by the reports of the great diamond finds and tired of farming, made his way to "the fields," and from there he wrote to his brother to join him: Cecil did so in 1872. The brothers worked a claim together at Colesberg Kop until 1874, but Herbert's roving spirit took him towards the North, and he left the diamond-fields and made his way to Central Africa, where he met an awful end in 1879, being burnt to death on the Shiré River. He was pouring out a drink from a demi-john of gin when a spark from his pipe ignited the spirit, causing the demi-john to explode and set his clothing alight. He rushed to the river and jumped in, but succumbed to his injuries shortly afterwards. Cecil was much aggrieved at a friend of his father's holding up Herbert's death as a warning against drink.

It was undoubtedly from his brother Herbert, as Rhodes often said himself, that he first became imbued with his great ideas of acquiring the

hinterland of the southern colonies for the British Empire. Herbert was strongly inspired by the idea of expansion northwards that afterwards induced his brother to pass his hand over the map of Africa and say, "Africa all Red; that is my dream."

Rhodes felt Herbert's death very keenly, and in after-years had a tombstone erected to his memory over his grave in Central Africa.

Cecil Rhodes's experiences as a digger were much the same as those of the others, but he often referred to the luck that followed him on the fields. He used to tell a story of his giving a picnic on the Vaal River to a number of friends. The cost of this picnic was £40, and after luncheon he walked down to the river, where amongst the pebbles he picked up a diamond which in Kimberley he sold for just £40.

He once told me a story of his having, in 1876, had a contract for pumping a mine dry, and he was left in charge of the engine. He did not understand steam, and suddenly he heard the engine safety-valve hissing, and after one look he turned and fled for his life, leaving the engine to its fate.

At Kimberley the first great event of his life evolved—the amalgamation of the diamond diggings and the formation in 1888 of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., one of the greatest and wealthiest private corporations the world has ever known, the powers granted under its articles of association being practically unlimited.

He went backwards and forwards to Oxford

several times from Kimberley. He only matriculated in 1873, but in 1881 took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. It was in 1877, on one of his journeys back to Kimberley, that Sir Charles Warren, who was a fellow-passenger in the post-cart, saw him studying a small book, and on inquiry found it was the Book of Common Prayer.

It was at Kimberley that Rhodes became associated with the late Barnett Isaacs, who called himself Barnato Isaacs Barnato, and was familiarly known as "Barney." The latter, a Jewish digger, half prize-fighter and half music-hall artiste, had a peculiar faculty in one direction, and that was money-making. Gardner Williams said of him in "South Africa" that "one could scarcely have cast him in any society or any place on earth where his nimble wits would not have won him a living."

As a preliminary to amalgamation, Rhodes had formed a small combination of interests in 1880 called the De Beers Diamond Mining Company, and Gardner Williams records an interesting fact, that one of the first cheques was one of £5, drawn by Rhodes as an advance against his salary as secretary.

Rhodes and Barnato soon came to loggerheads, for "Barney" was supposed to represent the illicit diamond-buyers in the community. He was of course representing various interests, and had formed the Central Diamond Mining Company, and had to be considered in the amalgamation, albeit Rhodes had bought large interests in the companies Barnato represented. The actual facts of the negotiations with "Barney" are not of

supreme importance, but the following curious story has been very widely accepted as true: Rhodes and his people were for a long time unable to come to terms with "Barney" and his faction. The former had for some time been negotiating with the Rothschilds with the view to the consolidation of the mines, which he knew to be vital to the existence of the diamond trade. He knew that if individual diggers could sell their diamonds as they pleased it meant a death-blow to the diamond industry, and that its salvation lay in control of the output being obtained, and to this end Brazilian properties were, later on, acquired by De Beers and closed down. The peculiar market for stones necessitated regulation of the supply, and an amalgamation of the various interests only could prevent the unrestricted sale of diamonds. Rhodes required some weeks to complete his arrangements for the formation of his great trust, but Barnato had a large stock of diamonds ready sorted for the market (any one who knows anything of diamonds is aware of the number of classes into which the stones have to be sorted for sale). Barnato threatened to place these stones on the market at once unless his terms were agreed to. The placing of these stones before Rhodes's negotiations were complete would have been ruinous, and had to be prevented at any cost. A meeting was arranged, and the scene must have been picturesque with "Barney" sitting with a complacent smile, master of the situation, Rhodes, with the impatience he never could conceal, stamping in abortive rage, and Alfred Beit nervously

twitching with the sway of the pendulum, whilst in parcels on sheets of white paper on a side-table lay the carefully sorted stones, unconscious cause of all the turmoil. In the midst of a discussion Rhodes rose, and taking Barnato by the arm walked him up and down the room, and then to the side-table where the stones lay, and said, "Barney, have you ever seen a bucket-full of diamonds? *I* never have. I'll tell you what I'll do. If these diamonds will fill a bucket, I'll take them all over from you at your price." Then, hardly giving him time to answer, Rhodes swept the stones into a bucket standing handy. (How the bucket came to be there so opportunely history does not relate.) The stones did not fill it, however, and Rhodes, with a glance round, strode from the room. The amalgamation was accomplished, for he had got the delay that he wanted, and as Barnato turned to face the astonished gaze of those seated there he only then realized that he was no longer a factor in the negotiations, as the re-sorting of his diamonds for market meant a matter of weeks.

Whether the story is true or not, after an all-night sitting terms were arrived at, and the interests of the Central Diamond Mining Company were bought in for De Beers for £5,338,650, a very useful cheque!

Rhodes always displayed the highest affection for Oxford, where he said he came in contact with the best of England's youth. Any Oxford man was sure to find himself in his good graces, and it was a proud day in his life when, in 1899, his old college

conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The honour was at the same time conferred on Lord Kitchener. At Oxford he first met Sir Charles Metcalfe, Rochfort Maguire, and Alfred (now Viscount) Milner, who were associated with him in his life's work.

Sir Charles Metcalfe was his constant companion, and Rhodes took particular delight in his company on the veld. He would retail stories to Rhodes's great edification, and especially tales of gallantry and conquests which would amuse Rhodes immensely. After Sir Charles had left him, he would look round beaming and say, "Do you know, I really think Metcalfe honestly believes those stories are true!" Sir Charles, whilst being a most energetic man, and for his proportions quite athletic, had a most lethargic habit. After dinner he would put a big cigar into the corner of his mouth and apparently fall into deep slumber—in fact, I have known him go to sleep between the courses at dinner. When, however, he was thought to be fast asleep, something would be mentioned in which he was interested, and he would immediately open his eyes and take as active a part in the conversation as if he had attentively followed it all. Sir Charles threw himself into Rhodes's work with zest, and as Consulting Engineer to the Rhodesia Railways he did much to give effect to Rhodes's ideas for railway extension.

On one occasion Sir Charles was speaking to me on the choice of a career. "Well," he said, "it all depends on the man himself. *I* wanted to be a lawyer, but my father said I should become a judge,

and that every judge died of sitting too long on the bench, so I went in for engineering, but I have no doubt that had I gone in for the law I should have risen to the top of that profession just as I have in the one I have adopted."

Sir Charles rather prided himself on being a great judge of wine, which reminds me of a visit paid to Groote Schuur by a couple of men from Home who were said to have a nice taste in wine. The conversation turned on Cape wines and the reputation enjoyed by Cape Constantia of the middle of the eighteenth century. "Ah," said Sir Charles, "but they make a very good wine now. In fact, Rhodes has some in his cellar which you will find excellent." I then told one of the servants to decant a bottle of the Constantia, and presently he returned with it. A glass was poured out for each of the visitors and one for Sir Charles; they tasted the wine and exclaimed on its quality, declaring it excellent. Sir Charles passed his glass before his nose two or three times in the approved taster's fashion to get the bouquet, and then tasted it. "Aha," said he, "do you note the flavour? Isn't it quite good stuff? The fruitiness of it—not the fruitiness of port, mark you, but the true flavour of the grape?"

"Really," said one of the visitors, "I had no idea they made such wine at the Cape."

Just then the servant came round to me and said in an undertone, "I'm very sorry, sir, but that was the '54 Port I decanted by mistake." I said nothing, but told Rhodes quietly afterwards, and Sir Charles never heard the end of it.

Rochfort Maguire was another Oxford friend who was long associated with Rhodes and his work. He with C. D. Rudd and F. R. Thompson ("Matabele") went up to Bulawayo in 1888 and spent a considerable time at the Royal Kraal *bongaing*[1] to Lo Bengula, and finally secured the concession upon which the British South Africa Company was formed.

At Kimberley Rhodes made many friendships and connections which lasted throughout his life. Sir Julius Wernher and Alfred Beit—afterwards the founders of the great financial house of Wernher, Beit & Co.—were then fellow-clerks. Julius Wernher came to Kimberley in 1871 and Alfred Beit in 1875. Beit, a Hamburg Jew, diminutive in stature, weak in health, and timid physically to a degree, was yet a master of finance, and for sheer financial abilities outshone all his contemporaries. In common with many of his race he had an intense admiration for qualities which he felt he himself lacked, and so Rhodes's strength, disregard of consequences, and fearlessness superlatively appealed to him, and Beit became one of the staunchest Imperialists I have ever met, and never hesitated an instant when Rhodes chanced to lead.

At Kimberley, too, Rhodes became associated with C. D. Rudd, who was afterwards to become his partner in the Rudd-Rhodes Syndicate, promoters of the British South Africa Company.

[1] *Bongaing*, lit. "kowtowing." The warriors run up to the royal footstool and *bonga* by shouting out the king's praises in the most extravagant terms.

C. D. Rudd became a partner of Rhodes in 1873 in diamond-mining enterprises, and in 1886 he accompanied Rhodes to the Witwatersrand, where now stands Johannesburg. Rudd bought a fine estate at Newlands, "Fernwood," marching with Groote Schuur, but on retiring to live in England he sold the estate to a land syndicate, by whom it was cut up into lots.

Even in these early Kimberley days Rhodes practised almost indiscriminate philanthropy.

Bishop Gaul, late Bishop of Mashonaland, who was Archdeacon in Kimberley, used to relate that, when a man got ill or a family in straitened circumstances required a holiday to the coast, he had only to approach Rhodes, who, on being satisfied that "the case" was a deserving one, would ask him how much he required to provide for their needs, and write out a cheque for an amount which would provide proper treatment for the sick person or a sorely needed trip to the seaside for the distressed family.

Rhodes's alternate on the De Beers Board of Directors was the late Captain Tyson, known to all Kimberley as "Tim." A genial nature and a good friend, he probably had not an enemy in the world. Resembling Rhodes in features, he was the cause of much merriment in the way he imitated him, even copying his hand-play and developing Rhodes's squeak and the falsetto notes in his voice.

During the Kimberley siege "Tim" Tyson rendered yeoman service in the commissariat department.

Rhodes also met Dr. (Sir Starr) Jameson at Kimberley, where they were close friends. He was rightly looked upon as the first in his profession in Africa, and had an enormous practice. He has a charming personality; and although he has not the same wide circle of friends in South Africa as Rhodes had, there were none who got to know him intimately but were fascinated by his peculiar charm of manner.

He has tremendous power of concentration and singular administrative ability. Brilliant beyond measure, he was only handicapped by a feeling acquired after the Raid that he was a failure. Dr. Jameson was afflicted with shyness, but, as he himself said, no nervousness, and he is unexcelled in physical courage.

He was bored to extinction by politics, and on his entering the arena in 1898 it was only a strong sense of duty and loyalty towards Rhodes that induced him to stay in Africa at all, more especially as the Progressive Party, headed by Sir Thomas Fuller, objected to his candidature in the Progressive interest until he had in sackcloth and ashes in some way atoned for his crime. Since Rhodes's death the same sense of loyalty towards his late friend kept him interested in affairs, and the fact that he has thrown himself heart and soul into work that he personally detests and brings him into contact with many people he despises, proves his strength and the manner of man he is. "Three acres and a cow in Sussex," he often said, comprised the sum-total of his ambitions.

The old Kimberley community was a strange mixture of humanity. They were all there with one object, and that was to make money out of diamonds.

Most men who made fortunes did so by legitimate speculation, but in the community generally to bring off a deal in illicit stones was rather looked on as smart business than a criminal act.

There is a story told of three brothers in a family who had got possession of a large parcel of illicitly acquired stones, and they tossed up as to which of them should take the parcel to England.

The winner started off on horseback for the Border, and shortly afterwards, on reflection, the two remaining brothers decided that they had acted somewhat unwisely and determined that all should go together.

Hastily saddling up, they rode after and caught up the brother, and informed him of their decision that all three should go with the diamonds.

"What diamonds?" said he, and disclaimed all knowledge of any diamonds.

Expostulations and threats had no effect upon him, and it was not until one of his brothers put a bullet into his leg that an amicable settlement was arrived at.

De Beers used to have a staff of natives who did practically nothing but report on new finds. These "boys" used to live in Kimberley and received high wages, but as soon as a new diamond prospect was reported one or two of them would

discard their European clothing and don the blankets of the raw native and then set off and apply for work at the new field. After having been at work for a short while, these boys would take their discharge or desert, and returning to Kimberley hand in a full report on the possibilities and prospects of the claims; and in this way De Beers were kept fully informed of the probable value of every new discovery.

Large numbers of stones were of course stolen in the compounds, and even here De Beers found it profitable to employ men to go about amongst the natives and buy from them stones which they had secreted.

With the formation of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., the first great work of Rhodes's life was completed, and he had acquired the wealth necessary to carry out the big ideas for northern expansion and time to devote to politics. He with Barnato, Beit, and F. S. Philipson-Stow were appointed life governors of De Beers, and they divided the profits, after deductions for dividends. The average amount so divisible was about £150,000 a year. Philipson-Stow's share was bought by Rhodes, and this left only three life governors.

Then, in 1897, Barnato threw himself overboard from the ship on which he was voyaging home to England and was drowned.

This occurred towards the end of June, and the life governors' dividend was to be declared at the end of the month, and so the whole went to the survivors, Rhodes and Beit.

When the news arrived, Rhodes cabled to Beit, saying that he had heard that Barnato's widow had not been left very well provided for, the bulk of the fortune going to Barnato Brothers, and he asked if Beit were willing that the share to which Barnato would ordinarily be entitled should be paid to the widow. Beit immediately acquiesced, and they agreed to forgo Barnato's share. Rhodes was terribly enraged when he heard afterwards that instead of going to the widow the amount was claimed by and paid to Barnato Brothers, especially as his private account was at the time largely overdrawn. It was about 11 o'clock at night in the train near Vryburg on the way to the North that I received the cable saying that Barnato had jumped overboard. Rhodes had retired, and I refrained from waking him up, and waited till the morning, when I took him the message. He was furious at my not giving it to him the night before, and said, "I suppose you thought this would affect me and I should not sleep. Why, do you imagine that I should be in the least affected if you were to fall under the wheels of this train now?" He tried to give the impression of being without feeling, but nothing is more absurd. He was crammed with sentiment to his finger-tips, but adopted a brutal manner and rough exterior to cover up the weakness of sentiment, and thus many a broken-hearted man and woman left him with the impression—entirely erroneous—that he was a callous brute lacking in human sympathy.

CHAPTER III

THE MAN RHODES

CECIL RHODES was a tall and powerful-looking man, just under six feet in height, but longer in the back than in the legs. He had piercing light steel-blue eyes and a wealth of curly locks which had turned grey in early life.

In after-years he put on fat rapidly, and his face became florid and puffy, due doubtless to the heart affection and derangement of blood-vessels from which he suffered. He weighed in 1897 just over fifteen stone—about the same weight as Grimmer and I, Sir Charles Metcalfe being a little heavier. I remember Rhodes once chaffing Jack Grimmer about his weight, saying that owing to his and my indolent habits we weighed as much as he and Metcalfe did. "Yes," replied Jack, "but you see, Le Sueur and I are hard muscle and bone, but you and Metcalfe are all blubber."

It is not generally known that he was left-handed, and that the little finger of his right hand was bent at the middle knuckle, so that he could not straighten it. He was very sensitive about that little finger, and it will be seen in all his photographs that he is careful to keep the right

hand covered, and those who have shaken hands with him will have noticed how he kept the third and little finger doubled up.

As we were much of a size, Grimmer and I could wear nearly all his clothes, and we found this very useful on the veld, as he used to give away our kit to the natives, and we were able to replenish from his stock, and so went about with "C. J. R." on our shirts and socks.

He always wore the same style of hat when on the veld or at Groote Schuur—a soft squash felt, the crown of which he would bend into a cup shape—a style favoured by Boer farmers. When he went out, he wore a peculiarly shaped brown bowler, and I have never seen him wear any other shape.

He was careless about his dress, and the ordering of his clothes was, as a rule, left to his valet, Antony de la Cruz ("Tony"), who ordered his pepper-and-salt tweed suits, his hats, and his white flannel trousers by the dozen.

When in dress clothes, he invariably wore a black waistcoat, and as a rule displayed two or three inches of white shirt-front between the bottom of the waistcoat and top of the trousers.

He nearly always wore ties of similar pattern—a sailor-bow of blue with white spots—and he invariably wore buttoned boots. When travelling, "Tony" used to carry two large kit-bags of clothes, but "the Old Man" would make a favourite of one particular coat and wear it day after day. On our way to Salisbury in 1897 he one day burnt a large hole in the front of a favourite old coat,

which was, moreover, splashed in front with grease —in fact, a good subject for the rag-picker's basket. Arrived at Salisbury, however, he told me to send the coat to the tailor and have it cleaned and mended. I did so, and received it back the next day with the following note:

"Dear Sir,—Herewith the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes's coat uncleaned and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons."

On another occasion on the veld a very cold snap came on one evening, and I felt the need of a coat, for, as a rule, I spent the day in shirt-sleeves. I did not own a coat at the time, however, Rhodes having disposed of my kit "in gratuities." Accordingly I went across to Tony, and after a search through one of the Old Man's kit-bags I selected one partly worn, but which I had not seen him wear. Arrayed in this, I joined Rhodes at dinner, and he, suddenly stopping with his soup-spoon raised half-way to his mouth, said, "Why, you've got my coat on!" "Nothing of the sort," said I. "You *have* got my coat on," he said, rising and coming round to my side of the little camp-table, "and damn it, it is my best coat too! Come here; come and take it off; I'll give you another one." Leaving his dinner, he marched off to Tony's wagonette, where he rummaged through a kit-bag and produced a brand new coat, which he handed over to me, saying, "There you are—you can have this; but I don't want you to wear my best coat."

Amongst us, his "young men," we always spoke

of him as "the Old Man" or "the Chief," and many of his colleagues dropped into the habit. Even Captain Penfold, who was many years his senior, used to talk of him as "the Old Man." I remember once on my way up to Bulawayo I saw Penfold at Kimberley, and he said, "Well, how is the Old Man?" I started teasing him by saying, "Well, I shouldn't care to be in your shoes; he's simply mad about De Beers' cutting off supplies, and he is coming up next week just to talk to the directors." Poor Penfold was quite distressed. "No, hang it, no, I can't stand any more," he said; "I'm going to chuck it; I'll resign and clear out. I can't stand it any longer," and that was about the way in which the directors felt about "the Old Man."

When talking at table, he had a habit of leaning forward on his elbows, now and again passing his hand over his face with a lightning rub, and then he would, in making a reply, sit bolt upright and throw his head back with a smile, putting his cigarette down on the table-cloth.

He would often walk up and down in pyjamas, and then he would rub his hands up and down his ribs, and at other times when dressed he would stick his hands down inside his trousers. (He seldom wore a waistcoat.)

When interested or amused, he would give a sort of preliminary whine—like a long-drawn-out M—and on occasion his voice would go off into a sort of falsetto, especially if he were angry or excited.

He never cared for jewellery, and never wore

even a watch. His watches and such articles of jewellery as he possessed were kept locked away in a plate closet.

In walking he took a quick short step ; his toes turned in, and he seemed almost to tread upon his own feet. His hands he carried either thrust into his jacket pockets or one hand in his pocket and the other with closed fingers sharply swinging.

So much has been written about the question of drink that one must perforce say something about it, though it is a subject that might well have been left alone.

Rhodes has been called an habitual drunkard, and it has been stated time and again by more moderate detractors that he frequently drank to excess.

Rhodes was no drunkard. In the old Kimberley mining days, as in all new and rough communities of the sort, where most of the possessors of sudden and easily acquired wealth knew of no loftier use to which to put it than indulgence in various forms of vice, hard drinking was much more the rule than the exception. It would be strange, indeed, if Rhodes, working as an ordinary miner as he did, did not " do his whack " with the rest, especially as his heart trouble would naturally incline him to stimulants.

He liked his champagne in a tumbler, and at lunch or at dinner had a habit of tossing off the glass absent-mindedly. After meals he would have his favourite Russian kümmel, of which he would often have five or six liqueur glasses in the course of after-dinner conversation.

His system required stimulant, and he was fond of a mixture of champagne and stout in the forenoon, but as a rule he drank only with his meals, and certainly not to an extent to incapacitate him.

To those who do not know the conditions under which we live in Africa the amount consumed by him might seem large, but he had a horror of the "nipping" habit, and it is absurd to accuse him of being a drunkard.

When thirsty, I have known him take a long draught of pure water, and say, as he wiped away with his palm the drops which he generally allowed to trickle down his chin, "By Jove! if people had to pay five shillings a bottle for that, I don't believe they would drink anything else."

As to smoking he only smoked cigarettes which were imported direct from Cairo for him, and the resourceful Tony always had a supply on hand in the same way that he always had his particular brand of Blantyre coffee (he never drank any other) and his Russian kümmel. He never smoked a pipe nor cigars, and seldom smoked before luncheon, but after lunch and dinner he would sit and smoke one cigarette after another, lighting the next one at the stump of the one he had finished. He never carried a cigarette-case about with him. He always spoke much better at the after luncheon or after dinner-table if he had a cigarette going, and seemed to feel lost without one. One night on the veld we had run out of cigarettes. I got from a wayside store some very vile so-called "Virginia" cigarettes, probably

made of hay. He pretended to like them, and said, "These are very light—quite a pleasant change from the heavy Egyptian tobacco." On another occasion in the Matoppos the supply of cigarettes ran out, and after dinner I made some out of Boer tobacco and the thinnest paper I could find; but though he lighted them again and again he only regarded them with a pitying eye. He had one curious habit; he would never light his cigarette with a match.

When he wanted a cigarette and I was not smoking, he would say to me, "Take a cigarette." I would take one and light it, and then he would reach over and say, "Now give me a light," and light his cigarette at mine.

When talking at dinner, he would absent-mindedly put his lighted cigarette down anywhere, and many were the damask table-cloths at Groote Schuur ruined by being burnt through by cigarette ends. The top of a leathern bridge-box also made a suitable depository for burning cigarette ends.

This habit of his might have resulted in serious and unpleasant consequences once while we were camped on the veld. He and I were sleeping in a coach, the wooden seats of which were covered with leather stuffed with coir. I retired early, and our only joint covering was a big sheepskin kaross.[1] Rhodes came to rest smoking a cigarette and turned in (we slept in our clothes, only removing boots), but about 2 a.m. I was awakened by a stinging burn on the hand. I thought at first that Tony

[1] *Kaross*—rug made of hides of small antelopes, jackals, etc. The sheepskin is the cheapest and most serviceable.

had spilled the boiling early-morning coffee over me, but I then found that the kaross was smouldering, and a large hole burnt through the hide. Rhodes awoke, and we put the kaross out of the door. Then I got a lantern and found that the whole of one section of the seat was aglow. The coir blazed up as we disturbed it, and to get rid of it I tore the section of seat off its hinges. The wooden seat was just about burnt through, and there were one thousand cordite cartridges packed underneath and flush up against it!

There was a strange facial resemblance between Rhodes and some of the Roman Cæsars, but his was rather the physiognomy of a Nero, although he personally considered himself like the Emperor Hadrian, and he was once surprised by a friend standing and stroking his nose before a portrait of Hadrian. He was not displeased at being spoken of amongst a certain set in London as "the Emperor." Typically Roman were the forehead with the curly locks, the flashing eye, and the set of the under-lip.

Sir Lewis Michell in his work compares him to the Cæsars, Napoleon, and Clive; and he certainly possessed many Napoleonic traits, but they were rather little mannerisms, such as the little tweak of the ear by which Napoleon used to evince his pleasure towards his marshals and the brusque and unconventional things he used to say to women, than characteristics. He would have scorned to engineer a propaganda of lies to win public sympathy as Napoleon did, and his soul would have abhorred the theatrical pageantry which Napoleon employed.

If a comparison is needed of his actual methods, it lies rather in Bismarck's than Napoleon's. But were one to try and summarize Rhodes, Elphinstone's estimate of Clive's character would be found strangely applicable. Like Clive he left an "impression of force and grandeur; a masculine understanding; a fine judgment; an inflexible will, little moved by real dangers, and by arguments and menaces not at all. He exercised a supreme control over those who shared his counsels or executed his resolves. Men yielded to a pressure which they knew could not be turned aside, and either partook of its impulse or were crushed by its progress." Like Clive, too, "he meets the most formidable accusations, with bold avowal and a confident justification. He makes no attempt to soften his enemies or conciliate the public, but stands on his merits and services with a pride which in other circumstances would have been arrogance." A mind endowed with the qualities his held rises high above ordinary imperfections. "At worst it is a rough-hewn Colossus, where the irregularities of the surface are lost in the grandeur of the whole." [1] It is possible that the resemblance to Clive presents itself to one's mind as a natural conclusion from the fact that the lives and energies of both men were devoted more or less to a similar end, and that each found the necessity of employing similar tools and methods towards the consummation of their ideals. They were both great Englishmen, both were animated by intense patriotism and superlative

[1] Elphinstone's "Rise of the British Power in the East." Macmillan.

loyalty, and both did render "great and meritorious services to their country."

Rhodes's inflexible will carried him through many a situation where a less determined man would have been appalled by the difficulties besetting him; he was as little moved by the real danger by which he was confronted in his negotiations with the Matabele rebels or the real danger which was ever present when he first cast in his lot with the revolutionary movement in Johannesburg, as he was by the arguments and menaces of his opponents in the Cape House of Assembly. He exercised a control over his colleagues on the De Beers' Board of Directors, "who shared his counsels," and over his colleagues in his Ministry to a ridiculous extent. He would walk in late to a meeting of De Beers' Directors, and the minutes of the last meeting having hardly been read, he would start on the agenda and run through them, giving his own views something like this: "Of course, what we have got to do here is *so and so*; I think we are all agreed about that. Just enter that in the minutes [to the secretary] as proposed and carried; and now about so and so," and the same with regard to the rest. "That's all for this morning, I think," he would add, and walk out, leaving his colleagues thinking over resolutions and amendments they intended to bring forward.

When De Beers' Directors—backed up by Lord Rothschild (representing French shareholders)—protested against the use he was making of De Beers' funds, they were forced to yield to the pressure he

applied, and were only too glad to partake of its impulse to allay the storm their action created. The formidable accusations hurled against him in connection with the Raid he certainly met with bold avowal and confident justification, even sang-froid, and listened to the evidence against him with amused interest, munching sandwiches and drinking stout the while. Nor does he make any attempt to conciliate the public when he has to answer for his actions, but arrogantly stands on his merits and aggravates his judges by saying that he is coming to face their "unctuous rectitude."

Rhodes was on terms of great intimacy with General Charles Gordon ("Chinese Gordon"), who wished him to accompany him to the Soudan. Rhodes, however, refused, saying that his work lay in the south. Gordon is said to have told him the story of his having been offered a roomful of silver in China which he had refused, and to have asked Rhodes what he would have done. "Why, taken it, to be sure," said Rhodes, "and as many more as they liked to give me; for what is the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out?"

Opprobium was heaped upon Clive because he acquired wealth in India, but it is certain that if Clive coveted wealth he, like Rhodes, only looked upon the possession of wealth as a means of gratifying ambition, for "what is the earthly use of having ideas if you have not the money to carry them out?" and, moreover, not for the gratification of ambition for personal aggrandise-

ment, but for that of the Great Empire which both men served so well; but as "South Africa" has said, "History will give Rhodes his true place in the roll of Englishmen whose one thought has been the glory of their country." In everything the man was big, although his greatness has in certain quarters only been acknowledged to lie in his faults.

Rhodes was a valiant trencherman—one might almost call him a gross feeder. On the veld he liked getting the joint in front of him, and cutting off great hunks of meat; and at home at Groote Schuur he would get up and go to a side-table, carve for himself, and carry over to his plate on his fork what he carved. When making a voyage, he always sent a cow on board in order to have fresh milk, and also a crate with a couple of dozen laying hens to provide fresh eggs, and these were killed during the voyage. As the cows were not allowed to be landed in England, they were, on arrival at Southampton, presented to the cook or butcher and slaughtered. He also, as a rule, carried his own brand of champagne and his favourite kümmel. An amusing story occurs to mind anent this. I was in a drawing-room at Kimberley once, and of those present I only knew my hostess. There were two ladies to whom I had not been introduced sitting near talking of Rhodes, and I suddenly heard my name mentioned; I caught my hostess's eye, and we heard, to our amusement, one go on to speak of Rhodes's habit of having a crate of fowls on board, and related how on one occasion he had told me to

get a couple of the hens killed, and I replied that some were laying and some not, and it seemed a pity to kill the layers. "Well," Rhodes said, "you can watch them, can't you, and see which are laying?" I was said by the narrator to have replied that the hens only laid at night. "Then," said she, "Rhodes got very angry, and said, 'Surely you can get a lantern, and sit up with them at night.'" Of course, there was no truth in this tale, but it is only one of the many that were told of Rhodes and his "young men," having as much foundation in fact.

Before leaving England on his last voyage in January 1902, on the "Briton," he had become rather more fastidious about his food. A crate of hens was sent down from the Salvation Army farm, but he told me to get a supply of preserved meats, etc. I went to Messrs. Fortnum & Mason's, and a large stock of all manner of things—in cans, in porcelain, and glass—was sent on board and put under Tony's charge. Naturally I had to have a large variety, and so ordered only a few dozen of each, as it was impossible to tell which he was likely to care for. Moreover, there were five in the party—Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Hon. William Grenfell, and myself—and all shared in the "extras." Everything went smoothly at first, but at last Rhodes struck some potted thing he particularly liked, and in a few days there was none left. I explained that only a few dozen of each had been ordered, or the ship would have been filled; as it was, a third-class cabin was turned into a store-

room, and it was packed from top to bottom. Tony was sent for, but he could not unearth any more of the delicacy, and Rhodes turned to me. saying, "I believe you will die in a workhouse yet." Of course, none of the food on board—which, as a matter of fact, is excellent—pleased him after that, and as he sent away one dish after another he said, "Really, Donald Currie ought to be hanged by the neck."

While Rhodes's conduct during the Rebellion and his incursion into the Matoppos into the midst of the Matabele (although he used to say frequently, "I was never in such a funk in my life," in speaking of tight corners he had been in) give the impression of remarkable courage, I never considered that he really possessed physical courage. His moral courage is not in question; but, as has been said, he would have been "more afraid of being thought afraid." "Not to fear to be thought afraid" has been described as true bravery, but it is not the physical courage Clive possessed, nor Paul Kruger when he faced wounded lions, and when, his thumb being shattered by his gun bursting, he calmly took out his pocket-knife and amputated it.[1]

Kruger, of course, had the knowledge behind him of perfect physical condition and great brute strength, and he probably was not highly sensitive to physical pain—as in the thumb-cutting episode.

[1] Kruger used to tell the story of his gun having burst and shattered his thumb, and said that he sharpened his knife on his "veldschoen," then took the end of his thumb in his mouth, placed the knife in position, and fixing his eyes on a white stone about twenty yards in front he suddenly slashed, and the thumb came off in his mouth!

I think the pain and the sight of his own blood would have made Rhodes sick. He could not endure physical pain, and on several occasions when he was lying in bed ill and in pain I have seen the tears welling up in his eyes and trickling down his cheeks; yet in his final illness he bore excruciating pain with remarkable fortitude. He always had a dread of a long, lingering illness and a painful death; and one day, talking to me with Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, he said, "You and Harris will probably die of cancer in the throat and linger on in agony, but I shall go off suddenly without any pain; I may go off while I am talking to you now; *this*"—thumping himself on his heart—"will kill me, but I shan't suffer"; and yet he suffered agonies during his last illness, and had an exceedingly painful end. He had a strange strain of nervousness in him too. At Groote Schuur one day he noticed a large dry branch on one of the oaks at the back of the house. It was rather unsightly, and he suggested its being lopped. "Can't you shoot it off?" he said. I got a rifle and broke off a large part of it, but the main part was too thick to be smashed off with a bullet. So I sent to the stable-yard for a boy with an axe. Rhodes and I stood looking on while the boy swarmed up the oak (these Cape boys can climb like cats). Then he started crawling along a branch, axe in hand. It was not very high—perhaps thirty feet—but Rhodes turned off and said with a shudder, "I'm going inside, I can't stand it—but it's worth doing. There's a man's life on it." He came out again later and said: "You must give him a sovereign—

he risked his life." (I gave him a shilling, with which he was quite pleased.)[1]

Rhodes was no eloquent speaker, nor did he pour out flowers of rhetoric. He adopted an ordinary conversational style, and, as he used to say, "took his audience into his confidence." But he made his points, and so emphasized them one by one that any one who had listened to him came away with a distinct and clear idea of what he intended to convey, as if one were the only auditor. It has been said of certain great speakers that one listened to their flowers of oratory spellbound, and then wondered what they had been saying, and only realized when reading reports of the speeches afterwards. While one listened with as much attention to Rhodes, one at once grasped his arguments. His faculty for handling a hostile audience was marvellous.

He never prepared his speeches really—except that he would write down a few notes, and for a few hours before speaking he would either go and lie down or sit wrapped in thought—probably running over points to put to his audience.

His speeches were characterized by conciseness and simplicity of style. In his conversational manner he would proceed to explain a position and what he considered the remedy to be applied.

[1] The "Cape boy" or Africander or brown man, as he calls himself, is the coloured offspring of a European and the Hottentot or Malay, and is common to garrison towns. He is of all shades, from dark brown to a mere tinge, and dislikes being called a nigger. Many are the results of intercourse between the earlier settlers and their Mozambique or Malay slaves, and in most cases they have adopted the patronymics of the families to whom they owe their origin.

It gave one the impression of a schoolmaster giving a friendly discourse to a class of students; and while he often created amusement by his air of an assumption of total ignorance of his subject on the part of his audience, which he proposed to remedy, his simplicity obviated any possibility of giving offence.

While he avoided dull platitudes, he often came out with remarks of obvious truth, which he delivered with an air of conveying startling new facts to his listeners.

He was fond of chaffing people about him in a boyish manner, especially his "young men," and he often exercised his powers of sarcasm on them, but he disliked anything in the way of *risqué* sayings and *double-entendre*, though he would on occasion come out with a good full-mouthed oath.

He was by no means insensible to flattery, and the references made in his hearing to his resemblance to Cæsar and Napoleon did not displease him; and he also had his little vanities. He was obsessed by the thought of living after death in the country named after him, in his epigrams and especially in work, and he highly appreciated the idea of the enduring character of work as compared with the transient nature or ephemeral state of life. The passage in which Marcus Aurelius dwells upon this subject he had marked in his pocket edition of "Marcus Aurelius." He never told me, as Jourdan says he told him, to keep notes of what was going on around, but in 1898 he asked me to fetch a copy of a telegram he had sent to Lord

Kitchener after Atbara, and when I produced it he asked for Lord Kitchener's wire, which read, as far as I remember, "Have smashed the Mahdi—Frank wounded but all right—if you don't hurry up I shall be through before you." Then he returned me the papers, and said, "You should keep things like that together, Le Sueur; you will write things after my death, and that is something worth remembering."

There was a friendly sort of rivalry between him and Lord Kitchener as to which was making most progress—Kitchener from the north and Rhodes from the south. Just before the opening of the railway to Bulawayo, Kitchener was very short of engines for the Soudan Railway, and Rhodes, although he badly needed them, gave up to him two or three of the engines built for the Bechuanaland railway-line. Without them the railway could not possibly have been pushed on that year. Not long before Rhodes died he was asked to cable a message to be read at a dinner which was given to the C.I.V. heroes lately returned to London from the Boer War. After drafting and re-drafting a message several times, he cabled, as far as I can recollect: "Your record shows that Englishmen, although engaged in commercial pursuits, can still hold their own in the field." I think the message, which is of course a reference to Napoleon's famous gibe at the "nation of shop-keepers," fell rather flat.

I have known him, too, at table make an epigrammatic remark, and watch for the effect on his listeners, and if they did not seem to be sufficiently attending he would repeat it until satisfied that

he had driven it home and that it would be remembered.

He did not care about discussing religion—by which I mean dogmas or creeds—though I have heard him arguing with a Jesuit Father and others. I always looked upon him more as an Agnostic than anything else, but he did speak of his religion as being an effort for the betterment of mankind, and his "unifaith" might be said to consist in framing one's life for the betterment of one's fellow-beings. I have heard him make the remark, "The man who says there is no God is a fool," and in referring to Jesus Christ he always spoke of "our Saviour." At Barkly West, in 1898, a religious argument was started in his presence, and after listening awhile he said, "Let a man be a Buddhist, let him be a Mohammedan, let him be a Christian or what you will; let him call himself what he likes, but if he does not believe in a Supreme Being he is no man—he is no better than a dog."

Rhodes had great sympathy with the Salvation Army work, and often expressed his admiration of "General" Booth as an organiser. "A wonderful man," he termed him. He considered that the Army was doing great work in the cause of humanity, and he was always ready to assist it.

With the unobtrusive and beneficent work of the Sisters of Nazareth he was in great sympathy, and the collecting sisters were frequent visitors at Groote Schuur. He appreciated the fact that the sisters and nuns of the House of Nazareth were

carrying on great works of charity in South Africa, as well as in other parts of the world, while the services they rendered during the Kimberley siege in the cause to which their lives are devoted cannot be overestimated.

The Society of Jesus also received the highest encouragement from him.

In Rhodesia a large grant of land near Salisbury was made to the Jesuit Fathers. On this the mission station, Chishawasha, is established, and here the more or less thankless work of training the raw native is conducted.

The mission is well equipped and has schools of various industries. Fruit-growing, the manufacture of oil, etc., is carried on. The fathers and brothers even make a very palatable wine from the grapes grown by themselves. It is customary in Rhodesia, or South Africa generally for the matter of that, to scoff at the work of missions and instinctively to distrust mission-trained natives, generally with very good reason. It is commonly conceded that a "boy" does not learn to steal until he has come into contact with a missionary; nor a girl immorality until she adopts European clothes—in fact, her morality is judged in inverse ratio to the amount of clothing she wears; but although the ordinary mission "boy" is almost invariably impudent to a white man—the result of the "man and brother" doctrine—it is a well-known fact that the Chishawasha "boys" are never wanting in respect, until, on leaving the mission, they have it driven out of them by the low-class whites. Although at Chishawasha they are not instilled

with the doctrine held by the Boers, that their perpetual fate is to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the whites, they are taught respect for their masters, and the Fathers try to imbue them with a sense of the dignity of labour, and endeavour to qualify them as more or less useful members of a community, by instilling into them as much knowledge of a useful trade as it is possible for their defective intellects to take in.

Rhodes seldom or never bore malice, but there was one man whose memory he always reviled, and that was a certain member of H. M. Stanley's expedition.

Rhodes had obtained a concession along the western shore of Lake Tanganyika, which is now Congo Free State territory, and the precious document was despatched by native runners to the coast. The runners fell in with Stanley's party, and the man referred to, who was said to have been acting as agent for the Congo Free State, took the concession from them and destroyed it.

In referring to the incident afterwards, Rhodes said, "But for the blackguardism of one man I should have been right through Africa; but he got his deserts; the natives killed him with a poisoned arrow."

The strip, which connects British East Africa and Uganda, has lately been the subject of negotiations with the Belgian Government.

Rhodes was always imbued with intense patriotism and pride in being an Englishman, and once wrote down in his commonplace book: "Ask any man what nationality he would prefer to be, and

ninety-nine out of a hundred will tell you that they would prefer to be Englishmen." [1]

In one of his speeches he retailed an interview he had had with Borckenhagen, a German, editor of the "Free State Express" and a staunch Nationalist. Borckenhagen, Rhodes stated, said to him, "Mr. Rhodes, we must combine." Rhodes replied, "I quite agree with you." "Just one thing," Borckenhagen went on: "we must have our own flag." Rhodes said he answered: "Then I am not with you. If you take my flag, you take everything. You must think me either a knave or a fool. I should be a fool to give up my flag and my traditions, and I should be a knave because I should be despised by my own countrymen and distrusted by yours."

The whole of this conversation was afterwards denied by Borckenhagen.

Rhodes was not overcome with awe or shyness when he came to face the Great Ones of the earth. The story is well known of his interview in connection with the Transcontinental Telegraph with the German Emperor, who admired Rhodes very much, and for whom Rhodes in turn had enormous admiration. They had been conversing for quite a long time, the Kaiser being much interested, when Rhodes glanced at a clock and got up, and, instead of waiting to be dismissed, as Court etiquette demanded, he held out his hand to the Emperor, to the latter's amusement, and said,

[1] Earl Grey said of him that while they had their differences of opinion, he could testify that he had "never met any man who was Mr. Rhodes's superior in either magnanimity or real genuine patriotism."

"Well, good-bye: I've got to go now, as I have some people coming to dinner."

While he was staying at Sandringham, he wrote down the following, as far as I can remember it. I don't know its origin, but always thought it was something his late Majesty, King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, said to him:

"You and I have much in common. . . . You have many instincts—Religion, Love, Ambition, Money-making (which from your point of view I consider the best)—but if you differ from me, go and work for that instinct you deem best."

When he visited the Sultan of Turkey, from whom he managed to get permission to take some Angora goats (rams) out of the country, the exportation being otherwise prohibited, he arrived at the hour of his appointment for the interview with his overcoat on and buttoned up. Fearful of allowing him into the Presence with an overcoat on, under which he might have concealed firearms, bombs, and daggers, the gentlemen-in-waiting smilingly advanced to relieve him of it; but Rhodes sturdily refused to remove his overcoat, for the very good reason that he only had an ordinary lounge suit on underneath—hardly the dress in which to be presented to royalty. The attendants implored him to remove the overcoat, assuring him that it was impossible for him to be admitted unless he did so. "All right," said Rhodes, "then I won't go in at all." This would never do, and the attendants, seeing that further effort was useless, escorted him into the Presence of the Unspeakable One.

Rhodes was very considerate, and hated hurting any one's feelings, though he very often did so "in the course of business." When I first joined him and we left Kimberley by train for the north, he and his party had just come from a function at the Kimberley Club, and had on starched white shirts and collars, while I had a soft collarless one. I felt rather awkward, and I remarked that I was the only one in the party in flannels. In a minute or two Rhodes, probably thinking I was uncomfortable, went to his compartment, from which he presently emerged, having discarded his starched shirt and collar and donned soft ones like mine.

He showed this trait, too, once while we were camped on the veld. His servant, Antony de la Cruz, was a strange mixture of Chinaman, Portuguese, and Cape boy, and while he was standing near us we saw a man coming up. I said he was a nigger, Rhodes a white man. As he neared us, I saw that he was an off-coloured Cape boy, and therefore, according to South African ideas, as much a nigger as an aboriginal native.

I said, "There you are—a nigger right enough!"

"Of course he's not," said Rhodes. "He's a white man, sunburnt like Tony."

Then, when Tony was out of hearing, he said, "Didn't you see Tony standing by?" However, Tony might be excused for considering himself a white man, as many of the so-called Portuguese and Goanese, who are darker than the majority of Cape boys, consider themselves Europeans and white men. A favourite Rhodesian pleasing fancy is to address these gentry in kitchen kafir. It can

never be said of Rhodes that he ever deserted a friend or failed to reward service rendered him. "We must do something for So and So," he would remark. "Let us make him a director of De Beers." Captain Penfold, with whom he formed and maintained a strong friendship from the day when he first went to the Cape Parliament, and Sir Thomas Fuller, who had been long politically associated with him, he made directors of De Beers. Sir Graham Bower, who had been Imperial Secretary under Sir Hercules Robinson at the time of the Raid, and who had fallen into more or less disfavour, he offered employment under the Chartered Company, but Sir Graham preferred to rely upon the Colonial Office and Rhodes's and Lord Grey's influence with them than to arouse comment by taking an appointment under the Chartered Company. Sir Lewis Michell, who for many years attended to all his financial affairs, was, immediately after Rhodes's death, appointed chairman of De Beers, and later on went to London as a Director on the Board of the Chartered Company.

Rhodes had no fear of being accused of nepotism in making his appointments either. When Gardner Williams resigned his position as general manager of De Beers, he told Rhodes that he did not like to recommend his son as his successor, simply because he *was* his son; but Rhodes said, "What on earth does that matter? If a man is fit for the post, it doesn't matter tuppence what personal interest there is in it."

He was rather grumbled at for employing so many American engineers, but he calmly replied

that his experience was that they were the only engineers who understood the work required of them. "If you want a man for a position, you want some one who understands the work." Thus the majority of the engineers in De Beers' employ and even on the Rand were Americans.

Rhodes used to say that the greatest of all life's pleasures was the faculty of creation. The man who had the genius of creation he regarded as the man who could contemplate his handiwork with the greatest satisfaction. "It is a thing of my own creation: creative genius, that's what I've got. It is a great thing to have," he said. He would speak of having "created" the mountain view behind Groote Schuur, by cutting away the thick bush which hid it, or of having "created" Groote Schuur itself as a pleasure-resort for the public, and he regarded it with satisfaction as his own product, as the Almighty may have regarded the earth when "He saw that it was good."

If Rhodes had any particular hobby it was farming. In Rhodesia he acquired two blocks of farms—one stretching along the Matoppos, where he built a large dam in the hope of growing winter crops by means of irrigation, as, the summer months being the rainy season, the advent of rust prevented wheat and oats being grown; and the other at Inyanga, which he hoped would be suitable for fruit, and where he intended utilizing as far as possible the old irrigation furrows which exist. These blocks of ground he purchased at high prices as an ordinary private individual. (This just to contradict a statement I have heard frequently

made that it was easy enough for Rhodes to equip farms cheaply, as he got the ground as a free grant from the Chartered Company.)

In the Cape Colony, besides encouraging farming by giving valuable prizes at agricultural shows, he made De Beers purchase a number of farms near Kimberley, and imported a number of blood stock-horses and cattle. The horses included some Arabs from Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's stock. The farms at Kimberley were under the charge of W. D. Fynn, and De Beers are constant prize-winners and exhibitors at shows.

For the fruit-farms in the western province Rhodes had the advantage of the advice of H. E. V. Pickstone, a Californian fruit expert, and under his guidance the fruit-growing and jam manufacture has thriven. Rhodes also purchased a farm on the Cape flats, not far from Groote Schuur, on which he placed prize poultry and Yorkshire pigs, and where he also planted paddocks with grass seed from Queen's Town, Cape Colony, and the island of Madeira. This farm was not a success, however, and the stock was moved, and the place is now used as training stables for racehorses. In order to improve the strain of Angora goats in the Cape, Rhodes, as I have said, obtained from the Sultan of Turkey special permission to purchase and export some Angora rams. They were introduced to the Cape Colony and issued to the farmers at cost price; but his action in importing them was condemned by the farmers' associations, who deemed that the rams should have been selected by some one aware

of local conditions and acquainted with the strains which would be most suitable for introduction into the Cape flocks.

Rhodes was an omnivorous reader. Like Macaulay, he would throw himself down with half-a-dozen books and dip first into one and then another. Besides his favourite Gibbon, he read books of history with zest and also biography; while "Plutarch's Lives" were a source of never-ending pleasure. Amongst other books that appealed to him were such as Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Milner's "England in Egypt," and the works of Mahan on the Influence of Sea Power, while he now and again read some modern novel, a selection of which used to be sent out to him by Hatchard, of Piccadilly. He had a few of Thackeray's works and one or two of Dickens, but on somebody asking him once whether he ever read Dickens, he replied that he was "not interested in the class of people Dickens wrote about." He had a large number of books on Federation and Constitutional Government, but they were usually on the shelves of the library. He once gave Miss Mary Brailsford a copy of R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island." "You ought to read it," he said; "it's a very good book—very instructive." "Have *you* read it, Mr. Rhodes?" she naïvely inquired. "Now you run away and play," was Rhodes's answer, turning and smiling at Brailsford. He did not care at all for poetry, nor did he read many novels, but he had nearly all Kipling's works in his library; he was very fond of Rudyard Kipling, he said, because "he writes such charming

letters." He had the "Woolsack," built like Groote Schuur in old Dutch architecture, on the Groote Schuur estate, and Kipling spent a portion of each year there.

Marcus Aurelius was a favourite of his, and he had a pocket edition, which he carried for many years, and the margins of the pages of which he had marked and covered with annotations. This was, however, missed after his death, and I don't think it has been traced. One night at dinner he was discussing books with a certain "man of affairs" at Salisbury, and the latter recommended certain books to him, and said he would lend them to him. After dinner I walked home with him, and he handed me the three volumes, which he took from his shelves. On my return to Government House I found that the pages of none of the books had been cut!

He used to do little more than glance through newspapers, and of magazines his favourites were the "Nineteenth Century," "Contemporary," and the "North American Review," though he nearly always read "South Africa" and "The Spectator."

It will surprise many, even of his intimates, to hear that Rhodes kept a commonplace book, but its contents were nearly all quotations from Gibbon, and on the fly-leaf of one of his books he had written an epigrammatic remark, the purport of which I forget, but to which he added "not Gibbon, but the thought of another."

Rhodes was not actually an animal lover. He did not care much for horses or dogs, though he always had a favourite horse, and he would now

and then say he liked a particular dog. Perhaps the two he liked most were two superb collies given him by Panmure Gordon, and with one of which he was photographed at Iver. This he always regarded as his best photograph.

He was always much taken with his portrait by Herkomer and with a small painting by the late Lady Romilly. A picture of himself was once sent to him in London by a lady who had painted it from a photograph taken at the laying of a foundation-stone at Port Elizabeth, and he was shown standing leaning on a spade. I showed him the painting, and he was delighted with it. "Why, that's *me*," he said—"that's my face exactly"; and he walked up and down the room with it and asked me to write and ask the lady who had painted it to call. There is one very characteristic photograph of him, of which he ordered a great number of copies. It was taken outside the De Beers car at Vryburg when we were there on our way north in 1897. Another very characteristic study of him is a water-colour done by Mortimer Menpes at Groote Schuur, where he depicted him in his white flannels on horseback.

He was always averse to being photographed side-face, and when having his portrait taken insisted on facing the camera.

While having a great financial brain, Rhodes was never really a speculator in shares, and although he was always anxious about the effect of his speeches, reports of his health, etc., on the market, when he required money to adjust his overdrafts he would sell a good stock like De

Beers or Goldfields, but not be influenced by the price of rotten stuff to make money. It has been often said that he did not understand money-making. If he did not understand its making, he superlatively comprehended the use of it.

The conception of an idea and steps for its execution were almost simultaneous with him. When out riding, he would sometimes think of something, and ask me to remind him as soon as we returned home, but he never needed reminding, and immediately on our return he would start to give effect to his thought. He left things a great deal to the men he trusted, and he had full confidence in the men he employed. He would give his instructions, and there was an end of the matter; he expected them carried out, and no one was given a second chance who went to him with a tale of failure.

"Women! of course I don't hate women," said Rhodes once; "I like them, but I don't want them always fussing about." Whether he liked women or not, he did prefer the society of men, although he was, as a rule, courteous and considerate to women; but sometimes he would be brusque and unconventional. There were a few who were favourites of his, and he really enjoyed himself in their company. Then there is his well-known reply to Queen Victoria when she said she had heard that he was a woman-hater, and he answered, "How could I possibly hate a sex to which your Majesty belongs!"

No, Rhodes was no woman-hater, but he would not be fussed. He was, of course, much run after,

especially in London, where one lady in particular seemed to spend most of her time in inveigling Rhodes into her carriage to drive him round the Park, proudly displaying to her friends this lion, captive to her spear and bow. She was about to buy a new carriage once, and her husband set his face dead against a victoria. Miss Edith Rhodes was present, and immediately said to him, "*I* know why you won't have a victoria; it is because when your wife goes out driving with my brother you have to sit on the little front seat like a footstool, and it is not very comfortable, is it? There you are—I knew I was right."

Before this gentlewoman's marriage the man who is now her husband asked Rhodes to intercede for him, as his suit was not progressing very favourably. Rhodes used his power of persuasion, but for a long time the lady was obdurate, and wrote him a number of letters, the main purport of which was that she could not, *could* not, and would not marry his friend. But she did in the end, and the marriage is pronounced a very suitable and happy one. If she ever reads these lines, she may rest assured that her letters were seen only by Rhodes, and that they were destroyed by fire.

On one occasion as we were riding, we passed two native women very scantily attired, and shortly afterwards he asked me abruptly how the sight appealed to me, and then, while I was mildly wondering what sort of reply he expected, he went on inconsequently, "You may ask why I never married, and do you know? I answer you very fairly that I have never yet seen the woman

whom I could get on in the same house with." In spite of this there was one woman, a very charming daughter of a Cape family, whom he felt he could get on with, for he proposed to her several times. She was a very beautiful girl, and she afterwards married a soldier and became a great favourite in London society. There was another beautiful and distinguished woman whose carriage was often seen at the Old Burlington Street entrance of the Burlington Hotel, and she would wait for hours after I had told her Rhodes was in the city or out anywhere, and he would make his escape by the Cork Street entrance; nor do I think she once succeeded in catching him. He had two or three woman friends with whom he used to ride in the Park in the mornings, and he enjoyed their society.

He had his own idea of female beauty. I recollect the first time I rode out to the Matoppos with him. We had not been at the huts for ten minutes when he said, "Now, Le Sueur, I want you to see my idea of a really beautiful native girl. You take him and show him, Huntley."

Harry Huntley and I rode off, and went to a kraal a short distance away, and the little lady came out to greet us. She was Lo Bengula's youngest daughter, and Rhodes called her "the Princess." She was a light copper-coloured and pleasant-featured girl of sixteen or seventeen, with a beautiful figure, and was named "N'tupusela," which is the native name for the rosy hue in the East before daybreak.

On board ship once the usual fancy-dress ball was held, and I had designed and drawn a dress

representing "Cape to Cairo," a picture of Table Bay and Mountains in water-colours at the bottom, and pictures representing the chief towns on the way to Cairo all the way up the skirt, all joined together with a string of telegraph-poles and wire in black. On the head was a fez, crescent, etc., and on one side of the bodice a portrait of Kitchener, and on the other one of Rhodes. Incidentally it took the first prize, but Rhodes knew nothing of it. We were seated at dinner when the young lady who wore it entered. Rhodes looked up as she passed our table, and then said, "By Jove! that young woman has got my picture on her stomach." Luckily she did not overhear the remark. On another voyage there was a dance on board, and I was sitting with Rhodes on deck when the dancers came up from the saloon. A young girl came up amongst them, who wore a little wreath of flowers in her hair. "Who's the bride?" inquired Rhodes. "She isn't a bride," I answered. "Of course she is," said he, "else why the devil has she got that thing in her hair?" nor would anything persuade him that she had not usurped some prerogative of a bride in her dress. When we came out in 1902, there was a delightful family on board. There were two daughters, and Rhodes was very interested in the elder girl. "That," he said to me, "is my ideal of a beautiful English girl. You must introduce me to her." I asked him to be on deck just before dinner, and waited for him at the gangway entrance to the saloon with her. Presently he came along and I intro-

duced him. They spoke for a few minutes, and we went in to dinner. I don't know if he talked to her much afterwards, as he was not well, but he continually spoke of her admiringly. He had a Napoleonic habit of sometimes calling attention to a woman's dress, and he would say things "that gave them to think." When the Reformers were in gaol at Pretoria, they were visited by numbers of their lady friends, who brought them delicacies, flowers, etc. One used to be very marked in ministering to Colonel Frank Rhodes's comfort. She used to come at least once a day to the gaol, if not oftener. She afterwards married and settled in Bulawayo; and one day she and her husband came out to spend a couple of days at Rhodes's huts in the Matoppos. At dinner the first night Rhodes asked her all about herself, and she mentioned going to see Colonel Frank in gaol, and her maiden name. "Oh, yes," said Rhodes, "I know—you are the woman who wanted to marry my brother."

CHAPTER IV

RHODES AS AN ORGANIZER

RHODES's methods of organization may best be described as "thorough," and thorough because he gave matters his undivided personal attention.

Nothing more absurd about him was ever said than that he was "too big to consider details." It might much more truly be said that he was big enough not to disregard the smallest detail, knowing full well how often neglect of a seemingly negligible point has wrecked many a project and caused the best-laid schemes to "gang agley."

His immense power of concentration of thought enabled him at once to place his finger upon a weak spot, and it often lay in an apparently insignificant detail which a smaller man might overlook.

The broad basis of a big idea might readily be conceived by a very ordinary brain, but require the application of a master mind to grasp its minutiæ and bring it to a successful issue.

Although it sounds incredible, it has been authoritatively stated that Rhodes once, while personally conducting Khama, the Mangwato King, over Groote Schuur, pointed out his bed

to the dusky chief and said, "This is where I lie and think in continents."

The story has been told with bated breath as illustrating the greatness of Rhodes's mind; but to think in continents, or for the matter of that universes, might easily be quite a sound occupation for the mind or lack of it in the veriest "luny" in Bedlam.

In Rhodes his big ideals were practicable, and he was capable of devising and applying the measures for their consummation. Where difficulties might appear unsurmountable to the many, the one loophole would be fixed upon by Rhodes.

Any question with which Rhodes had to deal he examined from every point of view, and his complete mastery of its details was the result of his thoroughly thrashing it out, and concentrating his mind upon it in the seclusion of his bedroom or the solitudes of the mountain-side.

On a proposal being made to him he would often ask: "Have you thought of so-and-so?" and on receiving the reply that that aspect had not presented itself to the proposer, he would answer, throwing himself back in his chair with a grim smile, or springing to his feet, hands thrust into fobs: "Oh, I can see you getting into a hell of a mess"; then go on, "It's quite obvious, . . ." or "It's perfectly clear, . . ." or "Don't you see, etc.?" and proceed to point out the lion in the path and the way to evade him.

He nearly always, in private conversation, assumed that what was obvious to him must

RHODES'S BEDROOM AT GROOTE SCHUUR.

necessarily be manifest to any one else, who had probably not grasped the details.

When the idea of amalgamating the diamond interests in Kimberley occurred to him, he set himself thoroughly to master everything connected with the industry.

He knew the cost of labour, hauling, washing, sorting, etc., to the yield per load, as well as the prices of the different classes of rough stones, the expense of cutting and polishing, and the purchasing capacity of the public—and what is more, he carried these particulars in his head.

He was in this way enabled to meet experts on their own ground—very often much to their surprise.

When Jameson proposed marching on Bulawayo in 1893, Rhodes's very wire to him, advising him to read Luke xiv. 31, was an injunction to Jameson thoroughly to go into details before venturing on a decisive step.

His plans were well laid and prepared, and if they did now and then go wrong it certainly was not because he had neglected to give full consideration to the smallest point.

His great error, of course, stands out strikingly in his under-estimate of the fighting strength of the Boers in 1899; but here he had little or nothing upon which to form an estimate, or else he was determined that, whatever the cost, war was inevitable.

The Rhodes of 1899, moreover, was not the Rhodes of a very few years previous. Had he not been failing even then, he would not have been

peevishly irritable to, and irritated by, Colonel Kekewich in Kimberley.

In all his doings Rhodes believed in maintaining absolute secrecy until all danger of a check was past, and then he would talk quite freely and display his hand openly.

However, taken all in all, the success of most of the schemes organized by Rhodes after their primary conception may be said to have been largely contributed to by the fact that he had thoroughly mastered their details and neglected none.

A matter once taken in hand, Rhodes applied all his mind and energies to it, and was not diverted from his purpose by small obstacles which, as a rule, could be swept away. Where large ones intervened which he could not batter down he used the faculty he possessed for overcoming opposition by conciliation, and thus an irresistible force meeting an immovable body often resulted in its course being deviated—but the force went on.

Rhodes had an absolute gift for concealing his real intent without making an actual misstatement, and he perfectly understood the art of temporizing.

In his negotiations with Barney Barnato, where the latter apparently held the trump cards, although Rhodes had the backing of Lord Rothschild, Rhodes puzzled his Jewish adversary by suddenly pretending indifference, and then altering his rôle of buyer to that of seller; he exchanged mining claims for shares in Barnato's

company, thus obtaining a large holding in the Barnato properties (the Kimberley mine), and proceeded then to increase his holding of shares until he held a controlling interest.

(N.B.—One wonders whether Barnato, at the time, thought that in purchasing the claims held by Rhodes, and giving shares in payment, he was buying Rhodes out.)

Rhodes's axiom that "every man has his price" was vulgarly applied to his suggestion to "square the Mahdi," which was freely criticized as a boast that the Mahdi could be bought off.

It is morally certain that in saying that every man has his price, and that the Mahdi could be "squared," Rhodes felt that he had proved the possibilities of "conciliatory" methods, but then he had the personality, which he had frequently used to evolve order out of chaos—and this strong personality often stood him in good stead.

In the Bechuanaland disturbance of 1883–4 his personality and conciliatory methods averted a catastrophe and appeal to arms.

The natives were satisfied with the annexation and the protection promised them, while the Boer freebooters were left in undisturbed possession of the farms they had jumped and settled down contentedly.

When Rhodesia was rushed by the Boers, under Ferreira, a conflict was avoided by the exercise of tact, and those who came with arms in their hands were content to come in under the Chartered Company's rule, and to occupy the land allotted to them as peaceable settlers.

Rhodes terminated the Matabele rebellion of 1896 by a talk to the rebel chiefs, earning the name of "the Separator of the Fighting Bulls," and he brought them to a right frame of mind by "dealing" with them just as he had dealt with the Pondos.

Even in Cape politics he won his greatest victories by applying his methods of "conciliation." He "conciliated" the coloured voters in the Cape Colony by propounding and advocating the doctrine of "equal rights to every *civilized* man south of the Zambesi" (a deplorable necessity), and then in turn propitiated the Dutch wine farmers, who were opposed to his native franchise policy, by giving them an excise on their brandy, together with a heavy duty on imported spirits.

While Rhodes's methods, in short, were in the main forceful, he appreciated to the full his peculiar capacity for "dealing with" men, and he was assisted in the latter by a certain *savoir-faire*, which frequently disarmed an opponent, especially when Rhodes "took him into his confidence!"

CHAPTER V

RHODES AND THE CAPE AND POLITICS GENERALLY

In 1880 Rhodes, then twenty-seven years of age, was elected one of the members of the Cape House of Assembly for Barkly West, and went to Cape Town to take his seat in the House to represent the Diamond Diggers.

Although quite a young man, he was from the first looked on as a possible leader—at any rate, regarded as a strong man who would go far, and some day arrive, as the French say. It was not, however, until 1884 that he accomplished anything striking; but his opportunity came when he saw his route to the north in danger of being blocked by the establishment of small Boer republics in the native territories of Bechuanaland.

Affairs were somewhat uneventful after the Boer War of 1881, when, instead of the Boer power being crushed once and for all, a shameful peace was concluded.

Then the Republics of Stellaland, Goshen, and Rooi Grond were established by freebooters from the Transvaal, who seized the land from the native Bechuana chiefs Mankoroane, Moshete, and Montsoia, and parcelled it out in farms; and

here Rhodes first met and crossed swords with President Kruger. The Transvaal Government had declared these republics to be under its protection; but the loss of the territory to the British flag meant a serious thing to Rhodes's schemes, as Bechuanaland shut him off from the north. Representations to the Imperial Government resulted in a missionary, Mr. John Mackenzie, a man of character and determination, being sent up as a British resident, and the invasion of the Boer filibusters was declared contrary to the Convention of London[1]; but the natives were informed that the British Government could not support them against freebooters! Yet in February 1884 the ground was proclaimed a British protectorate.

Mr. Mackenzie was a negrophilist and much prejudiced against the Boers. He was determined to oust the Dutchmen, and proclaimed all the farms in the new republics the property of the British Government.

The subsequent treatment meted out to Mr. Mackenzie has been held by many not altogether to redound to Rhodes's credit. From Mackenzie's first appointment Rhodes certainly did all he could to prejudice the High Commissioner, with whom he always had great influence, against him, and have himself sent up to replace him.

It might have been highly expedient for Rhodes

[1] The much-discussed Convention of London, 1881, under which the Transvaal Government was entrusted with the control of their internal affairs only, and the British suzerainty established over the South African Republic.

to be on the spot, but Mackenzie was deserving of more than an expression of want of confidence. His mistake possibly lay in declaring the farms the property of the Government and in attempting to dispossess the Boers, who had occupied them, and replacing them by Britishers.

He found it impossible to accomplish his aims without adequate force; but upon his requisitioning for men he was recalled, and Rhodes later replaced him.

The British Government stepped in, and determined to despatch an expedition, under Sir Charles Warren, towards the end of 1884 to occupy Bechuanaland.

In November 1884 a Cape Commission, consisting of the late Sir Thomas Upington, Prime Minister, the late Sir Gordon Sprigg, Treasurer, Mr. Stephanus Marais, M.L.A. (Paarl), with Mr. Sydney Cowper and R. W. Murray, proceeded to the disaffected area.

They interviewed the chiefs Montsoia, Mankoroane and Moshete, whose territory had been invaded, and found both Moshete and Mankoroane determined to wait until Colonel Warren, in whom they had implicit confidence, came out; while Moshete was anxious to retain his independence and was averse to annexation either to the Transvaal or the Cape.

It appeared that in August 1884 over a hundred of Montsoia's people were killed by the Boers. Montsoia's people had sown on land claimed by the Goshenites and were warned off. Some time after, the Boers being scattered, the natives burned

portions of their dorp (village). The freebooters, then collected and fully armed, proceeded to reap what the natives had sown (also evidently to loot, as they brought in some 8,000 head of cattle and sheep).

They were attacked by 150 natives, under Christopher Bethell, an Englishman. The natives were repulsed and 103 killed. On the following day seven natives went out to search for wounded, and these, with nine wounded, were also despatched —total, 119. Bethell himself was wounded in the eye, and his brains were subsequently blown out by one of the Boers

The freebooters declared that the advent of Imperial troops would mean a general rising of the Dutch-born population, while the Stellalanders were in favour of annexation by the Cape Colony.

The Commission did not effect much, though a conference of Cape Ministers decided on annexation to the Cape, and matters did not proceed further towards a settlement until the arrival of Sir Charles Warren's expedition. This expedition was accompanied by Rhodes, and a peaceful occupation was effected, while a complete settlement was come to early in 1885, after a meeting with the late President, Paul Kruger.

(This was Rhodes's first meeting with Paul Kruger, although Sir Joseph Robinson has said that he first introduced the two men in 1886, when a meeting was held on the subject of gold titles on the Rand.)

Rhodes strongly objected to Mackenzie being present at the interview, and he had a disagreement

with Sir Charles Warren as to the terms of the settlement, Rhodes wishing to give the Boer filibusters title to the farms they had settled on and Sir Charles supporting Mackenzie in his wish to supersede them with British settlers. Rhodes, as usual, had his way.

The territory was annexed as British Bechuanaland, and in 1893 ceded to the Cape Colony with its border at Mafeking. After the Warren expedition, Rhodes returned to the Cape through the Transvaal, and for the next few years busied himself with preparations for northern expansion.

About now the Cape Government again urged the annexation of Damaraland, which had been pressed on the British Government since 1867, and which is now German South-West Africa—perhaps the most highly mineralized part of Africa. The Imperial Government was, however, apathetic.

Rhodes was included in Sir Thomas Scanlen's Ministry of 1884 as Treasurer-General and then Minister without portfolio.

Although the political situation at the Cape was, of course, always of great importance to Rhodes if he were to have an untrammelled hand in pushing his northern policy, it was just as important to him to safeguard the huge interests of De Beers, as he relied upon their funds to further his schemes.

The diamond industry, moreover, depended upon control of the market, and in order to obtain this control indiscriminate dealings in diamonds had to be suppressed. To this end the Illicit Diamond Buyers Acts were brought into being.

Under these Acts the ordinary criminal procedure

is practically reversed, and instead of an accused person being innocent until he is proved guilty, the onus of proof of his innocence is thrown upon him. The operation of the Act necessitated the trapping system, which inevitably opens the door to numberless abuses, which were—at all events, in the old days—freely practised, and in consequence of which many a perfectly innocent man has undergone long periods of imprisonment owing to his inability to establish his innocence when circumstantial facts were against him. Many of these were scapegoats who were paid to endure the punishment which should otherwise have been borne by their employers; many of them on liberation were repudiated by their employers, and, having no remedy, contented themselves with attempts to blackmail and bombarding their deceivers with threats.

The late Barney Barnato received shoals of letters from men who opined that he had reaped the benefit of their incarceration, and they drove him to a state of nervousness bordering on frenzy. These letters, which contained dire threats, were rudely embroidered with skull and cross-bones and coffins, etc. He was known during the last months of his life to leave his bed in the early hours of the morning in his pyjamas, and, barefooted, walk a mile and more to the house of a friend for protection from imaginary pursuers, crying out, "They're after me; they're after me!" No wonder that he drank freely, and finally ended his life in a frenzied attempt to escape from the supposed vengeance of one of his victims.

If a man had a grievance against another, and wished to "put him away," all he had to do was to secrete a stone about the other's person or drop it into his tobacco-pouch and then give information. The victim was searched, the stone found, and as he was unable to account for his possession of the stone, he would be convicted and sentenced to anything from two to ten years' hard labour. The penalty was twenty years' hard labour under the later Act.

The I.D.B. Act was looked on as an iniquitous piece of legislation—however necessary in the interests of the diamond industry—and its unpopularity was proved a few years ago when a Kimberley diamond-broker was charged on a number of counts (nineteen I think in all) with infringing the Act. Knowing that an unprejudiced jury would not be obtained in Kimberley, he was tried in Cape Town, and the case was apparently clearly proved. The judge summed up dead against the accused, but the jury, after retiring, brought in a verdict of "not guilty" on all the counts, the verdict being received with applause in a packed court. The judge was speechless at first, and then addressed the jury, saying that he had told them in as clear words as he could employ that the man was guilty, and he left it to them to reconcile their verdict with their consciences. In the whole course of many years' experience on the bench he said he had never heard a more disgraceful verdict. Then turning to the accused, he said curtly, "The jury says you are not guilty; you may go."

De Beers always had a certain number of nominees in the House of Assembly. The Diamond Diggings were almost wholly represented by members interested in De Beers, while their funds were freely used to support candidates in other constituencies. Grants for schools, athletic grounds, etc., were freely made, prizes offered at agricultural shows, and there were few doubtful constituencies where a glimpse of the long purse of De Beers was not obtained.

The Namaqualand copper-fields and railway were developed by De Beers while Francis Oats (a director) and Rhodes contested the seats in 1898; the latter stood at the same time for Barkly West, and on his election for both places decided in favour of his old constituency, and his place for Namaqualand was taken by Sir Pieter Faure, a staunch friend.

Stellenbosch, Wellington, and Paarl were all strong Bond[1] strongholds. In 1897 and 1898 Rhodes, through his agents, commenced buying fruit-farms in these districts from their Bond owners, with a view to settling men on them about whose politics there could be no question.

The former owners were furious when they discovered who the actual purchaser of the farms was. They were repeatedly warned from the pulpits of the Dutch Reformed Church that De Beers were buying the land, and they were begged not to sell. Rhodes made himself responsible for one-third of the purchase price and settlement of the farms and De Beers for one-third, while Alfred

[1] Afrikander Bond—the South African Nationalist Association.

Beit put up the other third. The farms were, of course, a good commercial investment, but a lot of money was spent on them, and they were extravagantly handled. I believe that they are now, however, giving a return, and the fruit, jam, and preserves, etc., from "Rhodes's fruit-farms" are seen everywhere.

It was hoped that the votes of the employees at the De Beers dynamite factory in the Stellenbosch Division would assist to win seats for that district from the Bond. The factory was erected at the cost of about a million, and here, too, a lot of expense was incurred in buildings which were on the style of architecture of Groote Schuur and furnished with solid teak. It was a great disappointment to find, however, when the first election came along, that only a quota of the employees who had been placed on the voters' roll remained, the rest having been got rid of in some mysterious way or removed to Kimberley, and the cause was divined only when it was discovered that one of the principal overseers was a rank Bondsman!

Rhodes argued that De Beers took an enormous amount of money out of the Cape Colony, and should therefore be made to pay for it; but it was rather a horse of another colour when it was proposed to impose a direct tax upon diamonds. He also submitted to his co-directors that the diamond mines could not last for ever, and that De Beers should invest in other enterprises which would outlast the mining industry. Needless to say, Rhodes had no difficulty in making the

directors at Kimberley (the local board) see eye to eye with him—he said it was to be so and so, and so it was—but he experienced considerable opposition to his methods from some of the directors on the London Board, notably F. S. Philipson-Stow, formerly a life governor; he, in 1897, moved a resolution at a meeting of directors in London to the effect that the Board of Directors should not launch the Company upon a political campaign in South Africa or elsewhere and appropriate its funds to carry out that object in the manner proposed. He more particularly objected to the way in which the expenditure of considerable funds was entrusted to an individual director with political ambition (Rhodes, of course) and who wished to gratify that ambition under the pretext of promoting the welfare of the shareholders in mining ventures in distant parts of Africa away from the Company's centre of action, and in metals or ores with which the Company had hitherto had nothing to do and for which there was no real foundation nor necessity. In the past, he said, when it was thought expedient to promote the candidature of any member of the Company for Parliamentary honours, the funds—so far as he was concerned—were subscribed by the other members of the Board privately, and no attempt was made to convert the Company into a political machine. Should it, he added, again be thought necessary to give similar support to members of the Board or political candidates having the Company's interest at heart, who could not afford to defray the expenses of a contested election,

he was prepared, as formerly, to subscribe his quota thereto.

Lord Rothschild, too, at this time, on behalf of the French shareholders, lodged a protest against the use of De Beers' funds for any purpose other than the ordinary business of De Beers. "Our business," he said, "is to get diamonds, and we are not a philanthropic association." He objected chiefly to the school grants. In spite of this, Rhodes went merrily on devoting the funds to what purpose he pleased, and when he met the London Board made himself so unpleasant that they were glad to approve of his actions.

In 1890, when Rhodes formed his Ministry of himself, Merriman, Sauer, Sivewright, Rose-Innes, and P. H. Faure, he was certainly diffident about accepting office, as he felt that his real work lay in the north. Then, again, there was a large number of members on each side of the House who did not like the idea of his having absolute power in the north and his being at the same time Premier of the Cape, not to speak of his chairmanship of De Beers. He was associated with the Bond, who had practically put him into power, and at the same time his work in the north gained him the sympathy of the rest of the House. There was no opposition to speak of; but in view of Rhodes's association with the Bond, the Progressive Association was formed, of which Sir T. E. Fuller was chairman. It became a sort of local Imperial Association to watch and guard against the ascendancy of the Bond, whose domination over Rhodes they feared. Later their functions

became more those of an electioneering committee of the whole party, and it formed the nucleus of the Imperial Party which put Jameson into power. It had no backbone to speak of when it first started, but after Rhodes's fall and he became *e natura* their leader, it was a very different party, containing such men as Sir Edgar Walton, Sir Thomas Smartt, and Sir Henry Juta. Rhodes certainly gave cause for alarm, as he would pretend he did not care a damn about the Cape Colony and was quite content with his north, which, he said, was quite independent of Cape ports and Cape railways in view of his railway from Beira; he even spoke of a union being formed in the north and the Cape left to its own devices. This from the Premier was rather disconcerting, and he therefore gave an undertaking that nothing he did would be incompatible with his dual position as Premier and managing director of the B.S.A. Company, and the thought that he had broken faith in that matter in connection with the Raid caused him more distress than perhaps anything, although Mr. Joseph Chamberlain found it incumbent on him to say later that Rhodes's personal honour was not affected.

The Bond was virtually in power under Rhodes's Premiership, though he chose his ministers as he pleased. The Bond was not strong enough to take office, and the late Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr simply sat on the back benches and pulled the strings for the Bond Party, and preferred to work with Rhodes. They were the two ablest heads in South Africa, and they were at one on a

university scheme for the Cape—in fact, Rhodes was always at one with him *qua* education.

John Hofmeyr ("Onze Jan") had great ideas and great ideals, and his pet idea was the establishment of a great South African university, which is now, under union, in a fair way to materialize. Hofmeyr favoured his own old college at Stellenbosch as the chief centre of South African learning.

In 1893 Merriman, Sauer, Rose-Innes, and Sir James Sivewright resigned their portfolios on account of Sivewright having given to a personal friend, J. D. Logan, the contract for refreshment-rooms on the Cape Government railways without calling for tenders; and Rhodes reconstructed his Cabinet.

The new Ministry was composed of himself as Prime Minister and Secretary for Native Affairs; Sir Gordon Sprigg, Treasurer-General; W. P. Schreiner, Attorney-General; Sir John Frost, Secretary for Agriculture; and John Laing, Secretary for Public Works and Railways.

Before forming this Ministry, Rhodes approached the Chief Justice, Sir Henry (now Baron) de Villiers and inquired whether the latter was prepared to take the Premiership and form a ministry. They had one or two interviews, and Sir Henry expressed his willingness to undertake the task, submitted the names of his proposed ministers, and wrote that he would call on a Sunday morning. He called, but Rhodes was not in. He wrote next morning, and called again, only to be again disappointed. The next day the names

of the new Cabinet were gazetted, with Rhodes himself as Prime Minister. He never intended that any one but he should form a Cabinet, but merely wished to get the Chief Justice's ideas and discover what colleagues he would select!

As to the Afrikander Bond, this was inaugurated about 1885, and its objects summarized were the preservation of South Africa as a solid nation under its own flag.

Although the Bond leaders later declared that the true purpose of the association was the preservation of South Africa as a solid nation as an integral part of the British Empire, it was, after all, an association founded on the racial basis, as its very name implies, and it became a very dangerous instrument in the hands of unscrupulous politicians as soon as parties divided on racial lines—in fact, its existence tended to defeat the very objects towards which its leaders declared it was working. Its official language was the *Taal*, its organ the Dutch newspaper, "Ons Land" (Our Country), and its head J. H. Hofmeyr ("Onze Jan").

The fact that certain branches of the Bond expressed open rebellion during the Boer War, however, must not in itself condemn the whole Bond on an accusation of disloyalty. When German Wilhelm congratulated Kruger in his famous telegram on repelling Jameson, and applied to the Portuguese to allow German marines to land at Delagoa Bay, "Ons Land" severely took him to task and informed him, in unmeasured terms, that German interference was not required nor sought in South Africa.

Rhodes and Sir Thomas Smartt were both members of the Bond at one time.

The Bond members found it necessary to make strong protestations of loyalty during the War, and in reply to an address at Worcester Lord Milner said, "Loyal? Of course you are loyal. It would be most monstrous were you not loyal!"

Rhodes's Glen Grey Act was perhaps one of his finest pieces of legislation—the first frank attempt to deal with the problem of native labour, and is a real effort to make the natives work, or, in his words, "to recognize the dignity of labour." One of the features of the Act, and perhaps the most important, is the allotment of land to natives under individual title, and is admirably adapted to fulfil its purpose—*i.e.* to make the native work. Under the Act all able-bodied natives not owning allotments of land had to pay an annual tax, provided they were not in *bona-fide* employment. I think very little was collected in the form of this tax, as those not on allotments did not seek local employment to earn the amount of the tax, but were recruited for work on the Rand. The labour clause in the Act Rhodes termed a "gentle stimulus."

By the principle of giving land to each family of natives, under individual title, the men have their own land, and they have to improve that land, and the land having been so allotted a large number have to go out and work, because for some there would be no land at all. Whether the application of such means meets with the approval of the "faddist of Exeter Hall" or not

is beside the question, but from the point of view of the man who, like Rhodes, wants to make the native work, this legislation is highly efficient, and mayhap the day is not far distant when its application to all the native territories and native reservations will bring about a solution of the native-labour difficulty, and consequently of many others by which we are beset.

It is now generally accepted that under the federation towards which Rhodes was trying to steer public inclination his policy was to secure "Equal rights for all civilized men south of the Zambesi." As a matter of fact, when Rhodes used the phrase he employed the words "Equal rights for every *white* man south of the Zambesi," and so he was correctly reported in "The Eastern Province Herald." A copy of the paper was immediately sent to him by the South African Political Association,[1] and he was significantly asked whether he was correctly reported. It must be remembered that it was on the eve of a general election, and the coloured vote in the Western Province is no inconsiderable one, while the natives of Tembuland and Aliwal North practically control those constituencies; and Rhodes therefore posted back the paper, on the margin of which he wrote:

"My Motto is—

"Equal Rights for every civilized man south of the Zambezi.

"What is a civilized man? A man, whether

[1] An organization of the coloured voters of Cape Colony. In Cape Colony, as in Rhodesia, colour is no bar to the granting of the franchise to natives who otherwise possess the necessary qualifications.

white or black, who has sufficient education to write his name—has some property or works. In fact, is not a loafer."

Between 1891 and 1893 Rhodes made an attempt to acquire Delagoa Bay, the Portuguese port which is the natural port for the Transvaal, as Beira is for Rhodesia.

The bay might have been purchased for a song at one time, but the opportunity was lost. Rhodes, acting in conjunction with Sir James Sivewright, and supported by Lord Rothschild, reopened negotiations with the Portuguese Government in Lisbon through Baron Merck, and that Government was prepared to consider a proposal for purchase of the bay, Portugal's finances being in a very low state. The negotiations were very near succeeding in 1893, the sum of £1,300,000 (the price asked by Portugal) having been offered, when a new bidder appeared in the field, surmised to be J. B. (Sir Joseph) Robinson, probably acting on behalf of the South African Republic. The Government at Lisbon, with the usual procrastination of the Portuguese, now began to shilly-shally, and eventually Baron Merck withdrew from the negotiations in disgust. The whole fact of the matter seems to be that the Government were always willing to sell not only the port, but the whole of the colony if they could, but were deterred by fear of the people. The ordinary Portuguese is proud of his country's former glory and history of its conquests oversea, to which the existence of the colonies is witness, and the common people, albeit they know that there is not a "milrei" (3*s.* 4*d.*)

in the Treasury, would be averse to parting with an acre of land in the colonies won by Diaz and d'Albuquerque, and the Government probably feared a revolution on consenting to sell Delagoa Bay.[1]

The Portuguese East African possessions, as well as their affairs in India and the East, are under the administration at Goa, and all matters are submitted to Lisbon through Goa. On Colonel Machado taking office at Goa he was, in a short term, much incensed at what he considered most unjust treatment accorded to Portugal:

1. In respect to merchandise transhipped at Bombay for Goa, on which import duties were levied by the Government of India, notwithstanding that no duties were levied on goods going through Goanese territory to the Southern Mahratta country; and

2. In respect of prohibitive rates charged by the South Mahratta Railway over the bit of line connecting their trunk-line with the West of India Portuguese Guaranteed Railway, in order that goods which would naturally find their outlet at Goa should be sent over their long haul to Bombay. He felt that these Portuguese goods should be treated as if they were bonded at Bombay and not taxed by the Government of India, and he urged upon his Government a policy of retaliation against England both in Indian and African ports. Apart from Indian considerations the matter was of great importance (1) in the interests of

[1] To the common people of Portugal the names of Bartholomew Diaz, Tristan d'Acunha, and Alphonso d'Albuquerque are what Drake's, Frobisher's, and Hawkins's are to British.

Rhodesia, and (2) in view of the position at Delagoa Bay. The Customs Treaty between the Indian Government and Portugal came to an end in 1892, and was not renewed; but in 1897 it was proposed that to meet the difficulties negotiations for a new customs union be opened, and it was suggested to the Foreign Office that in addition the British Government might give Portugal substantial financial assistance without cost to England by guaranteeing the capital of the West Indian Portuguese Railway, amounting to £1,350,000 at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Portugal was paying £73,000 per annum on £1,150,000, being at the rate of 5 and 6 per cent., while, if guaranteed by Great Britain, they would pay $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on £1,350,000, or £33,750, a saving of £39,250 per annum.

The security of the guarantee was to be the customs receipts at Goa, payments for salt under the treaty, and the revenues of Portugal itself to make up any deficit. This, it was hoped, would allay the feeling of irritation felt by the Portuguese Government and cement Great Britain's friendship, which appeared desirable in view of the early expected announcement of the Berne award in regard to Delagoa Bay.[1]

A similar policy was proposed in regard to Delagoa Bay—the British to guarantee the sum required to meet the Berne award and the construction of harbour works at Delagoa Bay up to

[1] This was an adjudication on the claims of the Macmurdo family, who demanded compensation for the forcible seizure by Portugal of Macmurdo's railway, and the result of the arbitration was expected in 1897.

a maximum of £3,500,000 at 2½ per cent., thus saving the Portuguese Government, without cost to England, £122,500 per annum—the difference between 2½ per cent. and 6 per cent. which the Portuguese Government would probably have to pay. In this case also the revenue of the railway, the customs, and the harbour receipts would be hypothecated to the service of the debt. In addition, conditions would be imposed which would practically secure for England the administrative position at Lorenço Marques.

It was also suggested that a customs union for the East Indies and South Africa should be at once arranged on the lines of the treaty between India and Portugal of 1879, which worked in India with such satisfactory results. Such, then, were the proposals before the Foreign Office in 1897, resulting merely in the *modus vivendi* as preliminary treaty; though it is possible that with the advent of union of the southern states a three-cornered customs union on the lines shadowed may be established. An enormous amount of British and South African capital is invested in Lorenço Marques in wharfage, piers, and in vacant land abutting on the railway premises and line.

In 1894 Rhodes "dealt with" the Pondos, over whom Sigcau, the paramount chief, was losing control. The Pondos are the most cruel of South African tribes, and most superstitious, and therefore most *witch-doctor*-ridden. They probably alone in South Africa understand torture as a fine art. Rhodes visited Sigcau, and with very little

trouble the territory was settled and annexed to the Cape Colony.

After the Raid general topsy-turvydom existed amongst the members of the Cape Parliament, except that the solid phalanx of the Bond openly sympathized with Kruger, with the inevitable result that the House divided on racial lines. Schreiner (who did not stand again for Barkly West, but for Malmesbury) and Merriman led the Bond, and the Raid was referred to as a filibustering expedition even by Merriman, who evidently forgot that when the Mashonaland pioneers got to Mount Hampden he wired to Rhodes to turn them loose on the Portuguese Pungwe before the Germans anticipated him.

After 1895 Rhodes felt keenly the loss of the intimacy of a great many men who had been friends and who had been at one with him in many of his ideas, such as J. H. Hofmeyr, whose ambition for a great teaching university so much accorded with Rhodes's own ideas. Hofmeyr and others kept very aloof, and Rhodes continually taunted him with remaining behind the scenes and pulling the strings, instead of coming out into the open. He referred to him as the "mole of Camp Street," a name bestowed on him by Merriman, who said that one knew by the molehills that he had been in the vicinity, but one did not see the damage done by him beneath the surface. Merriman did not at all like Rhodes giving him away as the originator of the nickname. It was different with W. P. Schreiner, as Rhodes often asked why Schreiner did not come and

see him and meet him on a social if not political basis.

As to the Progressive Party, on Rhodes's return after the Raid Commission he became at once the leader of the party. Their leaders were not very stiff in the backbone, and many were poor-hearted from Rhodes's standpoint, and must have roused in him feelings akin to what he possessed in regard to those of his countrymen whom he credited with "unctuous rectitude."

The positive childishness of the objection of the Party led by Sir T. Fuller and Arthur Douglass to Jameson as a member of the House before he had repented in sackcloth and ashes, must have aroused his ire, and he never spoke more truly than when he said the party needed him and not he them. Jameson, in deference to their wishes, did not stand for Port Elizabeth in 1898, but for Kimberley in 1900, when he referred to them as "not very sturdy, but very prominent Progressives." Had it not been for Rhodes, it is doubtful whether they would have been a party at all, and whether Sir Gordon Sprigg would have again occupied the Treasury Bench.

After the general election of 1898, when Rhodes was again returned for Barkly West with James Hill, Sir Gordon Sprigg formed a ministry which included Rose-Innes as Attorney-General. Rhodes was consulted as to the selection of Rose-Innes, and he laconically replied that he would "swallow a mugwump if it would help the Governor."

Although Rhodes always had the idea of a federation of the South African states and

colonies before him, no practical steps towards a federation or union were taken during his lifetime.

His aim, moreover, was a federation and not a union in the form which has since been established, and it is doubtful whether he would have pledged Rhodesia to enter a union constituted as it is. However, with him it was merely a cherished ideal, and in its consummation he had no part.

The last active political agitation at the Cape that Rhodes engineered was the proposed temporary suspension of the Constitution, during which order might be restored out of the chaos that existed owing to the war.

It was impossible for the Cape Government to restore order, as apart from the question of finance many of the members of the Cape Parliament were in sympathy with the Republican forces, and thousands of their constituents were in open rebellion.

The steps taken by the Cape Government to repress rebellion were hopelessly ineffective, and a mass of debt was being piled up.

The only remedy appeared to be the handing over of affairs to the Imperial Government until peace and order were restored, and it was hoped that a readjustment of constituencies could be made under a new Constitution.

In 1902 Rhodes was lying ill at Muizenberg, Sir Gordon Sprigg being Prime Minister. The Bond was then in a majority, but while the war continued did not attempt to turn the Progressives out.

The idea of a temporary suspension of the Constitution originated with Lord Milner, the High Commissioner, but Joseph Orpen wrote to Rhodes and strongly advocated a petition being presented to create an interregnum, during which matters might be so readjusted as to secure fairer representation for the towns and ports, which were in the main progressive, and a curtailment of the back-veld[1] Boer, who was ruling the country, although representing a minority.

Rhodes enthusiastically embraced the idea, and a petition was drafted and signed by all the members of the Progressive Party, excepting the members of the Ministry. Sir Gordon Sprigg was approached, but he refused to sign, as did the other ministers, with the exception of Dr. Smartt, who immediately resigned his portfolio and was replaced by Arthur Douglass. Sir Gordon repeated Pitt's utterance, "I know that I am able to save the country and that no one else can." This statement was received with a certain amount of hilarity.

Failing to get the signatures of a majority of the members of the House, the petition was shelved, but one result was to take the leadership out of Sir Gordon Sprigg's hands and place it in Dr. Jameson's. One of the effects was curious, as one afternoon in the House of Assembly a resolution was moved by one of the Progressives, and on the Speaker putting the question the "Ayes" outshouted the "Noes," and a division was called for—whereupon ensued the ridiculous spectacle of

[1] *Back-veld*—isolated country; cf. Australia, "back-block."

the Prime Minister, with his four ministers, leaving his own party and solemnly crossing the floor, amid roars of laughter, to vote with the Opposition against the motion proposed by one of his own party! This effort to secure a temporary suspension of the Constitution was long made use of by the Bond Party and held up to constituencies as an attempt to interfere with sacred constitutional rights with about as much fairness as the lies disseminated by the Liberals at Home anent the cruelties practised on Chinamen at the Rand.

It was hoped at one time, and in fact expected by many, that Rhodes would contest a constituency in the Imperial Parliament in the Unionist cause; and it is quite probable that had his physical strength held and his presence not been so necessary to South Africa, as it was after 1895, he would have sought a seat in the House of Commons, where he would have had greater scope for furthering his main idea of a United Empire.

From the time that he made the remarkable will leaving his wealth for the extension of the British Empire, his purpose never altered—to devote his life to the construction of a world-wide Empire, whose scattered portions should be closely knit by common ties of sentiment and mutual interest. But as affairs eventuated he had to devote himself to the smaller task of working first for the federation of the colonies and states of South Africa, the completion of which he did not even live to see. While he was a Unionist in politics (Unionism he regarded as synonymous with Imperialism), for the con-

summation of his ideal of a Federated Empire he considered that a form of Home Rule was necessary in Ireland. He regarded a settlement with Ireland as the key of the federal system—a step towards perfect Home Rule for every part of the Empire, but—"with control from Westminster." It was by Rochfort Maguire and Swift MacNeill that a meeting was arranged between Parnell and Rhodes, when the latter and the late W. E. Gladstone were at one *qua* the latter's Home Rule policy. Rhodes saw that a form of Home Rule in Ireland could be used as a stepping-stone to Imperial federation, and he had discussed the matter with Gladstone, who was favourably impressed by Rhodes's arguments on his idea for an Imperial council or parliament at Westminster in which the colonies would have representation. It was a step towards the welding into a united whole of the different units of the Empire. Ireland he was regarding as one of the units—a separate dominion, as Canada and Australia are to-day. Ireland was to have its parliament, but subject to control from Westminster, as are the parliaments of the Over-Sea Dominions—practically responsible government for Ireland. Parnell gave Rhodes his views, and declared that he could come to terms with Gladstone, and Rhodes certainly dissuaded him from the policy of disruption. Rhodes then made a subscription of £10,000 to the funds of the Irish Party, money being badly needed if the agitation in favour of Home Rule was to be continued. Parnell promised to refrain from violent speeches and exhortations, but in

every way in his power to bring his followers to reasonable consideration of their proposed representation.

The Irish Nationalist leader, however, not long afterwards made an exceedingly bitter speech, and exhorted the Nationalists to "use any means" to attain their object. He justified an appeal to arms, and preached the Jesuitical doctrine of the end justifying the means. Later on, however, he apologized to Rhodes, and said he had spoken in the heat of the moment and without thinking.

The Imperial Parliament, through the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has to-day the right of veto, seldom it is true exercised, over the laws passed by colonial legislatures, and the Imperial Parliament certainly can frame legislation binding the colonies; but in practice this Imperial control over local executives without representation is deemed impossible. The difference as to Ireland was that it is part of the United Kingdom, and the Over-Sea Dominions would only really be incorporated in the Union of Empire upon their obtaining representation in the Imperial Parliament. The federation Rhodes had in view would start with Ireland, already a part of the United Kingdom, as the first of the dominions which would afterwards form the units of a larger world-wide union, and which would gradually be incorporated therein. But for the purpose of this federation he deemed it necessary that Ireland should revert to the position she might have held had she never become a portion of the United Kingdom, and she would have her responsible

parliament and executive under control of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, in which she was to have representation, as the other Over-Sea Dominions were to have as they qualified for admission into the Imperial Federation.

Another subscription for political purposes, and incidentally also for the purpose of furthering the scheme of Imperial federation, was made by Rhodes, and that was a gift of £5,000 to the funds of the Liberal Party through Schnadhorst.

A rumour was afterwards circulated that Rhodes had "bought" the Liberal Party, and in a speech Campbell-Bannerman stigmatized the statement that Rhodes had contributed to the funds of the party as "a lie." The correspondence was then published, proving that the gift had been made and that the condition upon which it was granted was that the policy of the party should not be to "scuttle out of Egypt." The abandonment of Egypt meant everything to Rhodes's trans-continental schemes, and he was afraid of the withdrawal from Egypt, just as the Liberal Party, under Gladstone's leadership, had weakly concluded a dishonourable peace with the Boers in 1881, and dealt the death-blow to South African Britishers' belief in the faith of English statesmen. In making this donation to the funds of the Liberal Party, he also stipulated that any scheme of Home Rule for Ireland should include representation at Westminster. Otherwise, as he brusquely said, he "wanted his money back." He had unspeakable contempt for the Nonconformist Radical, whom he credited with "unctuous recti-

tude," and he had good reason to be apprehensive, having in mind :

1. The refusal to annex Damaraland, which, as German South-West Africa, is turning out one of the most highly mineralized areas in Africa, besides being a superb cattle country, some 300,000 square miles in extent.

2. The surrender to the Boers in 1881.

3. How nearly Bechuanaland was absorbed by the Transvaal in 1883–4. Had Kruger been allowed peaceful possession of Bechuanaland the way to the north was blocked, and in a very short while Matabeleland and Mashonaland (now Rhodesia) would have been Transvaal territory.

4. The sacrifice of Charles Gordon at Khartoum and the seriously suggested evacuation of Egypt and Uganda.

5. The assistance refused to Sir Harry Johnston in Central Africa, which, but for Rhodes, would have resulted in the loss of British Central Africa and probably Uganda.

While Rhodes never said much on the subject of Tariff Reform, as it did not enter much into the scope of his work, he held that any scheme of reform should include colonial preference, and maintained that a system of reciprocity would do much to further inter-dominion trade. He was not greatly in favour of the establishment of colonial industries, at all events in South Africa, especially of what he called "bastard industries" —the manufacture from locally produced raw material of articles which are manufactured in the United Kingdom for export. He rather favoured

the increase of production in the colonies of the raw material which would be exported to England and exchanged for the manufactured article. He said that every blanket made in the Cape Colony meant less work for the factory hands in Yorkshire. One industry he seriously hoped to establish in South Africa, however, was diamond-cutting. He did think that it was absurd that diamonds should have to be sent to Holland for cutting, but I do not think he ever took any active steps to establish the industry in South Africa.

As to a successor to Rhodes in South Africa, there was only one Rhodes, and his shoes cannot be filled. Sir Starr Jameson has the loyal support of the Imperialists at the Cape and throughout the Union, but he does not fill the place Rhodes occupied.

Sir Abe Bailey had at one time an idea that he was destined to succeed Rhodes, and in many ways he reminded one of him. He contested and won Rhodes's old seat (Barkly West), and purchased the house at Muizenberg that Rhodes had commenced to build but left unfinished.

He became one of the Progressive Whips, but on the formation of the Jameson Ministry he resigned his seat and returned to the Transvaal, and an amusing story is told of his meeting with Sammie Marks there.

"Aha," the latter is reported to have said, "my dear Abe: it may be a very natural idea to you that the mantle of Rhodes has descended upon your shoulders, but I, having had some experience of second-hand clothing, candidly tell you the mantle won't fit."

CHAPTER VI

RHODES AND THE PUBLIC

In Rhodesia Rhodes was looked upon as "the Father of the People," to whom every one brought his or her troubles in the sure hope of relief of some sort. Did any one want a start in business or in farming, did he require a span of oxen or a disc plough, had he lost his cattle through disease, his crops through locusts, he usually complacently waited until he could get at "the Old Man." "Wait until the Old Man comes," was the balm administered to the wounded spirit. If a man had a grievance against the Chartered Company, the railway, there was always a final appeal to Cæsar.

Jourdan says that in Rhodesia Rhodes was assailed constantly by a "crowd of beggars." I prefer not to employ the word, which is hardly applicable to the Rhodesian of those days. They were not beggars in the ordinary sense of the term. Those who appealed to him were in the main men who had fought for the country, had settled there, and usually had real grievances in the shape of cattle, crops, and goods lost during the Rebellion, by insufficient police protection, or deemed that they had received inadequate compensation from the Chartered Com-

pany. Certainly there were numerous others who made for Rhodes on the off-chance of getting something—anything—but these were easily dealt with. It was seldom, however, that a man paid Rhodes an altogether disinterested visit, and he naturally dropped into his well-known habit of greeting a visitor with, "Well, and what do *you* want?" On one occasion at Bulawayo one of his brothers called on him and was greeted with, "And what do you want?" "None of your damned money, anyway!" was the sturdy reply. "Well," replied Rhodes, turning away, "it is the first time in your life that you didn't." On some occasions he would, however, become stubborn and refuse to listen to anybody. One case in particular occurs to my mind of a woman who came to see him in Bulawayo, and said that she and her husband, who was ill, were stranded and starving, since they had been brought up by some man to start a business under misrepresentation. The woman completely broke down, but Rhodes would not do anything for them, and marched out of the room. I felt that it was a genuine case, and gave her £40 out of my own pocket, and they are to-day conducting a flourishing business in Bulawayo. Rhodes came in to me a few days later, and said, "I hope you did something for that poor woman the other day?" I told him what I had done, and he immediately wrote out a cheque for the amount. Rhodes, as a rule, lent a ready ear to applicants for assistance, and during the period from the middle of June to the end of October, 1897, I estimated that he had spent in assisting people money at

the rate of £100 a day; then there must be taken into account the aid he gave to the weaker vessels who were stranded and helped to get out of the country.

He took a personal interest in the work individuals were carrying on in various parts of Rhodesia, and any man who was likely to make a good settler always received every encouragement from him.

He often provided men with the funds needed to go off on a holiday.

There was one such case where a Dutchman got a cheque from him to go down country for a change, and he went to Kimberley, but did not return.

Some time afterwards he went to Rhodes in Kimberley in distress and asked for assistance. Rhodes, having had a talk to him, said, "You left my country and never went back, and yet come and ask me for help"; then, turning to Jourdan, he went on, "I don't think it is a deserving case, but for his damned cheek tell Pickering (secretary of De Beers) to send him £100."

He was, as all rich men are, inundated with begging letters from all parts of the world. A young woman would write for a sum of money to get married on, a man would ask for a lump sum for the naïve reason that he had never possessed so much in his life (nor was likely to), and wanted to experience the sensation. Applications for appointments in scores; and the wastepaper-basket fondly embraced copies of thousands of testimonials, avouching their owners to be possessed of every qualification and virtue on earth, excepting, perhaps,

modesty. When in England, nearly every friend or acquaintance had a young man in whom he was interested, who wanted to go to Rhodesia, and these were usually disposed of by being sent out to the tender mercies of the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the B.S.A. Police. Many of these carried out personal letters from Mr. Rhodes something as follows:

"DEAR——

"I send you So-and-so. He is a good cricketer and ought to make a good policeman...."

Rhodes was often sadly at fault in selecting his subjects for assistance, and his secretary for the time being would make all inquiries he could about the probable recipient of a cheque, and recommend "the case" or not according to the information he gathered.

In one instance at Salisbury he was applied to for a span of oxen by a young Boer who had settled in the country, he having lost his cattle by rinderpest. Jack Grimmer and I made inquiries, and ascertained that the man had never possessed any cattle; and we strongly urged Rhodes to give him nothing. Rhodes, however, preferred using his own judgment, and the Boer went off with a cheque for £400. The next day there was a race meeting; and during the afternoon Grimmer and I, to our huge delight, found the man, lying dead drunk under a wagon. We got Rhodes to walk round past the wagon, and Grimmer then pointed him out, saying, "There's your £400 Dutchman."

Rhodes didn't say a word, but hurried off and never mentioned the matter again.

With their usual diplomacy, letters for assistance from Dutchmen nearly always contained the excuse that they or their friends were anxious to trek to Rhodesia; others, more illiterate, were masses of fulsome flattery. The following are very fair specimens of hundreds of similar communications. I preserve the original spelling and punctuation, omitting only the names and addresses:

. . . TRANSVAAL.
Januwary
8.1.98

MY LARD MR. C. RHODES,
DER SIR,

Jas a few lins to ask u far hilp as ther is sovel fammars in the Transvaal hu wantet to come up to Maussonnu Land, but dey ar a bit short of monney the most of them ar all my fammely and frinds so tha ask me to ask Mr Rhodes fo some monney to come up witch if i can get it there wil be now les then 70 to 80 fammelys hu will come at wance if tha con git some monney tha ask me to right them all a bout the country and so i did and now tha ar all made to come at wance affer tha got my letter and rood to me to try Mr Rhodes for monney thay wel return it a gane to Mr Rhodes as soune is tha got salel done so if Mr Rhodes con help witch monney i shall bring them in as fammars tha should not trowbil but tha all hat and harvey lost witch the catel sick nes hope on return

Yours struly

the Peple wel bevery tank foul to Mr Rhodes if u con hulp them so well i. My adras . . .

. . .

CAPE COLONY
25.1.98

THE HONOURABLE C. J. RHODES

DEAR SIR,

The drought and rinderpest have made a poor man of me. This time last year I was well off in cattle but now out of a big drove of cattle I have but five oxen left and 2 cows and as I have heard that you are very generous and rich I thought I would ask you to help me till I can get on my feet again. I am an agriculturist no crop this season hard up. If you could lend me from £50 to £100 fifty to one Hundred pounds for a year it would set me up *as I wish to trek to Matabeleland as soon as possible* and have not oxen enough. Where is the best part for Agriculture. Hoping you will not refuse me this small favour (small to you)

I remain

Yours respectfully,

. . .

P.S. Please send money as quickly as possible and oblige.

. . .

He was constantly being asked to be godfather, and as a consent was almost invariably sent the number of his godchildren must be legion. These requests came not only from Britishers, but Boers as well, from all parts of South Africa.

A budding author on one occasion wrote to Rhodes and informed him that he intended including him as one of the characters in a novel he was writing, and sent him a copy of some pages of dialogue, and he asked for Rhodes's approval of the words he put into his mouth. He added a

postscript to the effect that it was immaterial if Rhodes disapproved, as he intended publishing the work as it was in any case. The waste-paper-basket could tell the rest of the tale; but whether the novel ever saw the light of day I cannot tell.

A young Oxford undergraduate used to write to him—mainly about doings at Oxford; but Rhodes tired of these letters after a while, as he did of the letters of a girl who regularly wrote to him, though he read her first with interest. She never gave any name or address, and she simply wrote bright, chatty letters which she said she sent for the mere pleasure of doing so.

It was only natural that Rhodes should come to look upon a gift of money as in all cases an acceptable reward for services rendered, and the means of recompense to be in his cheque-book. He never expected any one to do anything for nothing. One man, however, a Mr. Roos, had done some little extra work for him while he was Prime Minister, and to him Rhodes sent a cheque for £10. Roos, however, returned the cheque, saying that what he had done was not for the sake of money.

Rhodes's correspondence was naturally voluminous, as, in addition to his political work, even when out of office, he was Managing Director of the B.S.A. Company, Managing Director and Chairman of De Beers and of the Consolidated Gold Fields, and of the Mashonaland and Bechuanaland Railways and the African Trans-Continental Telegraph Company. Then there were the affairs

of his various farms and all manner of private correspondence.

I don't suppose he saw one-tenth of the correspondence addressed to him. His secretary opened everything, no matter how "private" or "confidential" they were marked. Letters would often arrive marked "Strictly private—for Mr. Rhodes alone," or "Not to be opened by the secretary," but these were all dealt with with the others.

His correspondence was bulky, but reduced to surprisingly small dimensions when it reached him. A number of letters went straight to the waste-paper-basket; others I answered straight off, and a few were given to him as opportunity occurred. Some of these he would write short replies to himself, and the others were either not replied to at all or else he would dictate answers—either by telegram or by letter.

Of those letters which I thought should be shown to him, I used to keep a list with a précis of the contents, so that he could glance over it in a minimum of time. Often the sender of a letter would complain, on meeting him, that he had received no reply to his letter, and Rhodes would nonchalantly say, "Oh, I don't remember having seen it. My secretary probably never showed it to me." A reply was probably not sent for very good reasons, but in this way the secretary earned many a hard word and angry look. Sometimes he has sent a carefully worded telegram in my name and not his own when a little temporization was necessary; and when matters were settled, if things had not gone quite smoothly, he would disclaim all

knowledge of the telegram, and promptly blow me up for acting on my own responsibility. He had a habit, too, of hiding away letters; but he often put them away so safely that he could not find them again. For instance, he would put a letter in a book in the library or in a vase in the drawing-room. Not long before his death he received an important letter from the High Commissioner, which he put in a jar in the library, and there was a great search for it after his death.

The major portion of his important letters or telegrams were dealt with by wire, and he would dictate telegram after telegram. He was quite easy to follow in longhand, although he used to say his secretary should know shorthand. Jourdan and Palk were, I think, the only ones who knew it. As to letters, he wrote more or less as he spoke, and used to dash off short notes. When a letter was taken down word for word as he dictated it, it was full of tautology and redundancies, especially if he wanted to emphasize a point. When dictating a letter or memorandum, he would walk up and down, his hands clasped behind his back or stuck inside his trousers, and he would wander into the next room, or even beyond, and one would have to strain one's ears to catch what he was saying. Personally, I never attempted to take down his actual words, but made notes of what he was saying, and then wrote the letter, or whatever it was. The dictation of a letter often took him much longer than it should take the ordinary man, as it was all repetition. Having got the main points, I used to sit and pretend to take notes, just

saying, "Yes, sir," when he asked "Have you got that?" After dictating a long jumble, in which he repeated himself over and over again, he would say, "Now read that." I would reply that I would write it out first, and I must say that he very seldom made any correction. If he did, it was merely to add a postscript in which he repeated half of what he had already said, and sometimes made the postscript longer than the letter itself.

On one occasion, in 1901, he dictated a letter to me while he was still in bed, and then said, "Now read that." I had only taken a few notes, and smilingly said, "I must go and put it into decent English first." He just gave his little whine and rolled over in bed. I brought him the letter later on, and he said, "I think that will do. That will do very well." I heard him speak of it a day or two after, and he said, "Le Sueur says I can't write English."

All his private letters were written by hand and many official ones. He never had a typewriter in his house. The bulk of his official correspondence was done in the offices of the Chartered Company and De Beers, and for this typewriters were used.

When on the veld, we were often away from post-offices for weeks at a time, and then a mail would turn up—a muid [1] sack crammed with letters; or on reaching a telegraph-station a mass of telegrams, some of them pages in length, would be handed to me. I have known him receive a big batch of telegrams, and, after reading them over two or three times, retire to his wagonette, or wherever

[1] Wheat measure. Three bushels go to the muid.

he was sleeping, and early in the morning start *dictating* replies, and, *without looking* at the wires again, answer every point in every one of them, without missing one.

He had a wonderful memory — especially for figures. For instance, he would receive a statement of his holdings from Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co., and run through a list of a hundred or so stocks, then correct it. "No, this is wrong," he'd say; "I have only 3,090 of these, not 3,390—So-and-so had 300," and so on with every stock on the list.

CHAPTER VII

RHODES AND THE NORTH

THE first step towards the acquisition of the north may be called the formation of the Rudd-Rhodes Syndicate, as it was known. Alfred Beit was a member of it, and Messrs. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire, and F. R. ("Matabele") Thompson were appointed delegates to obtain a concession from Lo Bengula, son of "Umziligazi,"[1] king of the Matabele. Umziligazi was a pure Zulu, and was driven out of Zululand by Tshaka, the uncle of Cetywayo, who was the father of Dinizulu. He made his way with his impis (regiments) through the Marico District of the Transvaal, having several encounters with the Boers, to Bechuanaland, where he soundly hammered Khama, beloved of missionaries and tea-drinking old ladies and so on, to what is now Bulawayo.[2] From here he started raiding east and west and south and north—south and west as far as Palapye (Khama's Town), south and east as far as Gazaland (Gungunhana), Manicaland and Umtali (M'tasa's), and north as far as the Zambesi.

[1] Called by the Boers Moselikatze, and meaning "the Trail of Blood."

[2] Gubulawayo—"the Place of Slaughter."

A large impi was sent to the Zambesi River and Victoria Falls under Babyan, an induna (chief), who was an envoy to the late Queen Victoria and a great favourite of Rhodes's. The impi reached the river, and the local tribes offered to ferry them across. Some they conveyed to the opposite shore, but the majority were landed on the islands, the canoes returning for others. When the larger portion of the impi had been left on the islands, the canoes drew off, the Matabele being abandoned to their fate. Numbers were drowned, died of starvation, or were devoured by crocodiles, and only a small remnant returned to Bulawayo. Those who reached the northern bank of the river founded the Angoni nation, who still exhibit some traces of their warlike descent.

The women and girls captured in the Matabele raids were taken as wives by the Matabele warriors, but for many years Lo Bengula was very strict as to intermarriage. For instance, the Kumalo (Umziligazi's patronymic) were of royal blood, and could only marry in the Kumalo class or with the king's consent.

Then the Abenthla, or descendants of the true Zulus and Swazis, could only marry in their own class; and after these came the Amaholi, or slaves, who were also divided into three classes. Umziligazi was succeeded by his son, Lo Bengula, and the territory under his sway was enormous. He ruled his people with an iron hand, and his name was feared from the Limpopo to the Zambesi. Whilst he dealt out death with an unsparing hand, only one white man is known to have been

killed by his orders, although there was quite a number at various times at Bulawayo—such as Colenbrander, Sam Edwards, Selous, Fairbairn, and Dawson.

Lo Bengula was once asked why he punished every offence with death, and he replied, "What else am I to do? They understand death, and I can't lock them up as you white people do in gaols. I have no gaols, nor the trouble of looking after them."

The Matabele nation settled in the territory now known as Matabeleland, which had its boundary at the Shangani River, and was governed by Lo Bengula through indunas, who had districts placed under their jurisdiction.

Mashonaland was under tribute to Lo Bengula, but the inhabitants were not members of the Matabele nation, and the territory was really only a happy hunting-ground for Matabele raiders.

There was no one ruler in Mashonaland, but a number of tribes, each under a small chief. Tribes are found a few miles apart, having distinct customs, manners, and language.

Months were spent at Bulawayo by Rudd, Maguire, and "Matabele" Thompson "bongaing" to Lo Bengula, from whom they finally obtained a concession for the mineral rights over the whole of his dominions, with the exception of the Tati Concession—a tract south of Bulawayo, dividing the territories of Lo Bengula and Khama.

The young Matabele warriors got rather impatient of the prolonged stay of the concession-hunters, and "Matabele" Thompson, on his return

journey, had to fly for his life, and nearly perished of thirst.

In November 1888 the British South Africa Company was incorporated by Royal Charter, and preparations were made for an expedition of occupation. In May 1890 the Mashonaland expedition started under the guidance of F. C. Selous, and effected a peaceful occupation of Mashonaland, and erected their fort on the kopje overlooking the present town of Salisbury. The township of Victoria was established near the Zimbabye ruins, and for a time was the most important centre.

Other concessions, such as those granted by Lo Bengula to A. E. Maund, Renny-Tailyour, and Edward Lippert were purchased for what they were worth. The most important of these was perhaps the concession granted in November 1891 to Lippert, which conferred on the concessionaire for the term of one hundred years the sole and exclusive right of laying out, granting, or leasing farms, townships, building-plots, etc.; in fact, surface rights generally.

The document conveys no right of transfer, but the concession was purchased by the British South Africa Company.

While the company was purchasing every northern concession which seemed to have the shadow of genuineness, a concession in Gazaland was offered to Rhodes for £20,000.

He offered £10,000 in cash for it, but the owner refused this, and Rhodes gave him a week in which to make up his mind. The concessionaire

then went off, and hawked the concession, but met with no buyers.

He then, after the lapse of a fortnight, returned to Rhodes, and said he was prepared to accept £15,000 for his concession.

"What concession?" asked Rhodes.

"The one you offered me £10,000 for," he replied.

"I know of no offer," answered Rhodes.

"Why," the concessionaire said, "you gave me until a week ago to decide."

"Ah, yes," Rhodes replied, "but that was a week ago. Now I am not a buyer."

"Well, you may have it for £5,000," went on the disappointed man.

"No, no," Rhodes said, "I don't want it. Good afternoon."

A concession was also obtained from M'tasa, the most important chief in Manicaland, who had his kraal on a big mountain near where Umtali now stands.

Half a mile from the mountain it is impossible to see a hut, so hidden are they amongst the rocks, yet M'tasa a few years ago paid hut-tax on over four hundred huts.

The whole of Manicaland was claimed by the Portuguese, and in 1890 Forbes, with a few police on a visit to M'tasa's kraal, found there a Portuguese force under Baron de Rezende, the commandant at Maçequece. Accompanying him were a Portuguese, d'Andrade, and a Goanese, Gouveia.

Forbes arrested the trio, Baron de Rezende

being sent back to Maçequece and the two others to Cape Town.

A commission was later on appointed to delimit the boundary, and under its award the border was fixed at Umtali, all the low country falling to the Portuguese, and the highlands, including M'tasa, being included in the territory of the British South Africa Company.

A great deal has been written and said about an intrigue between Kruger and Germany in connection with northern expansion, and it has been stated that when the concession was obtained from Lo Bengula envoys sent by Kruger and Leyds were actually on their way up to Bulawayo; but Kruger always gave this an emphatic denial, his words being, "Ik vertrouw de Engelsche min maar ik vertrouw de Deutzers tien maal minder" ("I trust the English but little, but I trust the Germans ten times less"). Lo Bengula had, however, been visited by an envoy from Kruger, and a German also started for Bulawayo, but never reached the kraal.

The expedition, having reached Salisbury, now metaphorically beat their swords into, not ploughshares, but picks and shovels for prospecting, as the discovery of gold was the first object of all. The land was, however, apportioned out in farms, and after the column came a number with the intention of settling down. Of such was Laurence van der Byl, who brought up about eighteen young South Africans, and settled on Laurencedale, between Salisbury and Umtali. His grave now marks the spot, and although the land is

being farmed I do not think that any of his party remain in Rhodesia.

In 1891 the late Lord Randolph Churchill made a tour of the country, and wrote some glowing articles on its possibilities.

With Rhodes, on his first visit to the country that now bears his name, were two Dutch farmers, members of the Bond and of the House of Assembly of the Cape—Messrs. De Waal and Venter. De Waal afterwards "ratted" from the Bond and followed Rhodes. He stuck closely to Rhodes, but when the latter was dying, and De Waal was unable to see him because he was too ill, he was very much annoyed, and said to me that Rhodes had promised him a number of Charter shares which he never got, and added that had he known "the way in which he was going to be treated he would better have known how to act." I think he exemplified what Rhodes meant when he referred to my countrymen "and the eye to the main chance." It was on his trip with De Waal that Rhodes shot the only thing in the way of big game he ever did, *i.e.* a quagga (zebra), and he afterwards said he hated himself for having shot it, and would never shoot another. He used to tell a story, too, which De Waal repeats in his book, of having early one morning walked in his pyjamas a short distance into the veld, and a lion suddenly roaring close beside him. He immediately fled for his life, and came panting up to the wagon with his pyjama trousers down and trailing round his feet!

Dr. Jameson was selected by Rhodes to ad-

minister the New Country; and he could not have chosen better, for the situation required qualities which "the Doctor," as he was affectionately called, possessed in a high degree—tact, perseverance, confidence, and indomitable courage. Immediately the pioneers had entered the country a raid was made upon it by the Boers, under one Colonel Ferreira, and Jameson set off to meet him at Rhodes's Drift, on the Limpopo. Ferreira tried bluster at first, but came to reason when a maxim was turned on the river, and its effects could be marked. The Boers were, however, invited to come in under shelter of the Chartered Company, and allowed to settle at and around Enkeldoorn, where they bid fair to establish a useful community.

The Matabele War of 1893

The occupation of Mashonaland by the pioneers did not have much effect on the Matabele warriors as a show of force, and I think they rather looked on the new occupiers of the territory as under tribute, as the Mashonas were. At all events, they continued their marauding expeditions, and finally waxed so bold as to slaughter a number of Mashonas who were working for the white settlers. A strong remonstrance was sent to Lo Bengula by Dr. Jameson in 1893, when the position had become intolerable. He returned the usual reply of not being able to keep his young bloods in hand, and it was finally resolved to march on Bulawayo. After having communicated with

Rhodes, and the famous messages[1] regarding the reference to Luke xiv. 31 having passed, Jameson set off with some 500 men, hotchkiss-guns, and maxims for Bulawayo, following the watershed. When one compares the result of the German operations in South-West Africa, where thousands of trained soldiers were unable to deal with a comparative handful of degenerate Hottentots, it strikes one as little short of miraculous that this little band of amateurs was not entirely exterminated on their advance against a nation of 20,000 warriors, to whom war and bloodshed were as the breath of their nostrils.

Certainly great fears were entertained for them until they had reached the open country beyond the Somabula forest near Shangani, and it is a mystery how the Matabele failed to rush them with the assegai[2] while they were passing through the thick forest, where their weapons of precision would have given them little or no advantage. They came of the same race by whom the 24th regiment was cut up at Isandhlwana in 1879.

Major Forbes was in command of the troops, who had several engagements, the most severe being at Bembezi, about twenty miles from Bulawayo, where two whites, Arthur Cary and Siebert, were killed and who were buried at the spot by Bishop

[1] On hearing from Jameson, Rhodes wired, "Read Luke xiv. 31" ("Or what king, going to war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"). Jameson's reply was, "All right: have read Luke xiv. 31."

[2] Assegai—spear, used by the Zulus and Matabele for stabbing at close quarters—by other tribes for throwing. They can throw them about 150 yards.

Knight-Bruce. Dr. Jameson pushed on ahead to Bulawayo, which he and his body-servant, Garlick, were the first to reach. They found the town in flames. Shortly afterwards they were joined by Rhodes, who had followed the column. Rhodes used to tell a story of his journey up, and said he had met some Indians who were on their way down country. He asked if they were not going to settle in the country. They replied, "Oh, yes; but the white men are at war with the natives now; but in the end the whites are sure to win, and then, when it is all over, we are coming back."

Lo Bengula had fled towards the north, and Forbes and his column set off in pursuit. Lo Bengula now wished to parley, and sent back a conciliatory present of £2,000; but this was received by two scouts, Wilson and Daniels, who stole and hid the amount. Getting no reply, the harassed king continued his flight. He crossed the Shangani some sixty miles north of Bulawayo, and Major Alan Wilson, with thirty-two men, crossed in hot pursuit of him. One of the natives who was with Lo Bengula afterwards told me that Lo Bengula at this time was very ill, and consumed quantities of *muti* (medicine). The Shangani now came down in flood, and Wilson and his party were cut off from the main body. They were then attacked by the crack Imbezu and Ingubu regiments, under Lo Bengula's chief fighting induna, M'tyana, a true-blooded Zulu who had come from Zululand with Umziligazi, and there the grim tragedy was enacted which brought undying honour to the names of Alan Wilson and those

who died with him. Sir Thomas Fuller says they died rather than desert wounded comrades. This was not so. They were cut off by the swollen Shangani River, and surrounded by thousands of some of the finest native fighters in Africa, and for them there was no escape, even had they wished it. Their firing was plainly heard by Forbes's column, but he could render them no assistance, as, in addition to the river being impassable, he was himself fiercely attacked. He was so hard pressed that his men were reduced to eating their horses, and he at length had to retire, leaving his maxims, but carrying away the breech-blocks. His column came straggling in to where Gwelo now stands for two days. The natives who are likely to know do not care to speak of Wilson's last stand; one rather likes to think they were ashamed of the exploit. But M'tyana, who was in command, told me himself that when they charged them with their stabbing assegais after the firing had ceased—their ammunition being exhausted—seven were left standing, and that these sang; but of course what the words of that last song were can only be left to conjecture.

The bones of Wilson's party were afterwards collected, and first buried at Zimbabye, and later removed to the hill where lie Rhodes's remains. Lo Bengula was said to have died, but his grave has never been found, even M'tyana professing ignorance of it. It is customary to bury native chiefs where only a few of the chief headmen would know the grave, and to bury them with weapons, wagons, and oxen, etc., unless a chief died in his kraal, when he is usually buried at the

doorway of his hut and the kraal is deserted, as old Bulawayo was when Umziligazi died. M'tyana was a fine specimen of a native, and lived near Rhodes's Matoppo Farm. He took no part in the Rebellion of 1896. Some of these old Matabele, especially members of Lo Bengula's family, were quite courteous and had nice manners—probably inherited from their Zulu ancestors. On visiting M'tyana on one occasion, one of his wives brought me a calabash of native beer to where I was sitting with him. I put out my hands to take it, but the old man, smiling and shaking his head, took it from me and drank a mouthful or two from it, and then handed it to me, in accordance with old native custom.

With the fall of Bulawayo the power of the Matabele was looked upon as broken, and another great tract of territory was added to the Chartered Company's holdings. A force of police was enrolled and the land cut up into farms, which were, however, only half the size of the Mashonaland farms—1,500 instead of 3,000 morgen[1]—and an ever-increasing tide of immigration set in.

Living in Lo Bengula's kraal in 1893 were a Cape boy, John Jacobs, who was the king's private secretary, and a fugitive from Tongoland named Umvulaan, who could read and write English and Dutch, and who came up to Bulawayo with Babyan and Umshete (Lo Bengula's envoys to Queen Victoria) when they returned from England. John Jacobs disappeared in 1893, but Umvulaan, who, to the amusement of the high-class Matabele, called himself Karl Kumalo,

[1] Morgen—a little over two acres.

was sentenced to death in 1896, and, being taken out for execution, three men were told off to shoot him. One bullet passed through his thumb, another through his side, and the third took him in the forehead, but, as a high-velocity bullet will do, it travelled round the skull beneath the scalp and continued its flight; and when a party went out to bury him next day it was found that he had crawled away. This is the native referred to by Olive Schreiner in her book "Peter Halkett of Mashonaland." Umvulaan reappeared after the Rebellion of 1896, but at the beginning of the Boer War I saw him at Fort Usher in the Matoppos, where he was under arrest for sedition and trying to stir up the natives. What has since become of him I don't know, but he often made tender enquiries after the members of the firing party who operated on him. As to "Peter Halkett," Rhodes always put the production of that down to spite. Its history, as he used to tell it, was that, whilst on a voyage to England, Olive Cronwright-Schreiner (or Mrs. Cronwright, her maiden name of Schreiner having been adopted by her husband, Cronwright) was on board, and was talking to a friend in Rhodes's hearing, when the friend remarked, "Why don't you write another book, Miss Schreiner? It is quite a time since your 'Story of an African Farm' appeared." "Oh, I don't know," replied Olive Schreiner; "I don't think I *could* write another." Rhodes immediately said, "You're quite right, Miss Schreiner. You *couldn't* write another book. You've put all your thoughts and ideas into your book, and now

you haven't got it in you to write another one." Miss Schreiner was much annoyed, and not long afterwards appeared "Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland."

Rhodesia, as Matabeleland and Mashonaland were now called, was in 1895 in a fair way to a peaceful settlement, farms were being occupied, homesteads erected, and mining properties opened up. But events occurred in the south which considerably threw back the development of the country. The Johannesburg revolution was in the air, and Dr. Jameson had gone down to Pitsani Pothlugo (near Mafeking) with guns intended for the defence of Bulawayo, and he was accompanied by most of the police. The published object of his departure was to take over the Bechuanaland Border Police from the Cape Colony to the service of the Chartered Company; but, as is known, at Christmas 1895 he led the combined force to the protection of life and property in Johannesburg. After his surrender to the Boers the country was in a very unprotected state, the police having been withdrawn, and the Matabele, who had never been really beaten, seized an unique opportunity to rise in rebellion. They had heard that "*U'dogetele*" (the Doctor) was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, and they were enraged at the wholesale slaughter of their cattle, which were shot to check the ravages of rinderpest.

Besides such small superstitions as that the rainfall had diminished, and that the red locusts (*amakiwa*) had only appeared since the advent of the white man, while the outbreak of rinderpest

coincided with his arrival as well, they alleged many real grievances, such as extortion by the newly enlisted native police, whom they also accused of taking their women without *lobola*.[1] This they highly resented, as the native police were indiscriminately recruited, and the high-bred Matabele would not tolerate their own *amaholi* (slaves) being placed in authority over them, much less give their daughters to them. They were, furthermore, cast into a state of frenzy by one whom they called the "*Mlimo*"—a mysterious person who was supposed to inhabit a cave in the Matoppos, and who prophesied that the white man's bullets would be turned to water and the whites driven into the sea. A few of the indunas remained friendly, mainly the older ones, like M'tyana and Faku; these both lived on or near Rhodes's Matoppo farms, as did some of the worst rebels, like Bozingwan, the witch-doctor, Somabulana, Dhliso, and Umlugulu. (Rhodes said he liked having them near, so that he could keep his eye on them.) Babyan, Rhodes's old friend, also lived on the farm, and he took an active part until one night he ill-advisedly attacked Faku, and was severely trounced. He then retired in high dudgeon to his fastness, which he called *Kantole*, a corruption of Dutch "kantoor"—meaning office.

Some of the friendlies turned out, and were led by an undersized stripling named Betyana, who had a most repulsive appearance, having lost an eye, and who was at the same time suffering from an incurable disease. He seemed, however, to have great

[1] *Lobola*—the price in cattle paid for a wife to her father.

influence with the natives. As to the identity of the Mlimo (all that survives of him now is his name given as a nickname to Arthur Montagu Rhodes), I remember a great picture that appeared in one of the illustrated papers, depicting the Scouts Burnham and Armstrong dashing for their lives before the Matabele, and mounted upon such horses as Rhodesia has never seen, after having slain the Mlimo; but the identity of the prophet was never established.

After the cessation of hostilities, however, Faku, the friendly induna, came to Rhodes and demanded compensation for the death of one of his slaves, an old *holi*, who, he said, had been shot by Burnham and Armstrong while he was hoeing in a mealie patch.

The Rebellion commenced with a wholesale massacre of men, women, and children at outlying farms and in prospecting camps, and in most cases the bodies were horribly mutilated; women's hair was torn out by the roots, and the bodies of little babies were found which had been pounded up in mealie-stampers in the sight of their mothers. Is it a wonder, therefore, that some of the men who had lost brothers, wives, children, when, during the subsequent fighting, they saw these results of the natives' handiwork, "saw red" and took reprisals, in some cases throwing aside their rifles and killing the niggers with their hands?

1896 was indeed a disastrous year for Rhodes. The close of 1895 saw him at the zenith of his power, and the opening of 1896 saw him a broken man. Rinderpest cleared Rhodesia of cattle and

swept away vast herds of buffalo and other game, and the curses of the country were then summed up in the three R's—"Rinderpest, Raid, and Rebellion."

Rhodes had been called upon to resign the chairmanship of the Chartered Company, and he did so, but this made very little material difference, as he held and retained the Company's general power of attorney. He was always more or less of an autocrat in Rhodesia, and did not hesitate to grant concessions or exemptions if a man made out a good case. His example has been emulated by the directors of the B.S.A. Company in the way of making special grants of land and in the giving of special title to farms which under the mining regulations are withheld from the ordinary settler.

Rhodes took a more or less active part in the Rebellion, and was at times in great personal danger and the cause of much anxiety to his friends. He did not, however, carry arms. When he was entering the country, two columns were sent to escort him, and friction arose between the officers in command as to seniority, as both held the rank of colonel. Rhodes, on ascertaining the cause of the dispute, said, "I'll be the leader, I'll be colonel, and so that's settled." A cable immediately came out from Home—"Hear you have appointed yourself colonel—wire explanation." I don't know what reply, if any, was sent, but a medal for the campaign was issued to him as "Colonel the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes," and it is now at Groote Schuur.

The towns went into laager and troops were enrolled. There was also a body of Cape boys who did yeoman service in the kopjes. There were only one or two square fights, the natives soon retiring from open country to the Matoppos, whence it was impossible to dislodge them. Regular Imperial troops were also employed, and were of the utmost service. The extra cost of their employment was, moreover, borne by the Chartered Company and not by Her Majesty's Government. Of the Imperial officers, one in four was wounded during the operations in Mashonaland, which makes one realize that the military operations were a stern experience to the troops engaged—while nearly five hundred men out of the Rhodesian community were lost in murdered, in killed, or from wounds and exposure, and this amounted to practically a decimation of the white population in Rhodesia at that time.

At N'taba zi ka Mambo, Rhodes and a small body of troops were almost cut off, and Rhodes was nearly hit, a bullet striking the ground under his horse. "D'you know," he said afterwards, "it was a very near thing. I might have been hit in the stomach, which would have been very unpleasant, and I should have been very angry." He also added afterwards, "I was never in such a funk in my life."

A story was told me that it was at the same place that supplies of liquor, tobacco, etc., ran very short, and Jewish traders used to drive up in all sorts of vehicles with assorted articles, and their stocks were very soon sold out. One day a

wagonette drove up, and a number of thirsty and tobaccoless troopers ran up at the sight of a Jewish type of countenance peering out.

"Got any beer?" cried one.

"No," was the reply.

"Any stout, whisky, dop?"

"No, no."

"Any cigarettes or tobacco?"

"No," again.

"Then what the hell have you got? and what do you want here, anyway?" one disappointed trooper shouted.

Then somebody recognized Rhodes.

All the troops engaged in suppressing the rebellion were placed under the command of General Sir Frederick Carrington, while Sir Richard Martin had been sent out in May as Resident Commissioner to report to the Imperial Government. The Matabele had taken to the fastnesses of the Matoppos, from which they refused to budge, and Sir Frederick Carrington had camped near Rhodes's farms and had established a chain of forts along the Matoppos, and sorties into the hills were made—without, however, effecting very much. Rhodes then determined to see whether "conciliation" might not avail where there seemed little probability of force succeeding, and he made his camp some distance from the main body. Earl and Countess Grey were there with Mr. and Mrs. Colenbrander, Dr. Hans Sauer, J. G. McDonald, Grimmer, Jourdan, Vere Stent the journalist, and a few friends. Rhodes managed to establish communication with the rebels, cul-

minating in his historic *indaba* with them, when, accompanied by Colenbrander, Dr. Hans Sauer, and Vere Stent, he rode into the hills, and, having met the indunas, he persuaded them of their folly. He had the most extraordinary influence over natives, and no native could look him in the face. It is certain that a large number of them looked on him as mad, and therefore he would be perfectly safe from personal violence from them. Before he succeeded in obtaining the submission of the Matabele he had to spend many weary weeks in his camp at the foot of the Matoppos. The chief negotiator between Rhodes and the rebels was one of Umziligazi's wives (not, however, the mother of Lo Bengula), and the old lady's photograph used to hang in Rhodes's bedroom at Groote Schuur.

It was while he was waiting for the Matabele to surrender that he selected the site for his grave. He and Sir Frederick Carrington, Lady Grey, and J. G. McDonald used to take long rides into the Matoppos. One day they rode further than usual, and climbed the hill known as *Malindi N'zema*, or "The Worship of the Departed Spirit." He was very much impressed with the wild grandeur of the Matoppos, as who is not who has gazed on that endless sea of rugged granite boulders? The hill is not very far from where Umziligazi is buried. The founder of the Matabele nation is interred in a cave on the top of a kopje, and round the cave his wagons, etc., were buried. The body was placed in a sitting posture, as is customary with the natives, at the back of the cave, and the

front, where three large rocks made a natural archway, was walled up with stones. During the Rebellion the grave was torn open, and some of the bones of the dead king and his assegais, etc., were carried off as mementoes. Rhodes had a search made for these, and had them replaced in the grave, which was walled up once more.

"I admire," said he one day, when on the hill where his remains now rest, "the imagination of Umzilagazi. There he lies, a conqueror alone, watching over the land that he had won. When I die, I mean to be buried here, and I shall have the bones of those brave men who helped me take the country brought from Zimbabye."

He instructed J. G. McDonald to see that this was done, and added anxiously, "You don't think that they will object," referring to the relatives of the deceased heroes of Shangani, whose bones have, in accordance with Rhodes's wish, since been moved from Zimbabye to a spot on the hill where he lies. Rhodes often referred to Umziligazi sitting alone, as it were, watching over his people. "The World's View" he called the view from the hill; and it certainly is very fine and wild, although I have seen many grander. On the first occasion when he took me up to the hill he told me to shut my eyes as we approached the summit, and he led me up, and then said, "Now look: what do you think of it?" I did not know then that I was expected to be wildly enthusiastic, and as I was disappointed in it I said, "Oh, I don't know—it's rather fine." He immediately flew into a rage and

said, "I suppose if Jesus Christ were to ask you what you thought of Heaven, you'd say, 'Oh, I don't know, it isn't bad.'" "Every one will come and see that view," he said once to Brailsford; "but if *you* had a view no one would take the trouble to go and look at it."

The negotiations for peace were long and tedious, and besides a little shooting Rhodes's only recreations were reading and taking long rides. The rebels were safely ensconced and refused to come out, but their supply of grain was running short, and many were dying of fever in the unhealthy granite. Rhodes amused himself in talking to the friendly natives and to others who had surrendered. He spoke a smattering of Zulu and kitchen Kafir picked up in Natal and Kimberley, and he generally contrived to make himself understood. One of the first to surrender was Babyan, a true Zulu, then eighty-two years of age. He and one Umshete were sent by Lo Bengula as envoys to Queen Victoria in 1889, and he had a great fund of tales with which he used to amuse "the Old Man." He disliked being chaffed about his visit to London, although he ran about as naked as the day he was born, excepting for a kilt of wild-cat's tails. One day Colonel Napier jocularly remarked, "Well, Babyan, how's the Queen?" "*Ow*," retorted Babyan, "we won't say anything about that; but, you know, if you went to England, you couldn't go and talk to the Queen like I can; you might see her in her carriage far off, but if you went to shake hands with her they would drive you away." He knew

only two phrases of English—"Yes, sir" and "Good night"—but he would repeat them on every possible occasion. He was very fond of offering to shake hands with strangers, until he tried it on a young South African in the streets of Bulawayo. Your South African doesn't like that sort of thing, and this one picked up a stone the size of half a brick and banged Babyan over the head with it. Babyan raced off in a great rage to report to Rhodes, but he got little sympathy. When Babyan left England, Her Majesty gave him a gold bracelet with "Babyan from the Queen" on it. This he sold to a trader in Tati, from whom Rhodes bought it. When taxed by Rhodes with having sold the Queen's gift, he unhesitatingly replied, "How could I, a mere dog, presume to keep anything that belonged to the Great White Queen?"

Some time afterwards, while I was at Fort Usher in the Matoppos, a large number of natives, led by Babyan, came in and asked that a certain missionary who had just come into the country might be hanged. He was asked why, and replied that the missionary had described a great *'n Koos pezulu*,[1] who was supreme over the earth, and had asked them if they knew what he meant. One immediately replied, "U'Lawli" (Lawley, the Administrator). He was told he was wrong. "Umlamula M'kunzi" (Rhodes), said another; but again the missionary said, "No; some one greater than Rhodes." Then Babyan, with an air of confidence, said, "i' Queeni" (the Queen).

[1] Chief up above.

"No," said the missionary; "some one even greater than the Queen." "*U' Yamanga*" (you liar), cried Babyan, and the natives rose and left in a body to have the missionary hanged for daring to say that there was any one greater than the Great White Queen.

Babyan told us the story of his dining at Windsor, and related how, when they sat down, there was a great number of knives and forks, and he wondered what they were going to do with them all. "Never mind," he said to himself, "there is plenty of time; I'll watch and see what the others do." He did, and came through the ordeal with credit. "Then," said he, "a beautiful lady came with flowers, and gave me one to put in my coat. Then I saw another lady, who also had roses, and I liked her better, and I wanted to throw my flower away, but I was afraid I would be seen and there would be trouble, so I showed her the other side of the coat and said, "Here, put one in here too. I wanted her for a wife, and thought over it for a long time; but then I remembered the train only went as far as Mafeking, and she would have to walk to Bulawayo, and she didn't look as if she could walk very well. Then she would want to eat rice and sugar and be very expensive, so I thought I'd better not say anything about it."

Babyan was a diplomat. When he and his fellow envoy were approaching Bulawayo on their return from England, he said to his companion, "M'Shete, what are you going to tell Lo Bengula?"

"Oh," replied M'Shete, "I'll tell him all we saw."

"About the soldiers too?" asked Babyan.

"Yes," said M'Shete.

"M'Shete," Babyan warned him, "you are a fool, and you will lose your head. *I* am going to take off these clothes and return as I left, and I shall tell Lo Bengula to have no fear of the Queen's armies, as his warriors would eat them up." "And," added Babyan, when he told us the tale, "I was right. Here I am to-day, alive and well, and M'Shete—his head is off."

Babyan asked Rhodes to allow him to stay in his camp after he surrendered. There was some method in this, as he well knew if he went back to the Matoppos he would be killed. Rhodes suggested that he should rather endeavour to persuade the other rebels to surrender. "No," said Babyan, "it is better this way: when they see me sitting here and getting fatter and fatter every day they will say, 'Look at Babyan—he fought as long as he thought there was a hope, and then he surrendered; and now he gets fatter every day. Let us go and do the same.'"

"Yes," replied Rhodes, "but I'm afraid your stomach has more to do with it than a desire for peace, Babyan; but after all the stomach has had a great deal to do with the destiny of nations."

After the chiefs had surrendered, Rhodes addressed them and said, "Now everything is over and you are going to have peace, and you have to thank "Johan" (Colenbrander) for it all."

"No, no," they replied, "Johan is only the tick-

bird[1]—you are the rhinoceros." (This will appeal to any one who knows the native.)

Rhodes was always fond of talking to natives, and petted them a great deal. On his birthday, July 5, 1897, he had a great gathering of natives on his farms, and some 4,000 executed a war-dance. He sent in to Bulawayo, about eighteen miles off, and got out bales of blankets and cloth, not to speak of hundreds of sovereigns and half-sovereigns as presents for them, and providing oxen and sheep for them to slaughter and feast on. Natives to him were merely adult children—he truly enjoyed sitting and chaffing them in a smattering of different dialects he had picked up.

After the peace negotiations were concluded, the Matabele named Rhodes "Umlamula M'kunzi," meaning in abbreviation, "The Man who Separated the Fighting Bulls," the bulls being, of course, the whites and themselves. They used to add to his name, in shouting greeting to him, "but you should have let them fight it out." Immediately things were settled, Rhodes made preparations for departure for Salisbury, a fact which caused Lady Grey to say to him one day, "I wonder at you, Mr. Rhodes, with your energy, patiently waiting here when there are so many things you want to do."

"Well, I should like," replied Rhodes, "to be like Cincinnatus, who gave up a throne and went and grew cabbages. Such a peaceful life—such

[1] Tick-bird—this bird follows the rhinoceros about, and, perching on him, forages for ticks. They also settle on cattle, and often peck holes in the hide, causing ulcers.

a peaceful life. And," he added, "I'd grow very good cabbages, too, mark you."

In August 1896 Rhodes set off for Salisbury and Beira on his way to England to attend the Commission of Inquiry on the Raid. On arriving at Enkeldoorn (the Dutch settlement), he found the burghers had been in laager for some months, drawing 7*s.* 6*d.* per day each, and that only a few miles off was the kraal of the native chief, who kept them in awe, and had refused to surrender. He immediately said, "We'll go out and attack the kraal," and at midnight the column (or commando) started and climbed the kopje on which the kraal was, Rhodes puffing along in his white flannel trousers with the best of them, a little riding-switch in his hand. They arrived at the kraal with the first glint of day, and attacked the unsuspecting natives, who were shot as they ran from their huts. Some seventy were killed, there being only one white casualty, a man named Schwartz shot through the lung, but he survived.

The column then returned to the foot of the kopje, and an argument shortly arose as to the number killed, Rhodes saying one thing and some one else (probably Grimmer) another.

"Very well," said the Old Man, "we'll count them again," and immediately started off up the kopje alone to make a recount of the bodies.

The night before the fight one of the burghers had a quarrel with a sergeant-major, whom he struck. A complaint was immediately made to Rhodes, and he sent for the burgher, who admitted the offence.

"Of course," said Rhodes, "I know there was a woman at the bottom of it. There always is. You needn't tell me anything about it. I know."

The railway from the south was now being pushed on with all possible speed, as its completion meant the solving of the transport difficulty, which the ravages of rinderpest had made a very serious one. Up to then only ox transport had been employed, but during 1897 mules and donkeys were used, and I hope never to see again suffering such as was endured by the overworked animals in those days. The coach-mules were so poor that they could barely drag the coaches at walking pace, and had to be flogged on from stage to stage.

Khama, the Bechuana chief, is said to have lost 750,000 head of cattle by rinderpest, and on the old Hunter's Road I counted seventy of his wagons, abandoned with their loads, for any one to loot, the oxen having died of rinderpest.

The Matabele Rebellion was no sooner over than the insurrection spread to Mashonaland, and the country was "up" from the Shangani to Umtali. It was not finally quelled until late in 1897. Here, too, a great number of murders were perpetrated before warning could reach outlying farms and stations. The Mashonas, who are a low type, and have none of the chivalrous instincts bequeathed to the Matabele by their Zulu ancestors, exceeded the Matabele in cruelty, and many atrocities and cases of torturing occurred. One unfortunate was captured in the Lo Magondi District, and his hands and feet having been hacked off, and the

stumps seared to stop the bleeding, and his eyes gouged out, the Mashonas amused themselves by prodding him with hot assegais to make him wriggle. It was nearly three days before death brought him merciful release. Another man discovered the disembowelled body of his fiancée hanging from a rafter by a meat-hook, which had been thrust through her hand.

Before leaving for England to attend the Commission, Rhodes spoke both at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. "I am going home," said he, "to face the 'unctuous rectitude' of my countrymen." Many of his friends were seriously alarmed at the probable effect of these words, and tried to get him to modify or withdraw them. Some went so far as to come and meet his ship at Madeira.

"Say something else," they advised. "Say you were misreported, and said 'anxious or upright rectitude'—anything."

"No," he replied, "I said unctuous rectitude, and I meant it."

Talking to some friends afterwards he remarked that he never made notes nor prepared his speeches.

"And what about the 'unctuous rectitude' phrase, Mr. Rhodes?" asked the friend.

"Oh, that," he replied, with a twinkle of the eye—"that I had ready three days before I spoke."

Rhodes returned to the Cape after giving his evidence before the Commission, and received a tremendous ovation in Cape Town. It was a wild, gusty day, and it was almost impossible to hear

what was said, but one phrase sticks, and was the key-note of his speech—"My career is only just beginning."

He then drove out to the ruins of Groote Schuur, where the new house was rising phœnix-like from the ashes. He paid one or two flying visits to Kimberley, and then determined to throw himself into northern expansion and development. "I have always loved the north," he said—"my north. They can't take that away. They can't change the name. Did you ever hear of a country's name being changed?" I replied that the name would only be changed if the colony were lost to England; but I mentioned Van Diemen's Land, and he seemed quite startled at the recollection.

Rhodes never visited the Victoria Falls, but was most enthusiastic about the railways reaching the Falls, where the spray of the water would reach the carriages. "We are going on now to cross the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages." With his characteristic touch of romance he often spoke of the pleasing idea of the train crossing the Falls in the mist arising from the gorge and having the spray of the water over the carriages. The little two-foot gauge railway, that later did such good service at the outbreak of the Boer War, was also being pushed on from Beira up towards Umtali. Since then, of course, the small gauge has been replaced by the standard 3 ft. 6 in., and the line completed from Beira to Salisbury via Umtali, while the little 2 ft. was taken up and

relaid to the Ayrshire and Eldorado mines in Lo Magondi.

The Chartered Company had concluded an agreement with Lewanika, king of the Barotse, on the upper reaches of the Zambesi, and Rhodes selected Bob Coryndon to go up as the representative of the Charter. The territory is now known as North-Western Rhodesia, and has its administrator and staff of officials at Livingstone. The Charter assisted Lewanika in his western-boundary dispute, and Rhodes was fearful at one time that the whole of the Portuguese claims were going to be allowed, and he wired to Beit to press the claims of the Charter, adding, "I well know the predatory instincts of my countrymen—when they can't rob the foreigner, they rob one another; but I am damned if they're going to rob me!"

A portion of British Central Africa, north of the Zambesi, was also added to the Chartered Company's territory after an outbreak of the Angonis had been suppressed, and now forms North-Eastern Rhodesia, also having its administrator and officials.

Codrington was the first administrator, and when he came to see Rhodes the latter asked him what salary he expected. Codrington mentioned a sum, and Rhodes said, "That seems rather a large amount." "Well," replied Codrington, "I'm worth it, and I won't go for less." He was a strong man and a capable administrator. He succeeded Coryndon in North-Western Rhodesia, when the latter was appointed to Swaziland, but shortly afterwards a promising

career was cut off by his untimely death while on leave in England.

In all, the territory added to the Empire by Rhodes and the Charter amounted to over 700,000 square miles, and, had he not been hampered, he would have increased this, for, as he said, "The world's surface is limited, and we ought to take as much of it as we can."

The fact that British Central Africa and Uganda were preserved as British territory, and have not been allowed to fall into the hands of foreign powers, is indirectly in a large measure due to Cecil Rhodes. When Mr. H. H. Johnston (now Sir Harry) was a British Vice-Consul at Mozambique and visited Nyasaland, he found the territory up to Victoria Nyanza in danger, as an expedition, under Major Serpa Pinto and Coutinho, had proceeded up the Shiré River to Chikwawa, at the foot of the Murchison Falls. He immediately ordered the expedition to return, and to their chagrin they were forced to retire. Johnston then obtained from Lord Beaconsfield the promise of Imperial support; but immediately W. E. Gladstone came into power in 1880 Johnston was told that he could not rely on any financial aid from the Imperial Government. He later approached Rhodes, who immediately gave him a lump sum down, with which he was able to enlist a body of Sikhs for the suppression of the slave trade and the protection of the territory, the condition being that, should the Sikhs be required in B.S.A. Company territory, their services would be available. Rhodes also gave him, I think, £10,000 a year

(from the B.S.A. Company's funds) for some years to defray the cost of administration.[1]

Although perhaps Rhodes's highest ambition was to bear a part in the consolidation of the British Empire—the formation of a great union with the Mother Country of the Over-Sea Dominions as integral parts of the Empire—in his life's work he is more nearly identified with the country named after him and the Union of the States of South Africa. To his thinking it was inevitable that Rhodesia should enter the Union, and although no one could prophesy when the time would be ripe for its inclusion, Rhodes had a clause inserted in the Order-in-Council pledging Rhodesia to enter the Union.

The thought of Rhodesia—"my north"—was always a consolation to him in the dark days when his previous supporters at the Cape had forsaken him, and, as he pathetically put it, he was abandoned by his erstwhile friends and hampered by those whose assistance he relied on. He devoted his energies to the development of the north and its resources and establishing telegraphic and, later on, railway communication between Cape Town and Cairo.

Of course, Rhodes's schemes for northern expansion required control of huge sums of money, but he did not hesitate to use De Beers' funds,

[1] I believe £7,500 a year is still paid by the Charter to the Administrator of British Central Africa as a kind of insurance against rebellion—*i.e.* the Charter to have a call upon the services of the Sikhs and King's African Rifles in case of trouble in North-Eastern Rhodesia, and also some use of the Main Transport Department of the Nyasaland Government in Nyasa.

when necessary, not only for his political aims at the Cape, but for supporting the Charter and the Transcontinental Telegraph Company (of the latter I think Rhodes held 90,000 of the 100,000 shares). Much of the debenture capital of the Rhodesian railways was raised under guarantee by the Imperial Government, and I shall never forget Rhodes's rage in 1898 when he returned from an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach), whom he had approached with a view of obtaining a guarantee for a further northern section of the railway-line. Rhodes seems to have stormed at the Chancellor, who wished to temporize, and the latter said, "It's all right, Mr. Rhodes—you can't bluff me." Some one entered the room where "the Old Man" was stamping up and down, and he turned round and shouted out, "What d'you think? The damned fellow said I was trying to bluff him! I'm going home to-morrow." And sure enough he sailed next day for the Cape.

After dinner that night, however, Rhodes went over to Alfred Beit's house, and preliminaries were arranged for obtaining the money required without an Imperial guarantee.

In return for the support given by De Beers to the Charter, they received the right of pre-emption over all diamondiferous ground in Rhodesia—practically the monopoly of the precious stones—and the enforcement of the I.B.D. Act. A prospector who thought he had discovered diamonds in Rhodesia came to "the Old Man" once in Salisbury and said, "Mr. Rhodes, if I bring you a handful of

rough diamonds, what shall I get?" "About fifteen years," was Rhodes's reply.

Rhodes pinned his faith on the gold in Rhodesia from the time of Frank Johnson's report to the time of the dropping of the stamps on the Geelong. "Heany will save the country," he said, in referring to the Geelong, which he looked upon as a great proposition.

At the end of 1897 Rhodes, there can be no doubt, was rather depressed at the prospects of Rhodesia, though this may have been due in part to his ill-health at the time. He certainly did his best to stem the tide of immigration which threatened, and actually set in after the opening of the railway to Bulawayo on November 4, 1897. In referring to this period afterwards, he said, "It was a very black time—every one was howling, and De Beers and the Gold Fields would not give me any money."[1] His views then are surprising to those who contemplate the exertions and efforts to-day of the Land Settlement Department and the inducements they offer to introduce immigrants and attract settlers. Of course, now, as then, the poor man is not wanted, and every immigrant must prove himself a desirable settler by the possession of cash, but Rhodes at that time had no desire for men without capital, and he had little faith in the pastoral and agricultural future of the country, though he did say that if it paid to grow mealies in Egypt on irrigated ground worth £100 an acre, it should pay in Rhodesia.

Personally, he said, he was prepared to stand or

[1] See "Cape."

fall by the gold in Rhodesia. He would be justified by the production of gold, provided the industry was not hampered by outside interference. He was feeling more or less despondent about everything at about this time—and he must have felt his hands were tied—the people were clamouring for some form of self-government, and the Chartered Company even were much more under control than anybody thought. It was hard to devise any system of government by the people, or at any rate one that would be at all effective, inasmuch as the Chartered Company, with their 40,000 shareholders at home, were responsible for every penny of expenditure. As I have said, they had to bear the cost of the regular troops who were employed in suppressing the rebellion. They had to find the salaries for officials in whose appointment they had no say, such as the Resident Commissioner, and they had to maintain a force of police, the number of whom was out of all proportion to the needs of the country, and yet whose upkeep was insisted on by the Resident Commissioner, who, to all intents and purposes, was their paid servant and yet in control over their affairs, while the Administration could do absolutely nothing without the consent and concurrence of the Imperial Government, through the High Commissioner.

The labour question was a very pressing one; then, as now, the most important question of the day. As Rhodes said, the report sent to England by Sir Richard Martin, who was sent out as Resident Commissioner after the rebellion, and "the faddists

of Exeter Hall" and the Aborigines Protection Society stopped his original plan of getting black labour, and it was almost unobtainable. Up to then natives could be got to work in return for permission to live on the land, which had all been cut up into farms; but even that was stopped, and Rhodes said the British faddist had dealt the worst blow that had yet befallen Rhodesia.[1] He hoped, then, by carrying the railway north to the Zambesi, to import natives from there, and also to discover good coal, which would lessen the cost of gold production, and on this he was more or less relying. A significant utterance of his at the time was, "The man who wrote 'It is possible for a new country to be connected by cable too soon with Downing Street' knew well what he was saying."

In 1901 an attempt was made to introduce indentured Arab labour, and two officials were sent to bring them to Beira. Instead, however, of being supplied with the inland labourers, who might have been of some use, they apparently recruited the scum of Aden. I saw them in a big compound at Beira surrounded and guarded by Portuguese soldiers, and a more miserable lot of diminutive wretches I have never set eyes on.

After some trouble, owing to their supplies of ghee[2] having run out, they were drafted up country to the mines, and then the fun began. They were terrified out of their wits at the idea of going underground, and deserted in all directions,

[1] Large areas have been surveyed as native reservations, but no practical effort has been made to make them settle in them.

[2] "Ghee"—a compound of rancid butter eaten with rice, the usual labourer's ration in the East.

and for some time the police did nothing but chase Arabs. They were finally all drafted back to Aden, and the experiment is not likely to be repeated.

Up to 1897 the territory from which most of the present labour supply is now obtained was continually raided; the Arab slave-traders and ivory-stealers were a source of great trouble in the north, and were using B.S.A. territory as a short cut to Zanzibar. With their allies, the "Awemba,"[1] they used to raid the "M'senga."[1] In September 1897 a party of fifteen native police attacked the marauding Arabs, burned their boma,[2] and captured several of the Arab chiefs and liberated some two hundred women and children slaves.

The Awemba were dealt with, and the M'senga were released from bondage. Hitherto they had been absolute slaves of the Arabs, having to grow grain, kill elephants, etc., etc., for them. The bomas established then shut up the great Arab caravan route and put a stop to the slave-dealing caravans which were going through weekly.

Although the railway has been running across the Zambesi for some time, it has not had the effect Rhodes anticipated of providing the necessary native labour, and although many natives are now imported from the north to work for various periods, most of them walk down.

In 1898 Rhodes was reappointed chairman of the B.S.A. Company at the general meeting held in the

[1] "Awemba," "M'senga"—native tribes.

[2] "Boma"—zareba or kraal; temporary settlement, usually fortified and entrenched; lit. enclosed space—scherm.

Cannon Street Hotel, and had an ovation such as probably has never been accorded to any private individual in London. The hall was packed to suffocation; the stairs were one swaying mass of shareholders eager to welcome Rhodes back, and even in the courtyard in front of the hotel there was a mass unable to gain admittance. I went up with Mrs. Maguire and the Honourable Evelyn Rothschild, for whom seats had been reserved, but arriving a few minutes after the hour at which we were expected, we were unable to gain admittance to the hall. The reception accorded to him must have quite satisfied him in regard to the position he held in the minds of the shareholders of the Company, and he certainly was very pleased when he returned from the meeting. He probably felt as he did on his visit to England after the Raid, anent which he said to Jourdan, "When I saw the London bus-drivers and cabmen touch their hats to me in a friendly sort of way, I knew I was all right, and that the man in the street had forgiven me."

Rhodes left for the Cape not long after, and threw himself with all his energy into the development of the north.

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGH RHODESIA IN 1897–98

ALTHOUGH I was appointed to the Colonial Office at the Cape in the beginning of 1893, when the Prime Minister's Office formed part of the Colonial Office, and used to see Rhodes every day, it was not until his return after the Raid Commission that I spoke to him. He was then the recipient of addresses from all sections of the community, and I, with others on the staff, deemed it my duty to call at Groote Schuur, and looking on it as a terrible bore, hoped to get it over as soon as possible. To my surprise, however, when my card was sent in, a steward came out and told me Rhodes wished to see me. I went round the house and found him seated in his favourite chair on the back stoep facing the mountain. With him was Sir Richard Southey, an old friend of my father's. "Well," said Rhodes, "I wondered when you were coming to see me." I felt certain qualms at the recollection of his having seen me lunching at Poole's nearly every day at the next table to him, and wondered if I were going to be cross-examined as to how a civil servant could, "on tuppence a year," as he put it, patronize the

expensive Poole. I fenced by saying that he was so little at home that one could hardly hope to see him when one called. "And now," said he when tea had been brought, "what do you want?" I wondered if he expected me to ask for a horse or a piece of silver, and feebly replied, "What do you mean, Mr. Rhodes?" "Why did you come to see me? What can I do for you?" I answered that I had not come up with any definite idea as to anything he could do for me, and added, "I really don't want anything." "What! don't you want to go up country?" he asked. "Ah, yes," I replied, "I have always wanted to go up country; but you understand that that is not the reason why I came here to-day." I was beginning to wish myself well out of it, when Sir Richard Southey created a diversion by speaking of my father in his young days.

Shortly afterwards I rose to go, and then Rhodes said, "All right: if you want to go north, just write me a note to say so, and I'll get Milton to get you up. "Very well—thanks," I answered; "I'll write to-night." "Ah, then you did want something?" he said, with a smile. "No, I did not," was my reply, and I left. That evening, however, I thought things over, and instead of writing as he suggested I wrote and told him that I was sorry that he misinterpreted the object of my call—that I had not come to get anything out of him, strange as it might seem, and that I declined with thanks his offer to send me north. (This letter of mine I found after his death in a small bag which Tony, his valet, carried for him;

and he, in referring to it once, said smilingly to Jack Grimmer before me, "He was very angry when he wrote that, wasn't he?") Of course, I knew that I should hear from him again, and his reply was an invitation to call upon him on my way to office next morning. I went, and found him in flannels on the back stoep, and he greeted me most cordially, gave me a lecture on controlling the temper, and told me to come and see him again on his return from Kimberley.

I thought that was the end of the matter; but one Tuesday afternoon in May I was walking up the avenue leading to Groote Schuur when he passed me in his Cape cart, and, stopping, he told me to get in. We drove up to the house and found Jourdan in the billiard-room. I had known Jourdan (who is my senior by some years) for some time. Rhodes then asked me whether I would have tea or whisky-and-soda. I declared for tea, and "the Old Man" said to Jourdan, "Which do you think he'd rather have?" "Oh, I think a whisky-and-soda," said Jourdan. It was accordingly ordered, and I was nearly poisoned by the first whisky-and-soda I had ever touched. Rhodes then turned to me and said, "I'm going north to-night, and may go on to the Zambesi. Would you like to go with me and write my letters?" "Certainly," I replied, "but I shall have to resign my appointment; but I can do so to-morrow, and leaving on Thursday night meet you in Kimberley." "Very well," he answered, "that will do. I'll give you a letter to Sir Pieter Faure" (Secretary for Agriculture: he would not write to Te Water, who was Colonial

Secretary), "and as a young man leaving Cape Town must have a few debts, here is a cheque to clear them off." Handing me the letter and cheque, which was for more than I had had at one time in my life before, and telling me to come and see him off by train that night, he left the room. I saw him off that night, and having made my arrangements I was prepared to leave on the following day, when, to my surprise, a telegram arrived telling me to go to Salisbury by the quickest route—*i.e.* via Beira. I hardly understood this; but as, instead of resigning the Cape Civil Service, I had arranged for transfer from the Cape to the Rhodesian Civil Service, I felt I had taken a wise precaution. I entrained for East London to catch the coast boat, but at Beaufort West I received a wire from Rhodes telling me to come on to Kimberley. I immediately changed into the northern section of the train, and arrived at Kimberley to find Tony de la Cruz on the platform anxiously scanning the carriages until he saw me, when he came up with beaming countenance. I found then that Rhodes had intended taking Jourdan up north with him as far as Salisbury, but the latter had got laid up in Kimberley and was about to return down country, and Rhodes was on tenterhooks, until he heard that I had arrived, as he had no one "to write his letters." I immediately took charge of his despatch-boxes, code-book, cheque-book, etc., and the same day we left for the north by special train in De Beers' coach, which was afterwards used to convey Rhodes's coffin from Cape Town to Bulawayo. Besides Rhodes, Messrs. Gardner-Williams, Captain Pen-

fold, and Francis Oats, directors of De Beers, who were going up to inspect the Monarch Mine, were on the train, as well as Mr. Bisset, the newly appointed general manager of the Bechuanaland railways and Colonel Harry White, who had just returned from his term at Holloway for his share in the Raid, and the indispensable Tony completed the party. The railway terminus was then at Mochudi, but the line had been roughly laid for construction purposes as far as Tati (Francistown), and was being pushed on in places at the rate of two miles a day. The De Beers' car was, I need hardly say, luxuriously appointed, having, amongst other things, a full-length bath, cold storage chamber, etc., etc.

On the way up some of us one day lunched with a railway official, and in Rhodes's honour a couple of bottles of champagne were provided—an unwonted luxury in Bechuanaland, into which Khama prohibits the importation of any intoxicating liquor. Delicate champagne glasses also graced the board, but Rhodes would have nothing to do with these, and, seizing the biggest tumbler he espied, poured himself out a bumper. The hostess's face was a picture of dismay, but her fears as to the precious wine "going round" were allayed by the rest of us contenting ourselves with whisky-and-soda. For the matter of that there was plenty of champagne on the car a few yards away.

Rhodes was terribly bored by the addresses of welcome—some beautifully engrossed—read out to and presented to him, and certainly did not take much pains to conceal his impatience when

they were being read out. When we arrived at Mafeking, a committee of citizens, headed by the mayor, waited on him at the railway platform, and made their obsequious bows, and presented the inevitable scroll; and shortly after these proceedings were over a rough-looking sportsman, looking a typical prospector, elbowed his way through the crowd, and, holding out his hand in greeting (I'm not sure he did not spit on it for luck!), said, "Hullo, mate!" "Hullo!" said Rhodes, gripping his hand, to every one's astonishment, "I'm very glad to see you again." He afterwards told me that he had known the man well in the old Kimberley days, and that they had worked as miners on adjoining claims.

At Mafeking we met the members of the "Lake N'gami Trek." These were a number of Dutch families who were got together by the Rev. Adriaan Hofmeyr, and who were going to trek through the Kalahari Desert to settle round about Lake N'gami; they had a number of things to discuss, and Rhodes made me come and interpret. But I was decidedly nervous, not to say in a blue funk, and made an awful hash of it. Rhodes then came along, and, pushing me aside, said, "I can speak Dutch better than you can." He then harangued the trekkers in most villainous Taal, they nodding gravely the while. This trek was a failure, and after many hardships most of the people who composed it returned.

At Palapye, in Khama's country, we saw Bob Coryndon, who was on his way across the Kalahari via Panda-Ma-Tenka, to take up his new appoint-

ment in Barotseland. While camped one night on the road near two wagons, which were outspanned, I saw Tony grilling some steaks, and I asked him what they were. "Roan antelope," he replied. "Where did you get them?" I asked, and he grinned and pointed to the wagons. I then asked him whose wagons they were. "I dunno," said Tony; "I didn't see any one there."

After several days by coach we arrived at Bulawayo, and went for a few days to Government House, which lies about three miles outside the town proper. It was built by, and really belonged to, Rhodes. It is situated at the place where Lo Bengula used to try and deal out punishment to malefactors, and the tree under which he sat when administering justice still stands. Fifteen miles off is "N'taba 'Zinduna" (the hill of the indunas), where a number of Lo Bengula's indunas were slaughtered; and three miles away runs the Umguza River, in the pools of which swarm the sacred[1] crocodiles, to whom those who offended Lo Bengula were thrown.

Government House was, at the time of our visit, occupied by Sir Arthur Lawley, who was Administrator. The question of an appointment of an administrator in succession to Earl Grey had arisen, and the choice lay between Sir Arthur Lawley and Mr. W. H. (now Sir William) Milton. Rhodes could not be got to discuss the matter; but one evening, when we were going to the drawing-

[1] The crocodile is not worshipped by the Matabele, but they are much incensed at one being killed, as they believe the killing of a crocodile will keep away the rain.

room after dinner, as I got to the door one of the guests pulled me back, and said Lady Lawley wished to speak to Mr. Rhodes privately, and Rhodes found himself alone with her. She immediately tackled him, and I promptly went to bed. Rhodes came into my room late that night—furious—and asked me what the devil I meant by leaving him alone with the lady. A compromise was effected by the honours being divided, Milton becoming Administrator of Mashonaland at Salisbury, and Lawley Administrator of Matabeleland, the Administrator of Mashonaland bearing the title of Senior Administrator.

Rhodes was now adding to his Matoppos farms, and had placed Percy Ross (of the Queenstown gang) in charge, under the guidance of the local manager of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, J. G. McDonald.

One evening, while we were at Government House, Rhodes took me outside, and pointed to the twinkling lights of Bulawayo. "Look at that," he said—"all homes; and all the result of an idle thought."

In the gardens of Government House we met one morning a young fellow to whom Rhodes spoke; and he told "the Old Man" that he was a nephew of a prominent English Radical Minister. Rhodes conversed with him for a while, and then, turning to go, he said, "You seem a pleasant sort of fellow, but you've got a damned bad man as an uncle!"

Leaving Government House we took up our quarters at the offices of the Consolidated Gold

Fields in the town. I had an office and bedroom combined, partitioned off by a curtain, and Rhodes would lie on my bed, and listen to the never-ending stream of suppliants,[1] who stood twelve deep outside the door, with petitions for all manner of things—one wanted to be set up in business, another a farm, another a span of oxen and wagon, and yet another to have his claim for compensation revised. Most of these had to be put off, nearly all had to be told to call again, and some had to be sternly discouraged. My favourite excuse was, "Mr. Rhodes is away at his farm in the Matoppos, but if there is anything I can do for you . . ." and so on. But now and then, just as I had assured some urgent petitioner that "the Old Man" was miles away, I would hear a grunt, and Rhodes would pull the curtain aside, and, emerging from my "bedroom," say in his well-known falsetto, "Well, and what do *you* want?" The visitor's look at me would be full of eloquence.

Rhodes was giving away money during these months at an enormous rate, and it is no wonder that he was heavily overdrawn on his accounts at Kimberley, Cape Town, and London. Numbers

[1] It must be remembered that a majority of these people had risked, in many instances lost, all they possessed in pioneering the country. Their losses were in many cases direct, but by a quaint system of logic they ascribed everything to the Raid. If the police had not been withdrawn, rinderpest might have been stamped out, and they would have saved some cattle; and if the rinderpest had not made it necessary to shoot native cattle, there would have been no rebellion, and their farms would not have been looted: even then, if the police were still in the country, the rebellion would not have been so serious and far-reaching in its effects—and so on *ad infinitum*.

of men, whom it was found impossible to get employment for, or who were ill, were, during 1896 and 1897, given free passages home to England by Rhodes; and on one occasion he paid the passages to Cape Town of a whole circus troupe whom he found stranded.

In Bulawayo every one was full of plans for the future. The opening of the railway had been arranged for November the 4th, and invitations were issued to a large number of members of the House of Commons. Stands in the town were eagerly invested in, and realized prices they have not seen since. Houses and blocks of offices and chambers were being built, and nobody foresaw that a couple of years afterwards many of them would be abandoned to the white ants, or free occupation of them allowed in order to have them cared for. Altogether a huge sum of money was spent in bricks and mortar which brought no return.

Every one was, however, cheerful in anticipation of the promised boom. A prospector could sell almost any blocks of claims, while properties showing reasonable prospects were easily floated in London.

A great number of companies were formed to take up gold properties, nearly all of them with large capital, and they were spending money freely. The majority of these have since been reconstructed or liquidated.

During this time at Bulawayo we used to ride out to the Matoppos, on an average, twice a week, and Rhodes had several horses—one in particular a rather fine-looking entire, but who wanted holding

up, as he stumbled badly. One had to be particular about his mounts, as he rode very carelessly, allowing the reins to lie on the horse's neck and sitting silently thinking, as if he were asleep.[1]

A shooting-party was arranged, and a quiet salted horse was saddled for him, while I was to ride the entire. When he came out, "Oho," he said, "of course the secretary must have the best horse. Off you get." I dismounted and we exchanged horses, and he and I rode on together to overtake the rest of the party, who had gone ahead. Rhodes rode as usual in silence, his reins on the horse's neck, and presently the horse stumbled and threw him on to his neck. He very nearly came off, but clung on to the animal's neck until I could help him down. He was as mad as possible, and turning the entire loose kicked at him and immediately annexed the horse I was riding, saying, "Damn it, you meant to murder me!" Here was a temperament to deal with.

He was a very fair shot, but wild and reckless, and more than once peppered a beater. Jack Grimmer and I took care to keep out of range of him if possible. Otherwise we would throw ourselves flat down whenever we saw him raise his gun, for if a bird flew straight at your head you could rely on getting a charge of shot round your ears. Our "taking cover" always made him furious. In a beat or drive, too, he would get on to his horse and presently appear right in front of the guns.

[1] He had a very bad seat on a horse, and I doubt whether he could have sat a horse at the trot. I never saw him trot a horse. In Kimberley his nickname amongst the diggers was "Jack Ashore," owing to his seat on a horse and the fact that the loose trousers in which he rode worked themselves up to his knees.

At Bulawayo he said to me once, "A man should always try and carry out his ambitions. Now your ambition was to be a doctor, and if you like you can go to England to-morrow and qualify in four years." I elected not to go, however.

It was at Bulawayo in 1897 that he had the first heart attack while I was with him. We were out riding one afternoon, and he suddenly reeled and nearly fell off his horse. We turned and came in slowly, and he said, "Remind me, when we get home, to give you something, in case anything happens to me." I made a deprecatory remark, and he said, "Don't be a fool; you can't go back to the Civil Service at tuppence a year." When we got in, he asked me to go to the chemist's and get some cold cream, as he felt sunburnt; and when I returned he handed me a letter addressed to B. F. Hawksley, superscribed, "To be delivered by Gordon le Sueur." It was a very tattered envelope when I gave it to Hawksley, and after Rhodes's death proved to be a bequest of £5,000. This £5,000 I invested in business at the Cape, and in twelve months doubled it, but the slump which visited the Cape in 1904–5, and which ruined nearly every land speculator there, swept it away.

Rhodes spent much of his time at the huts on his Matoppo farms, and he then conceived the idea of building a huge dam which would irrigate one of the farms. He immediately set about having surveys made, and would work out the probable capacity of the dam, which he declared would be the biggest in the world. Although it was pointed out to him that the catchment area was only four and a half

square miles, he could not be persuaded that the dam would never fill. As a matter of fact, filled to its greatest capacity it would only be a moderate-sized reservoir compared to many in America and other parts of the world; but his heart was set on the dam, which he said was to be the biggest in the world, and the dam was accordingly built at huge expense. It never has been nor ever will be full; nor if it were, is there sufficient irrigable land below it to justify the expenditure.

About this time a dam was being made by Huntley on an adjoining farm, and in the course of excavating a gold reef was exposed, and a prospector immediately pegged the site of the dam as a gold location. To obviate this danger Rhodes had the Matoppo and Inyanga blocks of farms reserved against prospecting.

Rhodes was fond of taking parties out to the farm, and on the second occasion that I went out on our return darkness had fallen and I was riding behind. The whole party over-rode the track turning to Bulawayo about two miles from the town, and went on into the veld. I was keeping a look-out for the track, and turned up into it, rode on a little way, and then shouted out to them. They got back on to the road, and then Lord Grey asked me how I had managed to keep the track. "Oh," I answered, "I've been here once before, you know." I heard Rhodes grunt eloquently, as I expected he would. An abscess formed in my palate while here, and the only available doctor, now deceased, was addicted to morphia. He treated me for neuralgia, and the pain became unbearable. Rhodes walked off to the club one evening and came back with a large

bottle of champagne in each of his overcoat pockets, and remarked, "There is only one treatment for that sort of pain. You drink both of these and go to sleep."

I had long wanted to hear details of the Raid, but Rhodes said very little on the subject, until at Bulawayo a long letter arrived from England, enclosing a copy of the Raid Commission's report, which the writer described as a "most mendacious document." I handed it to Rhodes without reading it, as I was not sure whether he wanted me to or not. I was new to him then. He read the letter, and then gave it back to me with the report, saying, "You see how I have to trust my secretary?"

One afternoon Rhodes and I were sitting in his bedroom, when we heard cheering going on outside, and I saw that a crowd had collected. Going out to ascertain the cause, I found that Dr. Jameson had returned and was addressing the crowd. I went in and told Rhodes, who merely grunted and said, "All right, stay here." Jameson then entered the house, and Rhodes went in and met him in the dining-room. He held out his hand and said, "Hullo, Jameson!" and Jameson shook hands, but never said a word. That was all that passed then, but that handshake was distinctly eloquent. Lord Grey came in shortly afterwards, and greeted me with, "Well, and how's the bump of locality?"

A meeting of the indunas of the Matabele nation was called at the Matoppo farm while we were at Bulawayo, at which "the Old Man" was

asked to ratify numerous promises made to the natives at the time of his peace indaba of 1896.

Various grievances were laid before him, and these were easily disposed of, but the natives' chief desire was that one of Lo Bengula's sons might be sent up to reign over them; otherwise they submitted that the Matabele nation would cease to exist as a nation.

The principle of hereditary chieftainship is strong in the native mind, and although the Matabele recognized that the Government, represented by the Administrator, replaced Lo Bengula as the chief authority, they were yet intensely anxious to have one of their own race to represent them in disputes, as they put it, between themselves and the Chartered Company.

They particularly wished Lo Bengula's eldest son, N'jube, to be sent up, and he also was very anxious to be allowed to return to Bulawayo, "not as a king," he explained, "but as an *umfundisi* (teacher), to point out to the people their duty to the white men."

N'jube had, however, been sent down to the Cape, and was afterwards removed to Kimberley, where he remained up to the time of his death.

Major Forbes at this time was endeavouring to get the Trans-Continental line through to the Zambesi by way of what is now the Enterprise District, east of Salisbury and M'tokos, but the natives were carrying off the wire and poles as fast as they were erected, and about the only portion recovered was nine inches of wire fired into the leg of one of the 7th Hussars by the natives.

The country through which Forbes was trying to pass was, moreover, very dry, the rebellion was still raging in Mashonaland, and Rhodes made up his mind that the route was impracticable. He proposed to change it, so as to go from Umtali via Inyanga, and Jameson left for Salisbury to inquire into the feasibility of the new route.

Shortly afterwards came the news of the defeat of Kunzi and Mashomgombi, and the road was considered safe. We accordingly left for Salisbury by special coach, accompanied by Sir Lewis Michell, and as far as Gwelo by Sir Arthur Lawley. The indispensable Tony de la Cruz was with us, and we carried our own supplies, camping just where we felt inclined. I had an Irish setter with me, who travelled on foot the whole three hundred miles. Sir Arthur Lawley was going to camp out with Lady Lawley and some friends—we heard afterwards that nine lions had attacked their laager and that they shot four of them. "By Jove!" said Rhodes, "Lady Lawley's maid will be a heroine. What tales she will be able to tell when she gets home!"

Lions were very numerous there, and one night we camped on the Shangani River, which was a particularly bad locality for them. It was a bright moonlight night, and Rhodes regaled Sir Lewis with gruesome lion stories. Then we went to bed, Rhodes and I under a sheepskin in the coach, while Sir Lewis had a little swinging cot on posts, which he set up close by. In the early hours of the morning I was awakened by a terrific yell, and jumping out saw Sir Lewis sitting up in his cot.

Rhodes's lion stories had had their effect. Sir Lewis said he was dreaming lions, and awoke to find a great yellow beast licking his face. He let out the yell as he thought it was a lion, but it was only "Chance," my Irish setter, displaying his affection.

It was here that Rhodes tore up a small journal that I used to keep. He would have nothing to do with journals or diaries, since Bobby White's journal was discovered by the Boers on the field of Doornkop.

At Gwelo we discovered that no accommodation had been provided, but a banquet had been prepared. Rhodes had accordingly to sleep as usual in the coach, which was drawn up in the street! The next afternoon I got wind that a deputation of ladies of the town was going to call on him in the coach and invite him to tea. When I told him, he grabbed his gun, and, telling me to follow with one of the boys, he made off for a belt of trees on the veld a little way off. Here he lay down, pulled his hat over his eyes preparatory to going to sleep, and told me to go on with the boy and shoot something and call for him at sundown. I went, and a couple of miles off came across "Buck" Williams, the Bulawayo hangman, prospecting for gold. I brought back a buck, and we walked home to the coach. We went on by way of Enkeldoorn, where there is a Dutch community, and where a "bucksail" dance was being held that night in Rhodes's honour. For the uninitiated I may explain that a "bucksail" dance is held in the open. The ground is flattened down and the big tent or bucksail, which

which Jameson laughingly said was very good stuff. Things were then at famine prices. Fresh meat almost unobtainable (Rhodes bought a *duiker* [buck] weighing about 35 lb. for £40), eggs 40*s.* a dozen, and most other things in proportion. It was a nice comfortable house, but any house would have seemed a palace after nine days in that coach. The question of the telegraph was immediately gone into, and Jameson set off for Umtali to try and go through Inyanga to the Zambesi.

A day or two afterwards Jack Grimmer turned up from Umtali with Dr. Craven. Craven had ridden up on one of Rhodes's horses, lent to him by Grimmer, and "the Old Man" was furious at his horse being lent. Grimmer was riding a big, rawboned white horse, and Rhodes thought he liked the look of him, and said, "You gave away my horse, so I'll take yours in return," and he prepared to mount. Grimmer begged him not to ride him, as he took a lot of handling; and I, having seen the horse going through some of his tricks, joined in. "I suppose you think I can't ride," he said, and climbed into the saddle. The horse immediately went off across a vacant stand at a jolting trot, taking about six yards in his stride. Rhodes bumped about for a bit, and then managed to pull up sufficiently to jump off. The horse went off at a gallop, and Rhodes strode up to us, purple with rage. "Confound your brute of a horse. I believe you tried to kill me!" he cried.

While here a shoot was arranged for Rhodes down the Mazoe Valley, beyond Mount Hampden, and in the afternoon Rhodes proposed that we should walk down the bed of the river,

where he thought we should get some wild pig. He stipulated that we should go on foot, and no one take a horse. I was with him towards the right bank, the rest of the party on the left. After going about two miles in the broiling sun, some shots were fired by the others, and I heard the shot rattling in the reeds round us. Rhodes immediately threw himself down on his face and covered his eyes. Just then I saw his horse being led down the road on the opposite bank, and as I had had quite enough of the old rice-fields we had been walking through, I suddenly turned and fired both barrels to our rear, and yelling out "pig" I ran back. Then I sat down and saw Rhodes go across to the others. I then made my way back to the camp and lay down under a tree. A short time afterwards Rhodes rode up. "What's the matter with you?" he inquired. I only groaned. "Have you got a touch of fever?" said he. "I think I must have," I replied; "I know I feel awfully queer." He went off to the wagon and got a big glass of gin-and-soda, and made me drink it, and also ten grains of quinine, and he was thus tending me when the rest of the party returned.

A carnival was held at Salisbury in July 1897, and included three days' racing, and Rhodes was asked to occupy the judge's-box.

Rhodes hated riding-breeches and top-boots, hunting-stocks, and anything loud in the way of dress, and had lectured Grimmer and myself on the subject at Salisbury. He then went off to the races, saying as he went, "I hope you won't come down and make fools of yourselves at the races."

Some time after he had gone Grimmer and I arrayed ourselves in riding-breeches, boots, spurs, and the gaudiest ties and loudest checks we had. We then mounted two small ponies belonging to Dr. Jameson. When we were mounted, our feet came to within a foot of the ground; and in all our glory we set off to the racecourse. Carefully avoiding the judge's-box in which Rhodes was, we made our way to the opposite side of the course, and waited until the horses in the hurdle race had passed us. We then set off and galloped down the course after them. Rhodes was furious, and we left the meeting before he did. We knew it would never do to face him alone that evening, so went to the Salisbury club, and we invited every one we met to dine with Rhodes that evening, and we all went up together—about eleven in all. Rhodes was more or less spluttering all through dinner, but the culminating point was reached when at pyramids after dinner Dr. Craven calmly told him that he did not know the rules of the game. Rhodes went straight off to bed, and when we met at breakfast next morning said, "Look here, in future when you go out, Le Sueur, Grimmer stays in, and when Grimmer goes out you stay in, but you don't go out together again." As to Dr. Craven, when his name was mentioned to him later, he said, "That's the damned fellow who rode my horse, and said I couldn't play pyramids!"

While we were at Salisbury a bazaar was held in connection with the carnival, and Rhodes went down, late of course, and was gaily plundered at

every stall. The stalls had been fairly well cleared, but he bought about a hundredweight of sweets, which he said would do to "feed Le Sueur on."

The carnival was arranged to boom the capital a bit, and a week of festivity was indulged in; but, if I remember rightly, only nineteen visitors arrived to attend it.

Salisbury stuck to its tin shanties much longer than Bulawayo, and never, as the latter place did, overbuilt itself nor locked up money in bricks and mortar; in fact, at the present day even, despite the fact that the town has during the last twelve months had an unprecedented building boom, accommodation is very hard to obtain.

From Salisbury we went on to Umtali, where we camped on the Portuguese border, which runs just at the back of the town.

By every law of equity the border should be about fifteen miles farther east, if not at Maçequece.

The Portuguese had never really beneficially occupied M'tasa's and Gungunhana's countries (Manicaland and Gazaland), while a chief (Makoni, Gouveia's father-in-law) farther north still defies them. A punitive expedition was once sent against him by the Portuguese, with the only result that he took two maxims from them, which are still in his possession. Part of M'tasa's territory falls under the Charter, while Gungunhana fought the Portuguese for years, vainly appealing to the British for assistance, until he was at last captured by treachery and confined in a dungeon dug in the mud at Mozambique.

In 1891 the Chartered Company's camp at

Umtali, eighteen miles from Maçequece, was attacked by four hundred Portuguese. Colonel Heyman was in charge there with some thirty-seven troopers. The Portuguese were repulsed, and Heyman moved on to Maçequece, which he took, killing about forty Portuguese and capturing nine guns and the Portuguese standard, which now adorns the wall in the library at Groote Schuur. Major Pat Forbes wished to move on by himself to the capture of Beira, armed only with a big knobkerrie, but he was dissuaded from attempting this feat of arms. The Portuguese were very much incensed, and active recruiting went on (mainly amongst students) in Lisbon. The most amusing part of the whole affair, however, was that the Portuguese Minister wrote to Lord Salisbury and said the trouble was purely and simply with the Chartered Company, and requested that Great Britain should not interfere while the Portuguese sent out a punitive expedition and took reprisals! A boundary commission was afterwards appointed, and gave Portugal the territory up to Umtali, but as the high land nearly all fell to the Chartered Company they got the pick of the country.

On our way to Umtali Dr. Jameson's two ponies were lost, and Grimmer and "John Grootboom," who spent so many years with F. C. Selous, went after them and caught us up with them a few days afterwards. We were now travelling with two wagonettes and four riding-horses, and at Umtali purchased two more horses. On the road was a police camp, in charge of which was an

officer of police whom Rhodes wished to avoid. We therefore camped three miles from it, and, inspanning at midnight, passed it in darkness. At the next telegraph-station Rhodes wired to the officer some instructions, the wire commencing, "So sorry to have missed you!" It was dusk as we neared Umtali, and Rhodes pretended to be asleep in the fore part of a wagonette, while Grimmer and I sat facing him at the back. He dreaded a demonstration on his entry, and so purposely delayed, to ensure getting in after dark. Grimmer and I had arranged to "draw" him, and as he lay with his eyes closed I said, "Jack, it will be no use sticking that flag up now, as it will be dark before we get in, and they will not know we have arrived." "Oh, that's all right," said Grimmer, as prearranged; "I got hold of a war-rocket at the police camp, and when we get to the ridge above Umtali I'll loose it off, and they're sure to know." Just then Rhodes, who had taken in every word, jumped up, and, glaring at us, howled out, "I'm damned if you do!" He immediately saw that he had been drawn, and amid our shouts of laughter lay down again, growling, "I suppose you think you're funny."

We stayed some days at Umtali, where there were grievances to be looked into. Some time before the site of the town had been altered, but just as people were settling down, it was found that a deviation in the railway-line from Beira to Salisbury was necessary to avoid the Christmas Pass, and the line would pass about ten miles

east of the town. As the railway could not be brought over the pass to the town, the obvious remedy was to take the town to the railway, and a fresh site was therefore laid out at the other side of the mountain crossed by the pass, and this is now Umtali. In 1897 the change was in progress, and people who had owned stands and built in Old Umtali, as it was known, were given other stands in the new township, and compensated for their buildings, etc. This compensation was, as usual, the subject of bickering.

From Umtali we went on to Inyanga, with wagonettes and riding-horses, and Rhodes was in most exuberant spirits as we reached the higher altitudes. "The Sanatorium of Rhodesia" he called Inyanga, and it was a revelation to any one who had only been in the lower country. It was August, and still cold, but at Inyanga, 6,000 feet above the sea, it was freezing. While we were there Rhodes completed the purchase of the farms, some 81,000 morgen, for £19,500 I think the figures were. On the journey he rode up one little hill after another, and often climbed up on foot, which, in that high altitude, may have conduced to the severity of the attack of heart trouble which assailed him later on. About thirty-five miles from Umtali an altitude of 5,000 feet is reached, and the veld undergoes a remarkable change, the country resembling the highlands of British-East Africa. The ground is covered with short grass, which is a welcome change from the rank tambookie[1] of

[1] Tambookie—a very coarse, reed-like grass. When the first shoots appear, it affords good grazing for cattle, but soon becomes too coarse.

the lower veld; bracken grows luxuriantly, and there were plenty of blackberries and everlastings.[1] Rhodes gathered a lot of the latter, and stuck them in a sort of crown in his hat-band.

Near the homestead the altitude is about 6,000 feet, rising towards Inyanga Mountain to 8,200 feet. The cold at this height is intense in winter, and in the early mornings a biting east wind prevails and a soaking Scotch mist drives before it. Towards the east the country drops sheer away into the low-lying Portuguese territory, and a splendid vista unfolds itself from the top of the Pungwe Falls, the source of the Pungwe River.[2] There is a great scarcity of timber, wood for fuel even being most difficult to get, but on the summit of Inyanga Mountain is a forest of cedars said to be the only cedars south of the Line. Numerous perennial streams of clear water intersect the hills, and ancient furrows, or water-leadings from these, give evidence that at some time or other a great part of the land was under irrigation. The furrows are well made, and only want cleaning out to make them capable of service; while the levels are worked out with mathematical precision. Some of the furrows can be traced for distances of three or four miles, and the water supply for the homestead, orchard, and garden is carried in one of them. On the hillsides along the streams shallow pits—possibly prospects for

[1] Everlasting—immortelle—the emblematic flower of the Cape Colony.

[2] The Pungwe runs into the sea at Beira, where it assumes the dimensions of a navigable river. At Inyanga it is a trickling stream. The falls are from 300 to 400 feet high.

alluvial gold—abound. Scattered about are remains of old forges, but it is uncertain what metal was worked. Good indications of tin have been found, but the farms were long ago declared a reserved area against prospecting. We ploughed up an old well-made retort, which contained several specks of gold, and which is now at Groote Schuur. A few miles from the homestead the ruins of the dwellings of former inhabitants abound, but although some have been cleared out and excavations made, nothing has been found to furnish a clue to their identity, and, as usual, the Phœnicians are credited with the building. These ruins are all situated on kopjes, and extend for miles in unbroken sequence. The kopjes are all terraced off with rough-hewn stones, and on the summit of each a round paved pit exists. The pits are about 12 feet deep and 10 feet in diameter, and are roughly paved, sides and bottom, with stones. At the bottom of each pit is a tunnel, just big enough for a man to crawl through, which has its exit in an archway on one of the terraces. We used to speak of them as grain-pits, but it is impossible to determine what they were actually used for: a possible theory is that slaves were confined in them, being driven through the tunnel into the pit, the top of which was probably covered over with timber, and the mouth of the tunnel could easily be closed. This is more or less borne out by the fact that these tunnels are none of them straight, but built in a curve, so no concentrated force could be applied to a stone or other obstruction placed against the mouth of the tunnel.

From Inyanga the mountains stretch through Umtali into Gazaland, which was occupied and settled by the Moodies, who founded Melsetter. The country round Melsetter is very similar to Inyanga, and similar ruins of ancient habitations have been found there to those that exist at Inyanga. On arrival at the homestead, which was a little stone house with four rooms, Rhodes immediately started ploughing. He sent me off with a wagonette to Umtali, and I brought up a number of young apple and other deciduous trees, which Grimmer and I planted. The apples seem to have thriven best, and although I have not been to Inyanga since, I have seen beautiful fruit from those trees exhibited for sale in Salisbury.

While we were at Inyanga I used to ride down to Umtali to get the mail, and on my way back on one occasion my horse died of horse-sickness, and I had to carry my saddle and bridle, with a big bag of letters and papers, for thirty miles. The only thing Rhodes said on my arrival at the camp was, "Why haven't you got a copy of 'The Times'?" He little knew how near I was to throwing the whole lot over the Pungwe Falls! On this trip I took no rifle or revolver, and on my way down was followed for two hours in the dark and in pouring rain by a lion, that could not have been more than a few feet from me. I could smell the brute in the grass at my side. After the two hours I got distinctly nervous, my only weapon being the stirrup-irons, which I carried by the leathers. My horse was knocked up, and when he scented the lion merely stumbled after me for a

few yards and then stopped with a sigh. Then the lion would swish, swish through the grass up to us, and again we'd get on a few yards. At last I saw the light of a camp fire, and, abandoning the horse, I ran for it. I found it was the camp of one of the Telegraph Construction party. I remained there that night, and in the early morning found my horse outside making a meal off the roof of the little grass shelter. On my return, two days later, I found two lion skins pegged out to dry at the camp.

In the meantime Dr. Jameson had made his way over the Inyanga Mountains to Tete on the Zambesi, and arranged a contract for construction towards the south. Cables were sent, diverting some of the material, and the remainder of the construction was given under contract to an Umtali man, and the work was speedily completed.

While at Tete Dr. Jameson purchased and despatched to Inyanga a number of goats and about three hundred head of cattle. These were very wild, and Rhodes took great delight in watching Grimmer and me trying to break them in. Our efforts generally ended up in our shooting the ox. Jameson wired that he was returning via Chinde and Beira, and in the meantime Rhodes started ailing. We thought at first that it was a mere attack of fever, but he got worse and worse. He did not take much care of himself either, but would lie under the blankets until in a bath of perspiration, then jump up, strip himself stark naked, and expose himself to the draught from door and window. He would not allow us to send for a doctor,

saying that when Jameson arrived he would be all right. At last, however, on our own responsibility, we sent John Grootboom off on the best horse we had (a big sixteen-hand Australian Rhodes had just bought for me), and he returned in two days with a doctor, who gave him much relief. Grootboom killed my horse by overriding him, and the animal was shot in Umtali. Jameson returned a few days later, and Rhodes was soon on the way to recovery. When the Umtali doctor left, Rhodes asked him what the prescription was he had given him. He mentioned, among other things, digitalis. "Ah, yes," said "the Old Man," "that's the stuff; make a note of that, Le Sueur, and get a supply."

At Inyanga Grimmer was bitten in the face by a scorpion or spider, and his face swelled up to huge dimensions. Rhodes was greatly concerned, and sat with him all day, and had everything moved out of the room, which he ordered to be scrubbed out with disinfectant from floor to ceiling. Shortly afterwards Grimmer had an attack of fever with an enlarged spleen. Rhodes hardly left his side, and although he pretended to be chaffing him all the time, he was much upset. There he sat with a basin of vinegar, with which he was bathing Jack's feet in the fond conceit that he was doing him a lot of good. Before Jameson's return Rhodes was really convalescing, and became very irritable. One morning I went into his room, and he made me feel his pulse and his heart, which was palpitating. As a matter of fact, one could count his pulse-beats without touching him, as he had a lump

the size of a pea on the inside of his left wrist, which he was very fond of watching and examining. I said that I did not think that he need worry about the palpitations, as these might be caused by his liver being out of order or by eating something which had disagreed with him. He flew into a wicked temper, and told me to get out of his sight. "You only come in here to annoy me," he said, "and I wish you'd keep away altogether." "All right," I replied, "I'll go away altogether." I went off, and getting two horses and some boys together, I took my rifle and went over the Inyanga Mountain and into Portuguese territory, where I had excellent sport. After a week or so I got tired of being alone; the rains were heavy, and I made for the homestead. I arrived at midnight on the tenth day, and quietly entered Jack Grimmer's room, which was next to "the Old Man's." "Hullo, how is 'the Old Man'?" I said. "Oh, he is all right," said Jack, laughing; "but you should have seen his face when I told him that you had gone." "Why, what happened?" I asked. "Well, just after you left," said Grimmer, "I went in to see him, and found him in a snorting temper. Of course we had a row at once, and he told me to clear out. I said I'd go to Umtali and look for a billet, if he'd lend me the white horse." (This was a horse he had given Grimmer.) "He told me I could go to the devil as far as he was concerned, and then I went for him and told him that he'd better send for some one he could get on with, because I didn't believe that I'd met any one yet who would stay with him." He said, "Poof!

Le Sueur will stay with me; *he* won't leave me." "Then," said Jack, "I burst out laughing, and said, 'Le Sueur? Why, he's gone. He went two hours ago.' 'The Old Man' sat up and said, 'What! where's he gone to?' I told him I hadn't the least idea, but that you had packed all your kit and gone off without even saying 'good-bye' to me." Just then Rhodes, probably awakened by our talking and laughing, walked in in his pyjamas, and, rubbing himself in front in his characteristic way, he said, with his little whine, "H-e-e-e! I *knew* you'd come back! I *knew* you'd come back. Didn't I say so, Grimmer?" But Grimmer was rolling over with laughter, and with a snort 'the Old Man' went back to bed. I turned in on the floor in Grimmer's room, and Peace reigned in the morning. This was towards the end of October, and Rhodes was bombarded by wires, inquiring whether he intended to be present at the railway opening at Bulawayo on November 4. He did not intend to go, but made a plausible excuse. Anxious inquiries as to his health were also reaching us in scores, and these had to be replied to in such a way as not to cause alarm nor possibly affect the Market. Numbers of telegrams were accordingly sent to the effect that he had been laid up, and was convalescing from a slight attack of fever, and that he did not think he could stand the fatigue of the coach journey from Inyanga to Bulawayo—a matter of five hundred miles. He read with keen interest, however, the reports of the proceedings and speeches, and was most impressed with Sir Arthur Lawley's speech and his reference

to the march of Cambyses into Egypt. "I didn't think," said he, "he knew anything about Cambyses."

While at Inyanga Rhodes was visited by quite a number of people, who made light of the sixty-mile drive or ride from Umtali. Amongst them was the late Mr. Gambier Bolton, the zoologist and wild-animal photographer, and he spent a few days at Inyanga.

We moved down from Inyanga to Umtali at the beginning of November, and camped there, awaiting Lord (then Sir Alfred) Milner, who had been to the Bulawayo Railway opening. Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., also came down from Bulawayo to Umtali, and spent a few days with us. Grimmer was left behind at Inyanga to take charge of the farms, and from Umtali we sent him up two wagonettes of stores in charge of Cape ploughboys. Grimmer wrote down afterwards, and said the wagonettes had turned up with nothing very much, except about 11 cwt. of niggers.

John Grootboom, beloved of Selous, was given £100 to go up to Bulawayo to fetch his wives, donkeys, etc., as he said he wanted to settle at Inyanga; but he never returned, and has, I believe, settled down as a big chief north of the Zambesi. From Umtali Rhodes cabled to Alfred Beit, and asked him to hire a yacht and accompany him to Japan. He also wrote to him, saying, "You and I have never seen the world, and we should see it before we die." He was also anxious for Mr. Harry Escombe, Premier of Natal, to accompany him. The proposed tour fell through,

however, and all three are dead. While at Umtali Mr. E. Marks, of Messrs. Lewis & Marks of Vereeniging, came up in connection with a ranching scheme. Rhodes told me to take him to Inyanga, and we went up. Marks made me rather nervous, as he would not believe the rebellion was all over, although the natives had not been disarmed, and he sat in the cart with loaded rifle, swearing that he would shoot any native he saw with a gun. We got through without any trouble, however. Marks had a good look round Inyanga, and then made an application for a free grant of 200,000 morgen of ground in blocks of not less than 50,000 morgen. As a *quid pro quo* for the free grant he undertook to spend a considerable sum in stock, implements, etc., and especially to experiment in horsebreeding. The matter was referred to the Legislative Council, but the proposal was rejected. It was while we were camped here in November that Rhodes was approached by the survivors of the ill-fated Moodie "trek," who occupied Melsetter, and in view of the hardships endured by them the story of their trek as related by Mrs. Dunbar Moodie may not be uninteresting.

The Occupation of Melsetter

In 1892 Rhodes was approached by the late Thomas Moodie and his son-in-law, Dunbar Moodie, with a view to his taking an expedition or "trek" into Gazaland, then under the sway of Gungunhana, the Shangaan chief, who was at

war with the Portuguese. An agreement was made under which, if the task were undertaken, a farm would be given to Thomas Moodie and a farm of 3,000 morgen free of occupation[1] to each of his sons. He had twelve children, eight of them sons, and all of them accompanied the trek, which started in May 1892, with about seventy white people. Rations, arms, and ammunition were provided by the Chartered Company at Tuli, but at Victoria a number of the intending "trekkers," discovering that there was no road to their objective, Melsetter in Gazaland, and that the nearest town was Umtali, one hundred miles away, decided to remain where they were. The rest, with the spirit of the old Voor-trekkers[2] and the land-hunger strong within them, went on. After having been six months on trek the rainy season set in, and the little band began to suffer from fever. As they had to cut a road, they would at times "laager up,"[3] and, leaving the women and children, the men would go on ahead cutting a road and selecting suitable spots in the mountain range for the ascent of the wagons. Moodie pushed on to the Sabi River, blazing a track on

[1] The occupation clause has been the subject of much bitter dispute, as grants of farms were made by the Chartered Company on the condition that the farm was occupied or otherwise confiscated. It was looked upon as a flaw in the title, as most recipients of farms could not possibly occupy.

[2] *Voor-trekkers*—the name given to the early Boers, who, impatient of British or any other authority, trekked across the Vaal River, and founded the South African Republic.

[3] *Laager up*—camp: a laager is, properly speaking, a zareba for purposes of defence, when wagons were outspanned in a circle, and the spaces between them filled with thorn-bush to ward off the attacks of savages or wild animals.

the trees. At this time they were only making two miles a day, as most of their cattle died, some from foot-and-mouth disease, others from eating a poisonous plant; and by this time, too, their tents, tarpaulins, etc., were worn out. Before reaching the Sabi they encountered long, sandy tracts, and, had it not been for the discovery of a tuberous root, they would have perished of thirst. To add to their hardships the children began to sicken, and the two women (Mrs. Thomas Moodie and Mrs. Dunbar Moodie) had their hands full in attending to the wants of the sufferers. Furthermore they were constantly attacked by lions and wolves,[1] and their dogs were taken one by one. They now had only two wagons left, and so few animals that one wagon had to be brought on to the outspan, and the oxen sent back for the other. Horse-sickness took the horses, and nothing could be done for them. The dumb beasts would come up to the wagons as if asking for help, and there lie down and die. The members of the trek became discontented, and, forgetful of the fact that all were enduring the same hardships, as was natural accused the leaders of misleading them. The Sabi was reached at length, and crossed where it is 1,000 yards wide, 1,700 feet above the sea, and thirty-five miles from their destination. On the day of the crossing only four adults and two children were well.

They had now to negotiate the mountain range,

[1] Wolves—the South African "wolf" is a large species of hyæna, or hunting-dog, and hunts in packs. At certain seasons of the year they are extremely vicious and dangerous.

where they encountered huge trees, which had to be removed with dynamite, and when the dynamite was exhausted great boulders had to be broken up with hammers. The sick were exhausted with the heat, and, burning with fever, would ask for cool water, but there was nothing but tepid, muddy water to allay the pangs of thirst.[1] Christmas Day was now at hand, and more of them took ill—even the leader, Thomas Moodie, had to be helped on and off his horse. They now discovered tsetse-fly ahead, and they had to halt until a road could be made through the fly belt, but in spite of all efforts some of the cattle, including the best cows, were stung and afterwards died.[2] The sick would try to walk, but fall faint, weary, and weak, and their groans and the cries of the children were heartrending as they were thrown and jolted about in the wagons. At last, after eight months' trekking, they reached the place they called Waterfall on January 3, 1893, in country the foot of white man had not trod before. Provisions were exhausted, bread was a luxury, sugar an unknown thing, and stimulants counted and administered in teaspoonfuls.

Dunbar Moodie, being the only able-bodied man, went out to try and get some game, but returned after many days on foot, his horse having died of horse-sickness. They were at last in the country they were to settle in—the Moodie family

[1] They were prepared to face all manner of hardships if only the young sons could become the landowners—such is the love of land amongst the Dutch.

[2] Animals stung by tsetse generally die after the rains. They grow poorer and poorer, and have all the appearance of dying of poverty.

of fourteen, Thomas Moodie and his wife, ten children, and two friends, who alone were left of those who set out with them. The new country spread out in open plains, and the air was cool—a very welcome change after being hemmed in by the thick bush of the low country. Dunbar Moodie made his way to Umtali through one hundred miles of unknown country, and Rhodes gave him a cheque for £200, which provided provisions for the party even at famine rates.

Later on Moodie also went to Salisbury, and was appointed representative of the Chartered Company for Melsetter and Gazaland. The first season was a good one, and more or less established them. Several new settlers arrived, and an American mission was established. On April 27, 1893, however, Thomas Moodie, worn out with hardships, died. A rough coffin was made out of the sides of a wagon, and as there were no whites natives carried his remains to their last resting-place.

A demand was now made by the Chartered Company for quit-rent on the farms. As there was no possible hope of earning money, an appeal was made for remission, and Thomas Moodie was sure to the last that Rhodes would assist in the matter. His faith was not misplaced, as Rhodes granted a farm quit-rent free to Mrs. Moodie. In the meantime Dunbar Moodie was continually harassed by the Portuguese and Gungunhana. A Portuguese commandant came up with fifteen soldiers to arrest him, but Moodie, with two native police, put him across the border.

The youngest Moodie boy then died. Old Mrs. Moodie began to get distracted, and would wander away and be found crooning at the graves.

About a hundred settlers came in, and, arriving exhausted and half-starved, they congregated at the Moodies', who gave them the little they had; but over twenty of the new-comers died—most of simple starvation. Of one family four young orphans were left, the parents having starved to death. Dunbar Moodie undertook another journey to Salisbury, and food was then sent out and sold to the settlers. The prospective settlers, who came out to select farms, were the guests of the Moodies, who were, however, allowed £10 for each farm sold. Two native police were stationed at Melsetter for the protection of the settlers, and Portuguese companies and Portuguese had constantly to be ejected. The Moodies then had to feed and mount the settlers, who turned out as burghers, and who would also demand payment for their services. A Portuguese expedition came up to hoist their flag and take possession; and in order to feed some twenty burghers, who went down and intercepted them, Dunbar Moodie sold some flint-lock guns, and for this he was afterwards arrested and marched a prisoner through the country, but released on bail. He was then Administrator, Postmaster, J.P., Native Commissioner—in fact, Pooh Bah. Dunbar Moodie made a road to Umtali, but the exposure and many hardships ruined his health. A grant of nine farms was made to him, but only on the same terms as ordinary settlers. A good many settlers now left

Melsetter, and roundly abused Moodie in the Press for having misled them and lured them to destruction. In 1895 Mrs. Thomas Moodie had to leave the country, ruined in health and having lost all she had. Four sons remained, one of twenty-two, one of twenty, and twins of fifteen.

A magistrate was appointed in 1895, and he seems to have made himself very obnoxious. His first act was to arrest Dunbar Moodie for gun-running (the matter of the flint-lock guns), he removed the township from Moodie's farm to a spot fifty miles off, and took the Moodies' native servants to carry his friends in "machelas."[1] Mrs. Dunbar Moodie had now two children, whom she had named Cecil John and Leander Starr Jameson. In August 1896 some fifty oxen of the Moodies were commandeered[2] at £12 a head without a valuation by anybody, when in Umtali unsalted[3] cattle were fetching from £16 to £20 a head. The Moodies protested, but were assured by the Administrator that they were being fairly, if not liberally, treated. In January 1897 Mrs. Dunbar Moodie's two children fell ill, and shortly afterwards her husband. Then her youngest child was born, no other white person being near. When her baby was a few

[1] *Machela*—a hammock swung on a tough bamboo with a shelter from the sun, and carried by four to eight boys—a means of transport much favoured by the Portuguese.

[2] Commandeer—to requisition; the term became familiar during the Boer War of '99.

[3] "Salted cattle." As horses are said to be salted after having had horse-sickness, so cattle are said to be salted on recovering from rinderpest, red-water, or lung-sickness, whichever they are supposed to be salted against.

weeks old, her husband died. On his deathbed he wrote his will, but there were no witnesses to sign it. The woman was alone with her dead and sick, and the will was declared worthless.

She decided to go to the Mission Station in search of medical attendance for her children, and with these sick children and a baby in arms she walked the twenty miles in the burning tropical sun. Locusts then swept off her crops and rinderpest carried off all cattle; and, to crown all, Mrs. Moodie, the widow, received a letter from the Chartered Company to the effect that all her land, with the exception of the farm she was living on, was confiscated on account of non-occupation—this after paying £54 annually since 1893 and having the farms surveyed by order of the Company. On his deathbed her husband adjured her to see Rhodes about the cattle commandeered. To the last he pinned his faith on Rhodes's sense of justice. In Mrs. Dunbar Moodie's own words, "After my land was taken after all our wanderings and trials, with dishevelled hair and fever-stricken, I often went to his grave and called for help—called him, but he did not come. I could get nobody to live with me, and was there, in that lonely wilderness, with my little one stricken, smitten of God and afflicted and forsaken by man."

In 1897 two of the early settlers remained in Melsetter. Mr. Moodie applied for one of their old farms adjoining the new township, and offered to give up some of their other land in exchange, but the application was refused, and so those who

occupied Gazaland and established Melsetter, and repelled the Portuguese, had to be content with their farm fifty miles away from their township. Mrs. Moodie, as I have said, came to see Rhodes when we were at Umtali in November 1897, and he promised that the land should be granted to her free of the occupation clause.

The Austrian scientist, Dr. Schlichter, made himself known here to Rhodes, and he accompanied us to Salisbury. He afterwards returned to Inyanga and excavated several of the pits in the ruins in the district, but the only discovery he made was a small inscription on a stone in one of the tunnels. It was sent to Vienna, but no one has been able to decipher it. My own idea is that it was a hoax. We travelled through quickly to Salisbury after Rhodes had had two or three days' discussion with Sir Alfred Milner. We had to leave one of our Matabele servants behind, as there was not room for him on the coach; and he was terrified out of his wits, as in Lo Bengula's days he had been down raiding the Mashonas in this part of the country, so he was fearful of being recognized and slaughtered by some of his old friends. To my surprise, when our coach drove up to Government House in Salisbury, the boy was seated on the doorstep, having left Umtali at the same time as we did, and travelled the whole distance (150 miles) on foot in two days and one night. At Salisbury Rhodes was again besieged by callers and suppliants of all sorts, but he was not quite so free with his purse-strings this time, as he thought he had somewhat "outrun the constable."

I had an amusing experience here. A circus had arrived and was performing nightly, and the proprietor came up and asked for Mr. Rhodes's patronage. I saw "the Old Man," and he agreed to go the following night at eight o'clock. At dinner the next night he had two or three guests, and I reminded him of his engagement at eight, which the clock was just striking. "Oh," said he, "I feel too ill to go out. You get one or two friends and go down." I hurriedly got a friend, and we arrived at the circus a quarter of an hour late. The show had been kept waiting, but at the tent entrance I saw the anxious face of the proprietor. As soon as he saw me, he concluded that Rhodes had arrived, and hurried off; and as I walked into the royal box, which had been profusely decorated with Union Jacks, the audience rose like one man, and the orchestra burst into the strains of the "National Anthem." The proprietor may have been frantic, but I merely bowed my acknowledgments, at which the cheering was louder than ever. However, I don't crave for a second experience of the same sort, and, anyhow, I am not sure now whether I, the audience, or the orchestra was guilty of *lèse-majesté.*

Christmas 1897 Rhodes spent at the Jesuit Mission Station at Chishawasha, and returned highly pleased with all he had seen there. I did not accompany him, as I was down with my first attack of fever; nor was I encouraged by one of the boys remarking after he had peered at me for a minute or two over the bed-rails, "Yah, when the sun dies you will be finish too!"

Another boy came in to me here in a state of great indignation, and showed me half a loaf of bread which he said "the Old Man" had given him as a Christmas-box. He was most dissatisfied, and said he went in and asked for a Christmas-box while Rhodes was at breakfast, and that Rhodes had handed to him the first thing that came to hand—the half-loaf of bread—and said, "I gif John Christmas-bokesi. Wat you tink, Metcalfe?" repeating the latter as he had so often heard Rhodes say it.

Rhodes was anxious to get away, and the date of our departure was kept very quiet—in fact, I only engaged the special coach the night before we left. He fixed on the morning of December 31 (for which night he had accepted an invitation to a fancy-dress ball), and I therefore made all sorts of reckless engagements and appointments for the first week in the New Year, and at daylight we set off for the south, Sir Charles Metcalfe accompanying us. £125 was charged in those days for a special coach from Salisbury to Bulawayo —about three hundred miles. About forty miles from Gwelo we passed a small police outpost, and two troopers were waiting for the coach; one of them was bad with fever and wanted to go to Gwelo Hospital. "By all means put him in the coach," said Rhodes. He then gave the other troopers some books and papers. I climbed to the top of the coach, which was not pleasant, as it was pouring with rain, and I had to use Tony as a shelter—my mackintosh having gone the way of all my kit—given away by Rhodes to some native

—and we started off. Not far from Gwelo we got stuck in a vlei, and everything had to be off-loaded from the coach while we, except the sick trooper, tramped to a wayside store, luckily only a mile off. We arrived at Gwelo late at night, and drove straight to the hospital, where we deposited the trooper, and then on to the house of the Civil Commissioner, where we spent the night. I heard afterwards that the trooper died four days later. At Salisbury Rhodes advanced one of the boys (John Malema—some of the older hands in Rhodesia will remember him) £10, as he wanted him to go to Groote Schuur. I knew Malema lived near Gwelo, and, as I was sure he never intended to go south, I took the precaution of locking him in the woodshed that night—nailing up the door. He managed to break out during the night, and I have not seen him since.

We were early away next morning, and about three in the afternoon we saw, from the top of the coach, a small herd of Tsessebe antelope lying down on and about the road. Sir Charles Metcalfe had a shot, but missed, and they went off and stood in a small clump of trees, which one could easily get up to by keeping under a razor-back ridge. Rhodes asked me to go after them, and I took the old coach-driver's Martini-Henry ·450, as I had given my own rifles to Jack Grimmer. I had not gone two hundred yards ere I saw the coach start off with a crack of the whip that frightened the Tsessebe away. I ran about five hundred yards across the veld to try and intercept the coach, but it passed about a hundred yards off, both Rhodes

and Sir Charles Metcalfe shrieking with laughter. I had no fancy for being left in the veld, and felt like shooting one of the leading mules, when I saw the coach stables and store about a mile off, and let them go on, taking a short cut across a bend in the road. Rhodes only said I was a fool for following the buck, as surely I didn't expect to hit anything with "that old blunderbuss." I showed him he was wrong though, as the same afternoon I knocked over a running jackal with it from the top of the coach at three hundred yards. When we neared the Bembezi, about twenty-five miles from Bulawayo, a zebra came cantering up to us, and ran alongside the mules right up to near N'taba 'Zinduna, and then cantered off as we approached the store.

We did not remain long at Bulawayo, and Rhodes spent most of his time, as before, at the Matoppo Farm. He had a meeting with the Chambers of Mines and Commerce on the subject of in-transit rates, and was in constant telegraphic communication with Sir James Sivewright, Commissioner of Railways and Public Works at Cape Town, on the subject. He determined to go to Cape Town as soon as possible, as much to settle this matter as anything. One afternoon he came home in a more or less vile temper, and I told him that a member of the Chamber of Commerce had called to represent that goods intended for Bechuanaland could take advantage of the in-transit rate as far as the first station on the Rhodesia railway-line beyond the terminus of the Cape line (Mafeking), and then by training back at the

ordinary rate make a considerable saving on what they would pay if they forwarded direct at the ordinary rate. I had hardly concluded when he snapped out, "Well, didn't you tell him the remedy? Of course you didn't: tell him that we shall charge £10 a ton a mile for manufactured goods coming down country across the border. Go and tell him now." Then he went and threw himself on my bed and snorted. It was in this faculty for instantly grasping a situation and applying the remedy that he excelled.

The De Beers' travelling-car had been sent up for him in charge of the little Swiss steward, "Karl," and arrived after having been more or less looted by some enterprising sportsmen at Palapye under pretence of examining the "fire-boxes in the refrigerator," (!) which contained a supply of liquor of all sorts. (Palapye being in tea-drinking Khama's country, the importation into which of any kind of alcoholic liquor is strictly prohibited, there were many thirsty souls there who thought the opportunity too good to be thrown away.)

On our journey south Sir Charles Metcalfe was on the train, Mr. Hoyle the Traffic Manager, and later on Mr. Julius Weil. On the day on which we were due in Kimberley Rhodes bet Mr. Weil £5 that we would get into Kimberley station before 7 p.m. I got on to the tender and hustled the driver, promising him £5 if he got in before seven, and he made that engine go at a pace that no other did on that line before, and I doubt if any since. It was a light train—only the engine and tender, then a bogie-truck, then the De Beers' car, another

bogie-truck, and a guard's-van. It came on to rain heavily, which delayed us a lot—in fact, ascending the river-bank at Fourteen Streams we literally ploughed through water rushing down, and the line at Windsorton was under a good eighteen inches of water. The excitement grew quite intense as we neared Kimberley, and at a few minutes to seven we were racing along past the floors,[1] and Rhodes felt his bet won ; but the train slowed down with a jerk or two as the vacuum-brakes were applied, and at two minutes to seven the train drew up and stopped just outside Kimberley station. Rhodes had lost his bet. The driver got his five-pound note, but I am afraid that Julius Weil never did. After a couple of days in Kimberley we went on to the Cape, where arrived, Rhodes went straight out to Groote Schuur, and I went on to Cape Town to see Sir James Sivewright and bring him up to Groote Schuur to discuss the in-transit rate. So, no sooner was his little holiday of two days in the train over, than Rhodes was in harness again without waste of a minute.

[1] Floors—large open paddocks enclosed by high barbed-wire fences, where the hard diamondiferous rock is spread out to "weather," in course of which it softens, and is then treated and put through the pulsator. Strange to say, diamonds are seldom or never picked up on the floors.

CHAPTER IX

RHODES AND HIS "YOUNG MEN"

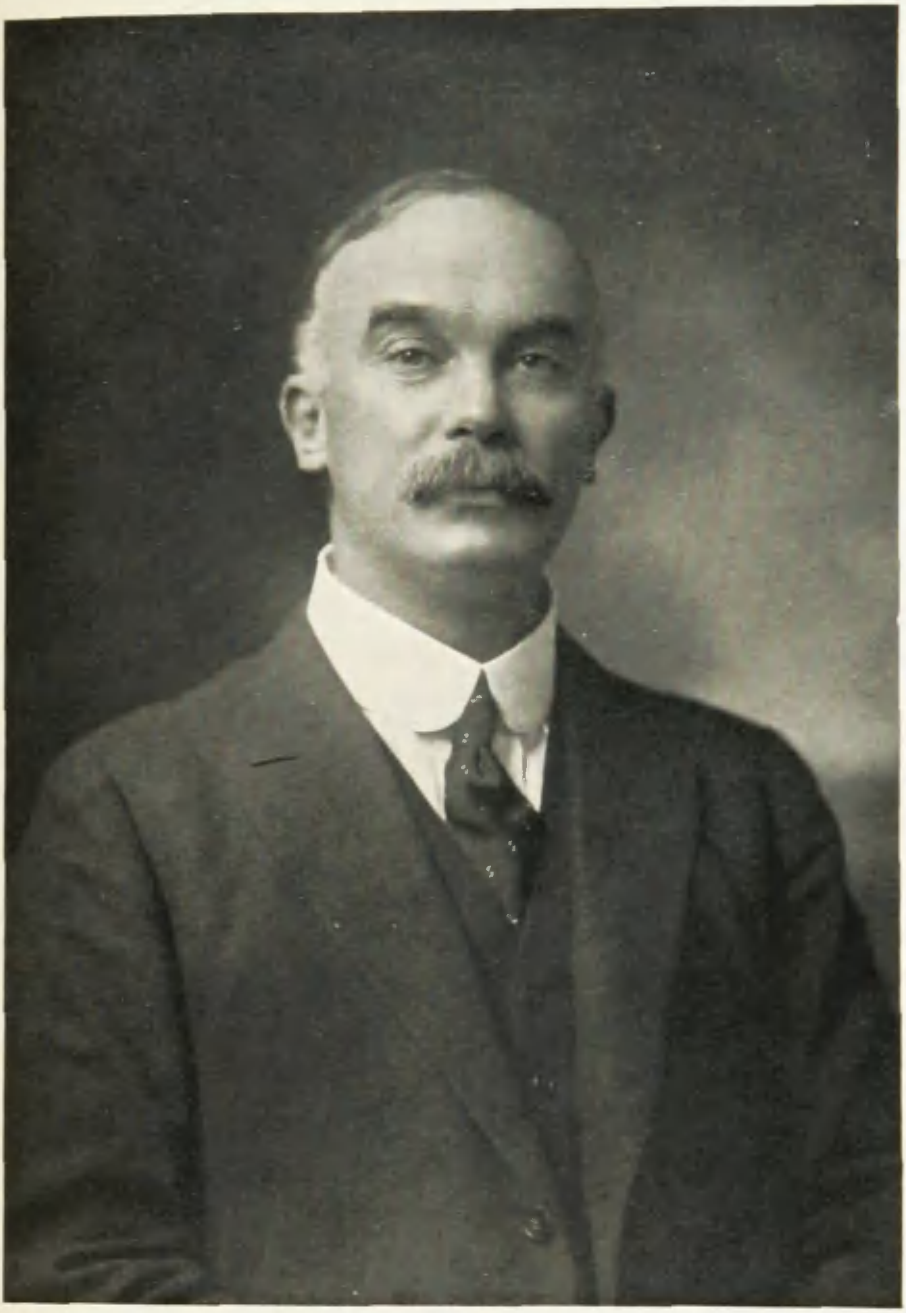
WHEREVER Rhodes went he had a secretary with him, who was admitted to his fullest confidence, and to whom he left a very free hand. He collected a sort of bodyguard of young men in whom he was interested, and who were chosen on account of various and varied qualifications.

Those most closely connected with him at different times were Neville Pickering, Harry Currey, R. T. ("Bob") Coryndon, John R. Grimmer ("Jack"), Harry Palk, Philip ("Flippie") Jourdan, and myself. Of these only Palk was born out of South Africa.

We were all much more companions than secretaries in the ordinary sense of the word.

Philip Jourdan was perhaps the nearest approach to the accepted idea of a private secretary, as he wrote shorthand (an accomplishment the rest of us regarded with a sort of awe), and, being rather delicate, his habits were more sedentary than those of ours.

I hardly count Dr. Rutherfoord Harris as a private secretary, as his office was more official than otherwise; but in his day no one was more in



Gordon le Sueur, F.R.G.S., the Author.

Rhodes's confidence than h
of the Charter until he blo
financier, a promoter and
companies and a member of
ment, with a castle in Wale
great capacity, exceedingly s
friend, but an implacable ene
heckled when he gave his evi
Commission.

Sir William Milton was fo
Rhodes's official secretary,
Premier of the Cape, and R
very highly of his abilities
William to Rhodesia first
the Administrator, Lord Gre
When Lord Grey retired, t
trator was split up, and Sir W
Senior Administrator at S
Lawley filling the office of Deputy at Bulawayo.
On the abolition of the latter office Sir William
was appointed sole Administrator over both provinces.

There were others of those whom he called his "young men," and in whose careers he took an interest, such as E. Law Brailsford and J. G. McDonald; and there were the members of what he called the "Queenstown Gang," including Percy Ross, Harry Huntley, the four brothers Fynn, and others, who were all farmers and hailed from Queenstown, Cape Colony, or thereabouts.

In his younger days at Kimberley Rhodes was on terms of particular friendship with three families

RUTTERFOORD HARRIS.

Llangibby Castle, near Newport, Mon.,
friend and confidential agent of the l
Cecil Rhodes, formerly one of Kimberle
representatives in the Cape Parliament,
director of the Baluchistan Chrome Co., Ltd., t
Cape Electric Tramways Company, and other co
panies, Unionist M.P. for Monmouth, 1900 (unseat
on petition), and afterwards M.P. for Dulwich, w
died on September 1, aged 64, has left property
the gross value of £71,949, the net personalty bei
£7,056. By his will, contained in paper writi
marked A and B, he leaves one half of what he m
die possessed of, as to £2,000 to his sister Kathle
Macleod, of Clifton Down House, Clifton, Bristol, a
subject thereto, for Alice Houston Rigg—

In return for her long well-known and faithful service to my
over a very long period of years, which I regard as having cau
the protection and holding of the great bulk of the property wh
I possess—

and the other half of the property to his wife for
and then in trust to pay to Ludwig Neuman, of Wart
ford-court, E.C., any unpaid sum of a loan of £50,0
and, subject thereto, to follow the trust of the oth
half.

The paper writing marked B reads:—

To my trustees.—If anything should happen to
causing my death unexpectedly, will my dear trust
make the following gifts:—

(1) To my gifted cousin, 4th Lord Harris, my large pearl
with my best love and gratitude for his innumerable kindne
to me and mine; (2) To C. M. Rigg, with my love and thanks
his devotion, my three pearl shirt studs. He must check t
firmness (1s. Goldsmiths' Company) before and after weari
(3) To my dear friend Emile Chalas, my black mother pearl
turquoise and diamond centre sleeve links; (4) To my devoted fri
C. F. Harding my two rifles and their cases and fittings, and 2
so that he may try and go to Scotland and shoot one stag with
old rifle; (5) To Alfred's eldest boy (Larry) my brace, one and t
of shot guns and case; (6) To Alfred's second boy, Bob, my
gun No. 3 (slightly choke); (7) To my cousin George St. V. Ha
with all my love and recollections of him from his earliest boyh
my single-stone blue-white Jagersfontein diamond pin, beg
him to wear it for my sake and he need no shade of comparison

—the Pickerings, the Curreys, and that of Dr. Grimmer, and the early friendships he never forgot. One of the Pickerings, William, became secretary and afterwards a director of De Beers, while Rhodes made Neville, another son, his private secretary. He was much attached to him, and on his death at Kimberley he had his body sent by special train to Port Elizabeth for burial. By his second will he bequeathed his wealth to Neville Pickering for use in terms of instructions he had given him.

Harry Currey, a barrister by profession, is the son of J. B. Currey, by whom Rhodes was befriended in Kimberley. He acted as secretary to the Consolidated Gold Fields in Johannesburg, but became dissatisfied, and resumed practice at the Cape Bar. He developed into a strong supporter of the Bond Party and a worshipper of John X. Merriman in opposition to Rhodes, and became later a member of the Cape Assembly.

His father, J. B. Currey, Rhodes made his agent at Groote Schuur, and built a house, "Welgelegen," for him on the estate, and there he lived with his family until his death.

R. T. Coryndon was the son of another old Kimberley friend, Selby Coryndon, and he came up to Rhodesia as one of "Rhodes's lambs," which was the name given to about a dozen young fellows who came up from Kimberley in the early days. Coryndon and Grimmer were the only two left when Rhodes came across them in 1896. Rhodes then attached Coryndon to the "body-guard," and he accompanied him to England.

To Bob Coryndon, who has always been a mighty hunter, belongs the distinction of having shot one of the few remaining white rhinoceri. He was commissioned by the Hon. Walter Rothschild to get one for his museum, and succeeded. Shortly afterwards Rhodes asked him whether he would get one for the Cape Town Museum, and was petrified at Coryndon's ill-advised reply, "Lord Rothschild paid me £400 to get one." He often referred to it.

When in London, Rhodes, Coryndon, and Grimmer used to ride every morning in the Park, and were often accompanied by friends, amongst them a distinguished heiress. Referring to her one day, Rhodes said, "She used to ride with me in the Park in the morning, and, d'you know, Coryndon thought she came to see him. Of course she didn't. She came to see *me*."

On the completion of a treaty with Lewanika, king of Barotseland, now known as North-Western Rhodesia, Coryndon was sent up as representative of the Chartered Company, and was afterwards appointed Administrator with the rank of major. He was exceedingly successful in handling his natives, and has since been appointed Administrator of Swaziland under the British Colonial Office. He, too, was more of a big-game hunter than a secretary.

Towards "Jack" Grimmer Rhodes, perhaps, showed as much affection as to any one. He was one of a large family, sons and daughters of Dr. Grimmer of Barkly West, who died during the siege of Kimberley.

Rhodes never forgot his early friendship with the Grimmers, and one now holds the important post of secretary to De Beers; and he also did a great deal for the Langes, one of whom married a Miss Grimmer.

E. Lange accompanied Rhodes through Mashonaland in 1891, and was subsequently placed in charge of "Nooitgedacht," one of the finest of the Rhodes fruit-farms.

Jack Grimmer, another of "Rhodes's lambs," first interviewed Rhodes when he was quite a youngster, and asked him to be allowed to join the column of occupation of Mashonaland. He was then a junior clerk in De Beers, but, somehow, generally rode or drove the best horse in Kimberley. "No," replied Rhodes, "I only want men with beards."

Jack Grimmer, then having come up with "the lambs," joined the police, and went through the 1893 Matabele War, and was, with Coryndon, attached to Rhodes's "bodyguard" in Mashonaland in 1896. Rhodes used to say that Grimmer was the only man he was afraid of, and it is equally certain that Grimmer was by no means afraid of him—in fact, to see them together one might have come to the conclusion that Rhodes was in charge of a keeper. Grimmer was anything but an ordinary secretary. His method of dealing with letters was characteristic. I remember one man writing to ask if a vacancy had occurred since his previous application for an appointment, the reply to which he enclosed. This reply he had received from Grimmer, and was written on a torn

half-sheet of paper (Grimmer did not believe in wasting stationery), and read simply:

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your application Mr. Rhodes says no.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN R. GRIMMER."

Rhodes delighted in rousing Grimmer's temper, but usually got some one else to try and annoy him. He would chuckle with glee when he found Grimmer crossed in anything, and often would pretend to be in a violent rage, but without leaving the least impression on Grimmer. He simply maintained an imperturbable smile. On one occasion Grimmer was sitting reading a newspaper, which he held before his face, and Rhodes, more to annoy him than anything else, called him, but Grimmer took no notice. Then Rhodes called out again, adding, "I want you to write a letter for me." Grimmer lowered his paper, and said, "Let le Sueur do it—I'm busy"; and went on with his newspaper. Clearly nothing could be done in such a case.

When Rhodes went home for the Raid Inquiry, he took Bob Coryndon and Jack Grimmer with him, "and, d'you know," he afterwards said to me, "Grimmer never showed the slightest interest in the inquiry. He never came into the committee-room." He presented Grimmer with his photograph, on the back of which he wrote "Your Baas,[1] C. J. Rhodes."

[1] Dutch—"master."

On one trip by wagonette from Salisbury to Umtali Rhodes invited Grimmer and me each to read Plato's "Symposium" and then give him our ideas thereon. Grimmer's only comment was, "A lot of damned rot!" and turning over he went off to sleep. "Ha, ha," said Rhodes, "we can take Grimmer as quite a good example. The tractable horse referred to by Socrates is like Grimmer walking in a garden with a nice girl and picking roses and shyly giving them to her, and making pretty speeches; then there is the other unruly animal, which is Grimmer with the lady on the summer-house seat, and that's a very different picture."

When he felt ill, it was Grimmer he wanted with him—in fact, he evinced more pleasure in Grimmer's companionship than in any other.

Although Grimmer was undemonstrative and phlegmatic, he was devoted to Rhodes and capable of any sacrifice in his interests. He appeared to look on Rhodes as a great baby, incapable of being left to himself, and it was amusing to hear Grimmer lecture him on his neglect of precaution in the interests of his health. He cared nothing for politics, nor to identify himself with Rhodes's creations; he was just a sterling, big-hearted, loyal friend, deeply attached to "the Old Man," and inspired by the very highest motives, unsullied by a mercenary thought, or swayed by the hope of self-advancement.

That Rhodes appreciated his qualities and devotion is evidenced by the fact that he left him £10,000 in his will, together with the use of the

Inyanga farms for life, besides making him many valuable gifts during lifetime.

Grimmer went up to Inyanga in 1897 to take charge of the Inyanga farms after he had returned from England from attending the Raid Inquiry.

Jourdan had recently joined Rhodes as confidential secretary. He had, like myself, been in the Cape Civil Service, and while I was in the Colonial Office he was attached to the Prime Minister's, which was then a department of the Colonial Office. Jourdan has related his experiences in his work, and he was perhaps longer with Rhodes at one spell than any one else.

I replaced him at the beginning of June 1897, and he went on a voyage to the Canary Islands in search of health. To him, too, Rhodes left £10,000 —not in his will, but by instruction to his trustees, to whom he gave a free hand in the disposal of his estate.

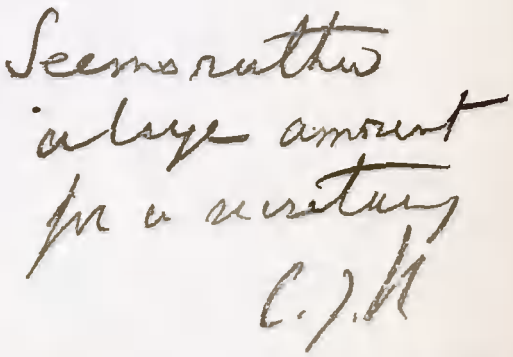
Grimmer did not live long to enjoy his legacy, as, at Bulawayo at the time of the funeral, April 1902, he was taken ill with fever, and on our return to the Cape he went to Muizenberg, which he left for Caledon at the end of May. Blackwater fever suddenly attacked him there. I was wired for, and arrived the day before his death, which took place on June 5, a little over two months after Rhodes.

Rhodes did not pay his secretaries exorbitant salaries; but then we had little or no expense, as we lived and travelled with him; he provided horses, and in London he went so far as to pay our tailors'

bills and supply the cost of theatres, dinners, and so on, and told me to get any books I wanted from Hatchard & Co., Piccadilly.

On my proceeding to England with him in 1898, I had to get a complete outfit, as I had returned from Rhodesia with practically the clothes I stood up in, as he had a miserable habit, when he wished to make one of the natives a present, of going to my kit-bags and presenting the favoured one with the first things that came to hand. I suppose that a dress-coat of mine is now adorning the favourite wife of some Mashona warrior. Even my rugs and blankets went, and on the veld he and I had to share a big sheepskin kaross of his.

On arrival in London, therefore, I had to follow the colonial custom of buying a silk hat and an overcoat "off the peg," which would cover one until clothes could be made. Having to replace everything, my tailor's bill was naturally heavy, and when presented to Rhodes he was a bit startled, and got Jourdan to make and send me a copy of it, on which he wrote the laconic remark:



As to ordinary expenses he kept no account, but when I required money I would draw a cheque

from him and tell him when it was exhausted. He seldom or never carried any money himself, but if he were going out he would sometimes ask for a five-pound note, which was as often as not found crumpled up in his overcoat pocket the next day.

This was an old outstanding habit of his, as when he was about to start off from Kimberley to the Cape, to take his seat in the House of Assembly, in 1881, he suddenly discovered that he had no money, and there was a hasty emptying of pockets by his friends, who had come to see him off, to provide the necessary funds for his journey to the Cape.

When I lost money to him at bridge, he would demand to be paid by cheque, for he would say, "If you give me cash, I know you're only giving me my own money." Needless to say, these cheques were never cashed. We often had bets, too, especially at a shoot, on the number of head we would respectively kill, and if he won he would demand instant payment.

Whoever was with him as secretary was in his fullest confidence, and he expressed his thoughts on men and events in the freest manner.

He had a habit of riding with one at a walking pace without uttering a word for hours, and then he would come out with a remark which often gave one a clue to what had been occupying his thoughts.

Riding to the Matoppos one day at the usual four miles an hour, he had not said a word for two hours, when he suddenly remarked, "Well, le Sueur,

there is one thing I hope for you, and that is, that while still a young man you may never have everything you want." I merely answered that the possibility of that was very remote. Disregarding the interruption, he went on: "Take myself, for instance: I am not an old man, and I don't think there is anything I want. I have been Prime Minister of the Cape, there is De Beers and the railways, and there is a big country called after me, and I have more money than I can spend." You might ask, "But wouldn't you like to be Prime Minister again?" "Well, I answer you very fairly—I should take it if it were offered to me, but I certainly don't crave for it."

Harry Palk first attracted Rhodes by his command of language. Palk was an officer on one of the Union-Castle steamers, and the boat conveying Rhodes was a long time in getting alongside, and Palk was at the head of the gangway. He inquired with much profanity why the ship was kept waiting. He received a reply in tones of awe that the boat had waited for Mr. Rhodes. Palk then rapped out with a string of expletives that he did not care a ha'porth who it was, but that the ship was to be kept for no one.

Rhodes was highly interested in this emphatic young man, and so he became one of the "bodyguard." He sent him to stay with Mr. W. T. Stead, who chose literature for him, saw to his taking exercise (rowing on the Thames chiefly), and saw that he learned shorthand. He joined Rhodes as private secretary and accompanied him to Rhodesia. Before leaving, however, he married,

and at Salisbury one day he told Rhodes that he had to go down country, as his wife was about to give birth to a child. Rhodes was extremely annoyed, and really never forgave Palk.

In after-years he said, speaking of him, "Imagine his leaving me alone at Salisbury with no one to do my letters, just because his wife was going to have a baby. Why didn't he tell me before he left? He must have known, mustn't he? *You* ought to know," turning to a lady sitting next to him, to her obvious embarrassment, she having a large family of sons and daughters.

After Rhodes's arrival at Bulawayo in 1897, Miss Flora Shaw (Lady Lugard) wrote and asked him if he did not think it was time he had a *real* secretary, and recommended a young friend of hers, whom she wished to send out. She asked him to simply cable "Yes or No," and Rhodes handed the letter back to me after I had shown it to him, saying, "You'd better answer this."

"Really," he once said at Inyanga to Grimmer and me, "I must get a proper secretary—one who will treat me with proper respect and call me 'sir.'" We immediately "sirred" him about every five words until he was heartily sick of it.

He always thought very highly of the late Edmund Garrett, who was, for some years, editor of "The Cape Times" and a journalist of remarkable brilliance.

Rhodes regarded him with much real affection, though they often had noble rows, for Garrett was nothing if not independent.

It was amusing sometimes to see Rhodes's look

of dismay as he scanned one of Garrett's leaders, which was diametrically opposed to Rhodes's suggestions to him.

Rhodes had a habit of conveniently mislaying papers and then calling upon me to produce them, which it was as much as my life was worth to do.

On one occasion he had carefully hidden away in his bedroom some papers relating to De Beers, just before three of the directors came down to Groote Schuur to consult him on the matter the papers dealt with instead of his going to Kimberley. He severely reprimanded me before them all at breakfast for failing to find the papers, which he said he did not remember ever having seen! While they were all wondering what made Rhodes stand such carelessness in his secretary, the papers were opportunely produced and brought to me by his valet, who said, with a broad grin on his face, he had found the *unopened* envelope between the seat and back of one of the chairs.

Shortly afterwards Rhodes came into my office, where I was sitting, feeling rather sore, and pinching my ear in his Napoleonic manner, with his well-known little whine he said, "We—e—el, and what are you going to do to-day? D'you want any money?"

This was with him a great panacea for our ills.

We often had arguments and stand-up rows, and his great expression was, when he felt his temper going, "Now let's talk this over quietly. Don't lose your temper. Keep calm—keep perfectly cool."

After a stormy scene he would seek me out, especially if he felt that he had not been perfectly fair, and in an awkward manner want to know what one had been doing, and pretend to take an interest in the letters one was writing, and exhibited this by opening one or two that lay ready addressed for the post. Then he'd say, "How are you off for money? D'you want any?" On one occasion at the Cape he had severely blown Grimmer and me up, and we pretended to sulk (sulkiness he could *not* stand), and before dinner he came in to where we sat dejectedly in the smoking-room. "I'm going out to dinner," he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, nothing," said we.

"Why don't you go to the theatre?" he went on.

"We don't want to go; besides, we can't afford theatres," said Grimmer with a sigh. Rhodes went straight off to the office, and, returning with a cheque for £50, said, "Here, you'd better take some friends to dinner and the theatre."

His memory was remarkable, but he received undue credit for some feats of memory—*e.g.* when a young fellow was seen approaching the camp, of whom he had not the faintest recollection, and he would turn to Grimmer and myself and say, "Who's this?" One of us would quickly explain, "Oh, that's the young policeman at Fort Gibbs who wanted a transfer," or whatever it was; and as the youngster came up Rhodes would say, "Well, and do you like the Police any better since I last saw you at Fort Gibbs?" and leave the

young man as pleased as possible at Rhodes's recollecting him.

Rhodes first met J. G. McDonald when he went to have a look at the Ayrshire Mine with Dr. Hans Sauer. McDonald was in charge, and the story goes that he wanted to know Rhodes's business when he met him wandering about. I am not sure that, in ignorance of his identity, he did not order him off the property. Anyhow, if he did, it was just the sort of thing to please "the Old Man," and he was distinctly taken by the strenuous "Mac," and he afterwards made him manager of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa at Bulawayo, and also gave him charge of all his local affairs, farms, etc., in Rhodesia.

E. Law Brailsford had been a magistrate in the Cape Colony, and had been stationed in Rhodes's old constituency, Barkly West. He had always been distinguished by independence of spirit and a splendid disregard of the opinions of others and *les convenances* as well.

Although a civil servant, and therefore debarred from active politics, Brailsford did not find the Civil Service regulations much of a deterrent in his strenuous support of Rhodes's candidature. "A magistrate should be a political eunuch, but in your case, Brailsford, I'm afraid the operation was unsuccessful," said Rhodes to him once.

Brailsford, a sound and capable lawyer, and possessed of excellent judgment, is, like many others having these qualities, slow to advance an opinion. "Brailsford has plenty of ideas," said Rhodes of him, "but you have to get them out

with a fine tooth-comb." When the magistracy of Salisbury became vacant (1898 I think), Rhodes strongly advised Brailsford's appointment. "I am sending a really good man," Rhodes wrote. "This is not a question of finding a billet for anybody, but he is the right man for the post. I want Jourdan with me and le Sueur is too young."

The "Queenstown Gang" were all farmers, and were nearly all related to one another. Rhodes settled Harry Huntley on a farm in the Matoppos, put Percy Ross on to his own farm, while the Fynns settled at the Bembezi near Bulawayo.

Any youngster who was sent to Rhodes by a friend, and who wanted to start farming, was sent to Rhodes's farm and to Ross to be taken care of. The bodyguard used to forgather at the huts, and no happier times could have been spent than out there.

Of course, we had a lot of fun out of the "new chums"; one came out from a very exalted personage (his people used to farm near Balmoral, and he was very, very Scotch). It was the middle of the wet season, and Ross advised him to start ploughing in the heavy black vlei soil below the huts. We used to watch him from the top of the kopje struggling through the mud with the plough and eighteen oxen. He stood it for nearly three days, and then went down with fever and exhaustion. We all went that evening and had a look at him where he lay in a hut, and Ross took a tape-measure out of his pocket and began solemnly to measure him.

"Whit are ye dae'in?" asked the Scot. "Oh, all right—keep quiet," said Ross; "I'm only measuring you for your coffin, in case you die."

This nearly terrified the Scot out of his wits, and in a day or two, when he had recovered, he started packing up, and said, in broad Scots, "No, no! I'm going back to Scotland far from here, and I'm going to take a small farm and a wee wifie, and I'll not come back to this awful country."

And he left.

Another budding beef king came out, and the day after he arrived Ross said he'd better take charge of the game. (There was a number of antelope waiting to be sent down to Groote Schuur.) They were half tame, and had halters on with long riems,[1] by which they might be caught if they escaped from their stalls. The new chum thought he'd like that, and Ross said he'd better start next morning and take the water-buck out to graze. (This water-buck was the wildest of all.) We all assembled early to see the young man take his charge out. He went into the stall, which was in a stable standing in a forty-acre fenced paddock, and presently out came the water-buck with the new chum hanging on to the end of the riem attached to the halter. The buck went straight across the paddock at about the rate of an express train, and the youngster was touching ground about every twenty yards. He, too, went in search of a more peaceful occupation than farming.

Ross once advertised for a ploughman, and a few days later about eight foot of Dutchman applied.

[1] *Riem*— rawhide lariat.

Ross had a look at him, and then said, "Can you fight?" "No," said the Dutchman, "I can't fight; but I didn't thought I was got to fight; I think I was coming for the ploughing." "No, no—that's all right," said Ross; "but I don't want any fighting man, because one of these days I may have to chase you off the farm."

A few days later we saw the Dutchman sprinting towards Bulawayo and Ross after him with a sjambok.

My Personal Relations

Rhodes always treated me with the greatest kindness and consideration. He did like having young men about him, and liked analysing them. "Oh, I can read you like a book," he often said to me.

When he selected me to go up with him, he was taking me on chance, for he knew no more about me from his own knowledge than he would about any other junior in the office, and even then I was under a different ministerial head.

I was more or less inexperienced, and probably in a fair way to getting into a groove, which is the fate of many civil servants. True, I had done well at my old college, the Diocesan at Rondebosch, had headed the list in the Civil Service entrance examination, and had qualified in law; but having had a more or less "home-keeping youth" I might reasonably be expected to have but "homely wit." He took me on trust, however, just as he did often take men on trust, and in whom he was almost as

often grievously disappointed. For Rhodes was not a good judge of men on first sight.

After I had been with him for a few weeks, we were riding in the Matoppos and met Colonel Harry White; and after we had talked for a while Rhodes turned to Harry White, and smilingly said, "Well, don't you think he has expanded?"

He was built of that metal himself—the sterling metal of those qualities which, even on first acquaintance with a man, rings true. If one went into a room full of people, when Rhodes was present, one would be immediately impressed by his personality, and having once heard him express himself would eagerly await his next utterances.

Qua myself, I can only say that I was much attracted by him from the time of our first real meeting, and I somehow instinctively realized that he had adopted an artificial manner, and that the man who spoke to me was not the real Rhodes.

Nor was I wrong; the man who spoke with the heart of Cecil Rhodes, as I got to know him, was the man who wrote, "I am so sorry for all your troubles," and that was the keynote of all Cecil Rhodes's feeling towards his fellow-creatures—were they white or coloured, rich or poor, elevated or debased, culpable or unoffending. He had a yearning sympathy with them in their troubles, and an overwhelming desire to be of assistance to them, and it is therefore I can sum up Rhodes's religion in his own words: "An effort for the betterment of one's fellow-beings"; and he did, as thousands can testify to-day, practise it in the alleviation of suffering whithersoever he went.

It is a simple enough matter for any one to say that he held another in esteem because he acted *in loco parentis* to him, as far as providing him with the necessaries and luxuries of life were concerned, always bearing in mind the fact that to the dispenser of these favours the material cost was a negligible quantity.

But it was when Rhodes came to one and evinced even a pretended interest in one's affairs that one felt most attracted by him.

Often one felt, could not help feeling, that one's little troubles could hold no real interest for him, knowing that there were matters of moment which should be occupying his mind at the time, and therefore, when he, with every sign of genuine personal interest and concern, gave one evidence that he was sympathetically affected one could not help being stirred by an appreciative thrill.

How often, even when one's progress in life is exciting the envy of thousands of one's fellow-beings, how often do not there come occasions when one's heart is sick and tired and one feels the solid support of faith and confidence slipping from one? In such moments one could, without hesitation, turn to Rhodes, who, with no use for explanations, would by natural intuition discern one's trouble and diagnose one's complaint, and without mawkish sentiment or sacrifice of dignity re-imbue one with the essentials for a fresh perspective.

And it was the absolute unquestioning confidence that Rhodes placed in the men whom he selected for the privilege of assisting in his work

that made one in turn unhesitatingly follow him with blind trust, yielding him service and confidently entrusting him with all one's affairs, secure in the knowledge that "Rhodes will see everything put right."

When Rhodes was ill, he often alternated between periods of peevishness, fretfulness, and loss of temper and periods of despondency; and it was during the latter, when he used to ask one to sit by him and hold his hand, or place one's hand upon his fevered forehead, that one's feeling was perhaps most stirred by him; and one had a peculiar sensation as of an inclination to shield and protect him.

He was fond of making cutting remarks and indulging in sarcasm, and really I believe he spent some time in thinking out something he could say that was likely to hurt one's feelings or annoy one. I, with Grimmer, who was perhaps allowed more latitude in his manner towards him than any one of the "bodyguard," soon got to know that he meant nothing by his most cutting remarks, and that he was only trying to draw one, and we used to retaliate by going off into fits of laughter, which generally made him very angry, and he would glare at one with a stony stare and then go off with a grim smile playing about his features.

I have spoken of the circumstances under which I joined him and of my journey through Rhodesia with him up to the time of our return to Groote Schuur. While here at this time I received an offer of appointment as private secretary to Mr. Harry Escombe, Prime Minister of Natal. I

immediately told Rhodes of it, and he said, "Well, you'd better take it. You'll do much better with him than in anything I intend to offer you." I decided against his judgment, however.

We sailed for England on the "Tantallon Castle" on March 17, 1898. I spent most of my time on this, my first, voyage to England, translating some Dutch newspapers which Adriaan Hofmeyr had given Rhodes, but which translations he never read.

A number of friends came down to meet Rhodes, and we went up to London in the afternoon. On the journey up he wanted some tea, and told me to call a porter at one of the stations and order a tea-basket—"that is," he added, "if you can make him understand your English." We went straight up to the Burlington Hotel in Cork Street, where he always stayed, and that same night he had a meeting in his rooms.

He did not intend to remain long in England, and here again he asked me whether I should like to go to a university and take a medical degree. I declined, as I thought that I was too old. (I was twenty-three.)

Rhodes sailed for the Cape towards the end of May, leaving me behind to undergo an operation on the ear, and I came out in August. A friend, on his return, asked him what the matter was with me, and he replied, "Oh, the distractions of London were a little too much for him."

He was then at Kimberley, Jourdan with him, and he wired me to go to Bulawayo, where I was to take a magistracy; and, probably with the tailor's bill before him and a matter of £60 I

had expended in books, he wrote and said he hoped I would "soon once again learn the value of a sovereign."

I went straight through to Bulawayo, and as the train only stopped for a few minutes at Kimberley I did not stop to see Rhodes, and a few days later he wrote to me:

"KIMBERLEY, 1898.

"DEAR LE SUEUR,

"You should have come to see me when you passed through. Jourdan told me he had arranged with you. You should learn shorthand. I am seeing to your appointment.

"Yours,

"C. J. RHODES."

The arrangement with Jourdan was that we should exchange turn and turn about, he going to a magistracy at Salisbury, when I replaced him with Rhodes.

Later in the year I wrote to Rhodes and complained about my salary, and he wrote me the following:

"DEAR LE SUEUR,

"I send you £250. See that you pay your debts.

"Yours,

"C. J. RHODES."

A friend remarked on this afterwards, and Rhodes said, "Oh, I spoilt him, and I suppose I've got to pay for it."

In the beginning of 1900 I got a severe attack of illness, had spent some weary months in Bulawayo Hospital, and had been advised to go down to the

Cape for a change after the line was open. Mafeking was relieved on May 17, and just previous to that I received the following from Rhodes, who was then on his way through the country, via Beira and Inyanga:

"DEAR LE SUEUR,

"I am so sorry for all your troubles. I hope to see you in July. Now just get well and let me send you your doctor's bill.

"Yours truly,

"C. J. RHODES."

Enclosed in the letter was a handsome cheque.

I did not, however, see him in July, as I left for the Cape, and it was not until much later in the year that I saw him again on his return to Groote Schuur with Jourdan. Fynn, of Kimberley, and Jack Grimmer were there at the same time.

Rhodes had purchased a farm near Cape Town, and had some prize stock there. These he purposed sending to Inyanga, and made a present of them to Jack Grimmer. He then suggested that I should go up with Grimmer, as he said the high veld at Inyanga would suit my health, and he had me appointed Native Commissioner and Magistrate at Inyanga. He then suggested the site where I should build a house and camp, and went into every detail as to how the house was to be built, the material, the very shape of the window-sills. He then gave Grimmer a letter authorizing him to take any stock he wanted from De Beers at Kimberley, and after giving us each a cheque for current expenses we set off with a few truck-loads

of horses and cattle and two truck-loads of thoroughbred Yorkshire pigs.

We were joined by Major Pieter van Niekerk, who did such good service in Rhodesia, and who is still at Inyanga.

At Kimberley we remained for nearly a month, and annoyed the De Beers people exceedingly by selecting the best of their horses and cattle, and then we started off in a special train for Bulawayo, after being haled before the Provost Marshal for trying to run our train out of Kimberley at 2 a.m. when we had been unable to get a permit to proceed.

At Brussels Siding we were sniped by the Boers, on whom we took reprisals after running into Vryburg and returning with an armoured train.

At Mafeking we detrained the cattle (over seventy in number) to stretch their legs, and we had just corralled the horses, which numbered twenty-seven, and were nearly all thoroughbred mares, when a frightful hailstorm came on. Hailstones the size of hens' eggs smashed through corrugated iron, stripped green fruit, leaves, and even the bark off the trees, and of course stampeded the cattle, who rushed through the native stad[1] with cyclonic effect. We took cover under a railway truck, and when the storm abated horses were hastily saddled, but the cattle were not rounded up until after four hours' hard riding.

Entraining again, we went on without mishap, except that the pigs ate through the netting which covered their open trucks and jumped out all

[1] *Stad*—Dutch for township, settlement. During the siege Eloff got into the stad and burnt it, and was captured there.

the way through Bechuanaland, some breaking their necks, others their legs, but most of them landed safely; and though we got our rifles out and had pot shots at them, the majority got away, and I expect by now have established a good strain of Yorkshires in Bechuanaland. Of the one hundred and twenty we started with only forty reached Bulawayo.

Arrived at Bulawayo, I was detained there to try an important case, and Jack Grimmer and van Niekerk went on by road.

None of the horses reached Inyanga, all dying of horse-sickness, and only about half the cattle survived.

My health failing again, Rhodes then sent me to England for treatment, and I remained in London until he arrived there.

While here the doctors advised me to go to the Continent, and I wrote to Rhodes suggesting Constantinople and Budapesth. He replied:

"My dear le Sueur,

"I have no doubt that the capitals of Europe would greatly benefit by your visiting them, but I really don't think they will do your health any good. You had better come home.

"Yours truly,

"C. J. Rhodes."

He had rented Sir Robert Menzie's shooting and fishing at Rannoch Lodge, and I was looking forward to going up about August 12, but to my disappointment he informed me that I was to remain behind in London.

He left for Scotland, taking Jourdan with the

party, and I quietly packed up and sailed for Cape Town on the 12th. Arrived in Cape Town, I was more or less at a loose end, and, after a month at Muizenberg I, therefore, went on to Salisbury. Here the Government didn't quite know what to do with me, but gave me an acting appointment, and got a medical report on me, the result of which was that Rhodes was cabled to the effect that I was in Salisbury, and that the Medical Director reported that I could not live in the country.

Rhodes immediately cabled to me to come home, and I sailed by the east coast for Naples. Rhodes was then in Egypt, and I so arranged my movements that I arrived in London the day before he did.

I was met by Charles Boyd, whom I have not previously mentioned except in my preface, as I had missed him in South Africa in 1897, and he stood outside the "bodyguard," being political secretary in London, where he was in close touch with Mr. Chamberlain and political circles generally.

He was trained for his post, before joining "the Old Man," by that cultured and distinguished Imperialist, George Wyndham, whom Rhodes always held in the very highest regard. Our association was, however, mainly convivial, and Boyd and I were dining together one night when on my first visit to England, when "the Old Man" came in, wearing a delightful smile, and remarked to Boyd, "I see you get on all right; but how? Le Sueur can only speak Kaffir."

CHAPTER X

RHODES AND THE TRANSVAAL

THE great gold discoveries on the Witwatersrand began to attract attention about July 1886. J. B. (Sir Joseph) Robinson had been a member of the Cape House of Assembly in 1881, and he early realized the possibilities of "the Rand," and by following his judgment became a power in South African affairs.

Through his investments in the early days of the Rand he accumulated a huge fortune, and he was afterwards a stubborn opponent of Rhodes. He was, moreover, on terms of great intimacy with the late President Paul Kruger.

As early as 1873 Rhodes had formed a partnership with C. D. Rudd, and they were early interested in the Rand gold discoveries. Relying on the opinions of "experts," however, who were nearly all of opinion that the reef would not go down, Rhodes condemned the Rand as a 4 dwt. proposition and therefore valueless, and until too late left the field open. Gardner Williams especially condemned it.

When the richness of the south leader proved the value of the reef, Rhodes threw himself into the business of acquiring interests, and succeeded

in obtaining a considerable holding; but he had evidently missed the cream, as Sir Joseph Robinson later said that his investment of £26,000 in Langlaagte stood in a few years at eighteen millions sterling!

Rhodes personally negotiated with farmers for the purchase of their farms, the value of which they had, however, begun to realize, and huge sums in cash had to be paid for farms which, before the "rush," could have been obtained for comparatively small amounts.

There is one story which Rhodes used to tell of his negotiations with a farmer. The price had been agreed upon—£30,000 in cash—and the money was duly counted out on the table and the papers presented for signature, when a new difficulty arose.

"Look here, Mr. Rhodes," said the owner, in Dutch, "I've been talking matters over with the wife" (your Dutchman always consults his "vrouw" when it comes to a business deal, or when he has to put pen to paper), "and we have come to the conclusion that if we sell the farm we shall have to buy another one, and you know how scarce firewood is. Well, this farm has acres of good wood on it, and where shall I find another with anything like the wood? So I can't sell."

Rhodes was furious, and pointed out that the deal had been concluded and the farmer could not back out now.

"Nie, nie" (no, no), said the Boer; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me take away six wagon-loads of firewood from the farm, I'll sell."

This being readily agreed to, the deal was concluded and the transfer signed.

Another Boer had sold his farm for a large sum, which was counted out to him in gold, and the papers having been signed the purchaser invited him across to the inevitable wayside store to clinch the bargain.

The purchaser and members of his party, having ordered their drinks, the Boer (who had just locked away some £20,000) was asked what he would have.

"Nie," replied he, "Ik gebruik nie brandewyn, maar ik zal blievers een blikje jem neem." (No, I never drink brandy, but I'll take a tin of jam instead.)

Rhodes's gold farms in the Transvaal and other interests on the Rand were taken over by the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd., which was formed in 1886, and forms the most powerful combine of gold interests in Africa to-day. Rhodes's shares in this Company and in De Beers were, on his death, about the only dividend-paying securities he held.[1]

The "Goldfields," as the Company is known in Africa, have a variety of interests, and their funds were used by Rhodes for his schemes, as were those of De Beers.

Rhodes was, in 1895, in the zenith of his power, being the managing director of the Chartered Company and of the Northern Railways, chairman of De Beers Consolidated Mines and of the Con-

[1] Not long before his death he and Beit converted their life governorships of De Beers into deferred shares.

solidated Gold Fields of South Africa, and Prime Minister of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

He was thus armed with huge power, had vast interests in Rhodesia, the Transvaal, and the Cape, and commanded almost unlimited financial resources.

His constituency at the Cape was still Barkly West, jointly with W. P. Schreiner, Attorney-General.

Then came the disagreement with the Transvaal, which nearly culminated in war. That was the Drifts question, which arose after the opening of the railway to Delagoa Bay from Pretoria and Johannesburg.

When this line was opened for traffic, the Netherlands Railway, supported by the Transvaal Government, imposed such rates over their stretch of line from the border (Vaal River) to Johannesburg, that the Cape merchants who sent their merchandise as far as the border over the Cape Government railway-lines could not compete with goods which, entering at Delagoa Bay, were railed over the Netherlands line to Johannesburg, in spite of the in-transit rate granted by the Cape Government railways.

The Cape merchants then adopted the expedient of railing their goods to the border, and, crossing the Vaal River at the drifts (fords), sent them on to Johannesburg by ox-wagon.

To stop this Kruger closed the drifts for traffic, and armed men were stationed to guard them.

The matter was the subject of correspondence, as piles of goods were accumulating on the border,

unable to enter the Transvaal, and then Rhodes submitted the question to his Attorney-General, W. P. Schreiner, for advice as to the legal position, and Schreiner advised that Kruger's action was not only illegal as a breach of the Convention, but that it justified an appeal to arms.

At this time Kruger looked upon Schreiner as in sympathy with him. On receipt of Schreiner's opinion Rhodes immediately communicated it to the Transvaal Government, and issued an ultimatum that, unless the drifts were thrown open, force would be employed to compel it, and Kruger, seeing Schreiner against him, immediately climbed down.

The time was not yet ripe.

Schreiner was, however, by no means pleased at use having been made of his opinion, which he declared he had given Rhodes confidentially, and he considered Rhodes had been guilty of a breach of confidence in the matter.

This was Rhodes's second collision with Kruger —the first being in connection with the annexation of Bechuanaland.

In 1895 it was represented to Rhodes that the position of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal was daily becoming more intolerable, and the continuance of government under the regime of Kruger and his imported officials well-nigh impossible—at least, most undesirable, in view of the fact that the Uitlanders, who formed a large proportion of the population, were denied any voice in the government of this free republic, the qualifications for the franchise being almost impossible for the

majority of them, although they possessed more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paid nineteen-twentieths of the taxes.

Urgent representations had been made to Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) Loch, the Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for South Africa, and in turn to the Imperial Colonial Office, and Sir Henry Loch had visited President Kruger in Pretoria on the outbreak of riotous behaviour in Johannesburg, where the crowd had torn down the Transvaal flag and generally made things very unpleasant.

Sir Henry Loch's mission, however, did more harm than good, for even in Pretoria hostile demonstrations towards Kruger and his satellites were made; and while the crowd went madly enthusiastic over the High Commissioner, they insulted and mortally offended the President.[1] What would have happened had the High Commissioner gone on to Johannesburg, Heaven only knows.

The Reform movement started in Johannesburg, where a huge and unwieldy Reform committee was elected, not aiming so much at an overthrow of the Republic, but rather its establishment on the basis of true and free Republicanism.

The movement met with Rhodes's strong approval, and he was ready to afford any assistance he could, not inconsistent with his position as Prime Minister of the Cape.

[1] The horses were taken from the carriage in which Sir Henry Loch and Kruger were driving, and it was dragged by the crowd amid waving of the Union Jack, the strains of "Rule, Britannia!" and booes for Kruger to Sir Henry's hotel; and on arrival there the men refused to pull the carriage with Kruger and Leyds any farther.

In the meantime Sir Hercules Robinson, first Lord Rosmead, who had a special knowledge of South African affairs, replaced Sir Henry Loch in June 1895.

Sir Graham Bower, K.C.M.G., was his Imperial Secretary, and Rhodes communicated with him freely, a course which afterwards placed Graham Bower in an awkward and invidious position. Rhodes also freely discussed affairs with friends at home, in and out of the Government, and many must later have trembled in their shoes at the disclosures anticipated at the Commission afterwards held to inquire into the preparations for the "Rocket Revolution" and the responsibility for its inception and the "Jameson Raid."

As it is only in exceptional cases that revolutions are accomplished without bloodshed, or at all events a show of force, the Reformers conceived the idea of enlisting the capable male population of Johannesburg and arming them as proposed opponents to Kruger's zarps and burghers and the guns of the fort, which, built with the Uitlanders' money, commanded the town and could have demolished half of it in little or no time.

The "Revolutionary Forces" were to have been under the supreme command of one of the Reformers—Colonel Frank Rhodes.

A large quantity of arms, ammunition, etc., were ordered from the Birmingham Small Arms Co., and by the men working day and night,[1] fitting

[1] The shops were reopened one Saturday afternoon after the men had gone to their homes, and the overseers had to hunt them up.

parts of rifles, etc., together, the consignment was got ready and shipped in time.

Then it was necessary to make a show of force on the border and a scheme of mobilization was evolved. A large force of police had been raised in Bechuanaland—the Bechuanaland Border Police. It was arranged that these police should be taken over from the Cape Government by the Chartered Company, and in order to take transfer all the Rhodesian Police who could be spared, with guns, maxims, etc., came down under Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, and Colonel Harry White to Pitsani Pothlugo, near Mafeking, to meet the British Bechuanaland Police, under Colonel Raleigh Grey. The transfer was, of course, sanctioned by Rhodes as Cape Premier, and also accepted by him as representing the Chartered Company.

In the meantime delay after delay occurred in Johannesburg. As was only to be expected in a huge committee of men of diverse ranks and occupations, disputes arose, first about the flag and next about the choice of the future president—in fact, they all seem to have been engaged in counting the unhatched chickens.

The recruits, too, proved very unpromising material, many being terrified out of their wits at the touch of a rifle; but their true calibre was only proved later, when a number made a rush to the Cape Colony, the men (?) in many instances pulling the women out of the railway-carriages to make room for themselves, and others escaping from the tushes of the "Transvaal Boar" in women's clothing.

Jameson then began champing on the bit at Pitsani, and at length, unable to restrain himself any longer, and unaware of the hitch in Johannesburg, he broke up camp, cut the telegraph wires after wiring to Dr. Wolff, and with his little force set out on the quixotic ride to harassed Johannesburg, which was to end at Doornkop and Pretoria gaol.

Colonel Raleigh Grey was before the start asked by his men of the B.B.P. whether the force was proceeding under the Chartered Company or the Imperial Government, and he replied that the proceedings had the "tacit consent of the Imperial Government."

The ride, the "Battle of Krugersdorp," Jameson's surrender, and the arrest of the Reform Committee are matters of history and without the scope of this book.[1]

The members of the Reform Committee were placed in gaol in Pretoria, but under very slack discipline, and were allowed visitors and practically the same freedom as if they were in their own houses. They had numerous visitors, including many ladies, who brought them flowers and dainties, and they were allowed out on parole, although there does not appear to be any truth in the story that the gaoler threatened to lock them out unless they returned earlier.

Preparations for the Raid were necessarily carried

[1] Kruger is said to have had a very full knowledge of all that was transpiring, and to have been urged to take immediate steps to suppress any threatened rebellion, but characteristically to have replied that he was only waiting for the tortoise to put out "his head" before sticking a fork through it.

on very secretly, and yet had to be complete. Details were largely left to Dr. H. A. Wolff—he, who, when the "Rocket Revolution" proved a fiasco, was found under a bed by his fellow-reformers with Jameson's telegram in his pocket.

An important item was victualling the men and horses of the "Relief Force" from the north, *in case they should have to enter the Transvaal to protect the women and children*, and the simplest method appeared to be the establishment of stores along the line of march between Mafeking and Johannesburg.

To this end the Rand Produce and Trading Syndicate was formed and the case of J. H. MacArthur may be taken as one typical of the way in which the syndicate was worked.

MacArthur's store was on the main road between Mafeking and Krugersdorp—about fifty miles from the border.

He was approached by Dr. Wolff, representing the Rand Produce and Trading Syndicate, who arranged with him to have one of the syndicate's stores erected on the stand[1] leased by him and adjoining his own store. MacArthur agreed to purchase produce for the syndicate without commission, provided he had the use of the store for carrying on his own business.

The store was duly erected and stocked and handed over to MacArthur, who had only been in possession a few days when Jameson's column came along, and it was here that Commandant Botha's first message reached Jameson ordering him to

[1] Stand—plot of ground.

return. A few days afterwards MacArthur was taken in to Zeerust, a prisoner, by the Boers, and placed in strict confinement.

After his liberation he explained his position, and the principal Reformers paid his expenses, and he was given an assurance that he should keep the store as compensation, and if he kept quiet every one would be righted.

This was not worth much, as all the stores were taken possession of by the Boers, and MacArthur was informed that they were now the property of the Transvaal Government.

The rest of MacArthur's story is rather amusing, and seems worth repeating. MacArthur tried to get at the leading Reformers again, but every one professed to have no interest in, nor knowledge of, either him or any stores.

A leading Reformer (Sir George Farrar) then wrote and said he could not see him personally, "as he knew nothing of the affair," but he mentioned a party, an outsider, "who would perhaps be able to advise." This third party promised to interest himself, "not that he thought the Reformers liable, but because he was convinced that it was a hard case," and MacArthur was tendered £350 in full settlement, and at the same time informed that "the stores were a private spec. of Colonel Rhodes."

Dr. Wolff wrote to MacArthur, and referred to £100 he had left him in cash to purchase produce with, "but in the present state of things I think you had better leave alone that speculation."

MacArthur now applied for the keys of the

store, and was informed by the Government that they had already advised him that the store was now the property of the Government.

In bewilderment MacArthur sought legal advice, and obtained an opinion from his lawyers that "for their part they thought that the Government was taking up a very high-handed and untenable position"—which reminds one of the sergeant's report to his captain that Private Smith had been arrested by a civil constable in camp. "But he *can't* do that," said the captain. "Anyhow, he's *done* it," was the sergeant's reply.

MacArthur tried more law, and was advised that "the mere fact of announcing that the store was now their property could not possibly be deemed as conferring ownership on the Government," and that he had better give the Government notice that he would charge them, and prevent them trespassing on his property. He was recommended, in addition, to take counsel's opinion, *unless he preferred to drop the matter.*

The only response he got to his last appeal to the Government was, "Gemelde stoor nu het eigendom is van de Regeering der Z.A.R."[1]

The fines inflicted on the Reformers amounted to some £200,000, and this was paid by Messrs. Rhodes and Beit. The Reformers had, on release, to sign an undertaking not to conspire against the Government, but, as is well known, Colonel (now Sir Aubrey) Woolls-Sampson and Major Karri Davis refused to sign, and remained in gaol until

[1] "The store in question is now the property of the Government of the South African Republic."

Kruger, of his magnanimity, released them on Jubilee Day, June 22, 1897.

Sampson and Rhodes had been friends for years, and of Davis Rhodes used to say, "Ah, there's a white man for you, if you like!"

Immediately it was known in Cape Town that Jameson had crossed the border, Graham Bower called on Rhodes with a letter from the Governor demanding Jameson's instant recall. Graham Bower was told to see Rhodes personally, but failed to do so, for he first locked himself up in his bedroom and then retired to the solitude of the mountain with his thoughts, and for days after Jameson's surrender he was as a man distraught.

He immediately handed in his resignation as Prime Minister, and this, as he said, was inevitable in view of the undertaking he had given as to his doing nothing incompatible with the dual positions held by him.

He was also called upon to resign his chairmanship and managing directorship of the Chartered Company, but retained his Privy Councillorship.

Of course, he never intended Jameson to rush from Pitsani to Johannesburg like a filibustering invader, but he did hope that Kruger's hand might be forced by the show of force on the border and the reforms brought about without bloodshed.

Once Jameson had started, it was out of Rhodes's power to stop him, however much he might have wished to do so, and the fact that Sir Graham Bower failed to see him made little if any difference.

In referring to the Raid afterwards, Rhodes used

to chuckle and say, "Aha, but it was very nearly a success," and add, "Of course, the proper course would have been for Jameson to have put his bag on the train and gone to the Johannesburg races."

Speaking of the Reformers' actions, he said, "Instead of arming that mob in Johannesburg, a couple of hundred men could have gone to Pretoria with knobkerries and seized the President, members of the Raad,[1] and the Arsenal, and the whole thing would have been over."

He would also keep repeating, "What Jameson should have done, once he had started, was to have saddled up at that last store where they had sardines and gone on the twelve miles into Johannesburg instead of waiting. Why, they got there at midday."

He was sure that if Jameson had been in, or had got to Johannesburg, everything would have been accomplished. His faith in Jameson was unbounded.

In consequence of the Raid the share market was paralysed, and some of those "in the know" reaped a golden harvest.

Rhodes's resignation was inevitable, but many of his friends deprecated it. One wrote that the more he thought over it the more convinced he was that he must not resign until the Johannesburg crisis was *completed* and Jameson back. If he resigned before that he would, he was certain, greatly weaken *Jameson's* position and *England's* position in Africa.

The Ministry, of course, fell with Rhodes, and

[1] *Raad*—Parliament or Council.

Schreiner, who indeed loved him with more than brotherly affection, albeit he deeply felt what he regarded as Rhodes's want of confidence in him in not acquainting him with the movement in the north, wrote to him and exhorted him to keep great and do nothing small. "As for me," he added, "I sit on the rocks with my small boy and throw stones into the water."

Jameson and his officers were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and Jameson, after some time in Holloway, was released on the ground of ill-health. The plea as to the state of his health has been questioned, but it is a fact that he was moved straight from Holloway to the nursing home of a specialist, and that there, even though all his food was rubbed through a sieve for him, he suffered agonies after a meal.

The Boers gained a lot of information from a diary kept by the Hon. R. ("Bobby") White, Jameson's secretary, which was found on the field; and Rhodes ever after had a horror of diaries and journals, and when he found me writing one up in 1897 he promptly destroyed it.

Kruger, of course, submitted a claim for compensation, and presented a formidable bill, an item in which, "£1,000,000 for moral and intellectual damages," excited universal merriment and Rhodes's intense ire, and he used to prove by complex figures that instead of suffering damage "Kruger made a considerable profit out of the Raid."

He argued that the practice is not to pay burghers called out for service, and that while Kruger's outlay was a little over £100,000, against

this he received in fines over £200,000, while a special war tax was levied on farms, the farms of absentees belonging chiefly to Uitlanders. Then there was also an asset in the munitions of war seized.

The cost could not be debited solely against Jameson, because the burghers were called out to overawe Johannesburg, which was in revolt.

The cost to the Transvaal, said Rhodes, must be estimated by what they paid out, and he insisted that inspection of the accounts showed that they made a large profit.

Sir Thomas Fuller gives the statement made by Rhodes to the English Committee of Inquiry, in which he admits his connection with the movement in Johannesburg and that he assisted the movement, and further placed Jameson on the border to act in certain eventualities, while Jameson chivalrously wished to take all the blame.

Sir Lewis Michell says: "There are no unrevealed secrets about the Raid."

There may be no unrevealed "secrets," but there was some appalling lying about the preparations. The real pity is that there was not more secrecy, the fact being that there was far too wide a knowledge.

In the face of Rhodes's candid utterance, and, moreover, of established facts, it is hard to conceive why any one should imagine that there *was* any mystery about Rhodes's connection with either the revolution or the Raid.

But in view of Rhodes's statement before the Committee that he did not communicate his views

to the board of directors of the British South Africa Company, a mystery does lie as to how any one in England, especially those in high places, came into possession of his views and knowledge of the events about to transpire, though Rhodes does not say he did not communicate his views to private individuals and friends at home.

There is, moreover, a mystery as to what moral or other support Rhodes could have relied on in the event of the success of the movement revealing him closely identified with it.

If the mere disclosure of the fact that he was aiding and abetting the movement, while he had given an undertaking in the Cape House that while Prime Minister and chairman of the Chartered Company he would do nothing incompatible with his dual position, brought about his political ruin on the failure of the movement, would not its success have precisely the same aftermath, unless he knew he could count on strong moral support in high quarters?

I do not mean to adopt an "I could an' I would" attitude. Such is far from being the case, but I merely wish to emphasize the point that the full details cannot possibly be published at present, and I doubt if they ever will be, as after Rhodes's death all the papers in his possession relating to the Raid were destroyed under direction of the executors.

The Anglo-Boer War, 1899–1902

From the time that the agitation commenced in the Transvaal and Rhodes identified himself

with the cause of the Uitlander,[1] he became the *bête noire* of the Transvaal Boer and his sympathizers in the Orange Free State and Cape Colony. Resentment against him was also still felt over his ultimatum to Kruger over the Drifts question, reaching frenzy when Jameson swooped down on the Dopper[2] Republic from the north. No matter what happened, everything was put down to the evil influence of Rhodes and Kemmerlin (Chamberlain), aided and abetted by a mysterious Frank Eyes (the Franchise), and the Boers would have given anything to have captured Rhodes during the war.

Just prior to war being declared Rhodes determined to go to Kimberley, and he arrived there the day after Kruger issued his ultimatum, and the town was immediately invested.

He doubtless felt that his presence was required, in view of De Beers' large interests, for he never looked on Kimberley as a home, never built a house there, nor did he care about the majority of the people. He was accompanied by Jourdan and Dr. Smartt, and he got through safely. His departure was kept very quiet, but in spite of all the news leaked out.

Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maquire managed to get through, and were Rhodes's constant companions during the siege.

[1] *Uitlander*, lit. foreigner—any settler in the Transvaal who was not a burgher by birth or to whom letters of naturalization had not been granted. More especially applied to Britishers, who were under more stringent restrictions than any other nation.

[2] *Doppers*—a nonconforming section of the Dutch Reformed Church. Kruger used to preach in the Dopper Kerk (Church) as Rockefeller did in his chapel.

In August 1899 I was in Bulawayo, still endeavouring to con the lesson set me by Rhodes to "learn the value of a sovereign." Jack Grimmer and I met Colonel Weston-Jarvis, and he told us that the climax in the Transvaal was certain to come off in October. Grimmer volunteered for the Imperial Light Horse, and I signed on for service with Napier's Horse. On October 12 Kruger issued his ultimatum.

I got ill shortly after this, however, and Jack Grimmer, opining that Rhodes would go to Kimberley, made his way down country in the hope of joining him. He arrived too late, however, and only got into Kimberley with the Relief Force under General French.

Rhodes, in August 1899, felt sure that as soon as the British Parliament rose there would be important developments at Home on the Transvaal question.

He felt, moreover, that it was satisfactory that the Imperial Government was firm in its resolves to *force* Kruger, if necessary, to grant the reforms. He opined that if Kruger accepted Chamberlain's suggestion for a joint commission it would only cause delay and result in nothing good for the British, save a final rupture.

As "The Times" said, "The public realized at last that the issue was nothing less than British supremacy in South Africa, an issue before which all the scandals of Boer misgovernment faded into insignificance."

Rhodes knew also that there was little doubt that the great majority of the country was with

the Government, and he did not think, as he said, "Kruger such an ass as to resist to the end."

The settlement of affairs in the South African Republic Rhodes held to be of vital necessity, and he felt that once the burning question of the Transvaal was over his *real mission would begin* and result in the attainment of one of his life's objects—a united South Africa.

Rhodes certainly did not anticipate that the war would last long—in fact, to the very end he did not believe that there would be a war at all. He was convinced that the Boers were playing a game of bluff, or else he deliberately misled the people at Home.

He kept urging on friends to try and get the pressure maintained by the Home Government, and he wrote and cabled his opinion that Kruger would not fight. "Remember Kruger will climb down. He will never fight," he wrote to Alfred Beit, and cabled, "Nothing will make Kruger fire a shot."

Had he thought that Kimberley would be besieged for so long a time it is doubtful whether he would have locked himself up there; but once there, it is not strange that the military authorities found his presence irksome.

He really tried to assume in Kimberley the position he held during the Matabele campaign—a position which was naturally intolerable to the military authorities. Accustomed to command, especially in Kimberley, where he was a sort of dictator, it is no wonder that he was impatient of control, and that the military authorities found

him a handful. It was probably the first time in his life that he could not do exactly as he pleased.

His presence in Kimberley was a source of anxiety, not only to his friends on account of his personal safety, but to the military and to the inhabitants, who knew that the Boers would strain every effort to capture him, and the mayor of the town wired to him and begged him not to come to Kimberley.

He had not been in Kimberley very long before he was at loggerheads with Colonel Kekewich, and they seem to have squabbled nobly. After the siege was raised, however, Rhodes reserved his choicest anathemas for one Major O'Meara, who seems to have roused his particular ire.

Colonel Kekewich had a *mauvais quart d'heure* with Lord Roberts after the siege was raised, the Field-Marshal telling him, when Kekewich said, "I have put up with this man as long as possible," that "this man," as he called him, "was a power in Africa and should have been humoured." The harassed colonel replied that all he could say was he had done his duty. Lord Roberts replied that he was quite aware that Kekewich had done his duty, but he had done it in a way that was displeasing to him. Colonel Kekewich's services, however, were rightly appreciated by De Beers, who presented him with some very fine diamonds after the siege was raised.

Rhodes appears to have devoted his time and the resources of De Beers to the comfort and safety of the people in Kimberley in every way,

and from his private purse he supplied even the Boer prisoners with luxuries, clothing, etc.

He tried to get some horses into the town for the purpose of mounted sorties, and to that end he got hold of a Dutchman and gave him a sum of money in cash, and told him to go to Barkly and buy horses and bring them into the town. The Dutchman set off, and although he managed to buy horses the Boers captured them, and he barely escaped with his life into the town.

In the meantime Fynn had told Rhodes that he did not think the man would get the horses, and added, "I think you have lost your money."

Fynn and Rhodes were sitting on the stoep of the Sanatorium when the man returned; and Fynn said, "There's your Dutchman," and immediately Rhodes saw him he shrieked out in his high falsetto, "Damn you! where are my horses? Where is my money? Go back, go back, and get my horses. Fynn *said* you'd steal the money"; and he advanced on him with such a ferocious aspect that the Dutchman fled for his life. He even got out of the town, but did not return.

The garrison, of course, suffered many privations, though none of the besieged garrisons suffered hardships comparable in the remotest degree to those endured, say, in the siege of Paris. Ladysmith was perhaps reduced to the greatest straits; while as to Mafeking I was told by members of Plumer's Relief Column that on entry to the town only were they able to obtain necessaries they had long looked upon as luxuries.

In Mafeking itself foodstuffs could always be

purchased, such as bully-beef, sardines, etc., though at siege prices, of course; while the only complaint one member of the garrison had to make was that the night after the relief some members of the Relief Column broke into the mess to which he belonged and looted all their liquor. The wines, spirits, etc., were supposed to be handed in to general stock as medical comforts, but as a week's notice was given to hotel-keepers, stores, etc., to produce their stocks they had ample time to create a reserve.

In Kimberley Jourdan says, "Every one wanted to stand the members of the Relief Column drinks," which does not sound as if supplies of liquor, at all events, were exhausted. It was a great grief to "Danie" Haarhoff, however, in Kimberley to sacrifice a pet goose he had had for nearly thirty years; but he slew the goose for fear of his being commandeered for the common funds.

The Boers were most anxious to capture Rhodes, and it is even said that they had an iron cage prepared in which to take him to Pretoria. There were many rumours of his escape from Kimberley, and once it was reported that he had escaped in a balloon.

Rhodes used to ride about in his usual customary style in his white flannel trousers, and I heard that he had at least one narrow escape when riding with the Maguires.

There were thousands of natives shut up in the town, and the question of feeding them was a serious one, until an expedient was hit on by W. D. Fynn (one of the "Queenstown gang"). He

had an unique knowledge of natives, having spent all his life amongst them, and he had a number of educated natives who did nothing but espionage.

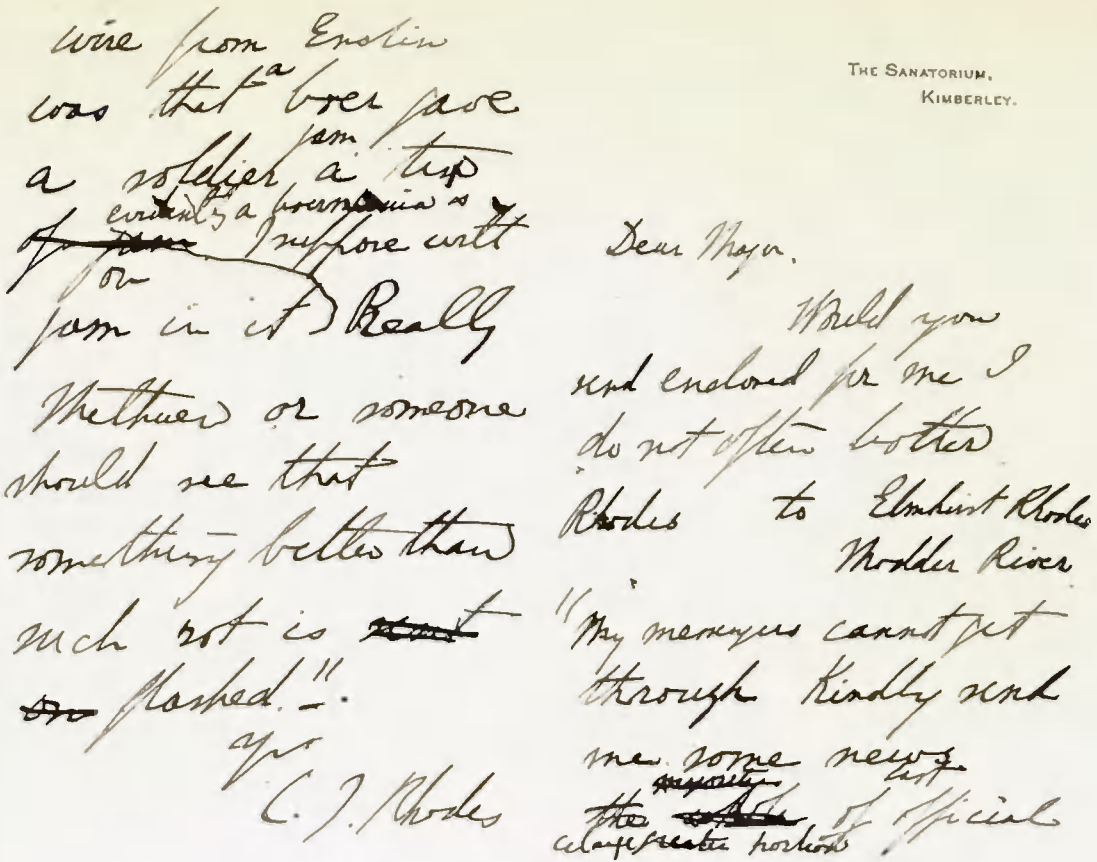
Some of these latter he sent out to the chiefs from whose kraals most of the natives came, and it was explained to the chiefs that they were to go to the Boer commandant (Cronje), and say that they and their people were anxious to assist the Boers, but that as long as their people were shut up and being shelled in Kimberley they were unable to do anything.

The chiefs did as they were told, and Cronje, completely taken in, told them that if they could communicate with their people and get them to come out they would be escorted through the Boer lines. This was communicated to Fynn, and accordingly trains loaded with useless consumers of much-needed grain were nightly run out a few miles, and then the natives made for the Boer lines, through which they were allowed to pass; but there is no record that the assistance promised to Cronje was ever afforded.

Rhodes managed to get a few letters through the lines, but he chafed and fretted over the dearth of news. The following is a draft of a message he sent through to his brother, and the facsimile produced gives a clear idea of the way in which he used to compose his letters. After alteration it reads:

"DEAR MAJOR,

"Would you send enclosed for me? I do not often bother.



THE SANATORIUM,
KIMBERLEY.

Dear Major.

Would you
send enclosed for me I
do not often bother
Rhodes to Elmhurst Rhodes
Modder River

"My messengers cannot get
through Kindly send
me some news
~~the~~ ~~majority~~ ~~[illegible]~~ last
~~[illegible]~~ of official
~~[illegible]~~ horrors

wire from Enslin
was that a boer gave
a soldier a tin
~~of jam~~ evidently a boermania is
I suppose with
jam in it on Really
Methuen or someone
should see that
something better than
such rot is ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ flashed."

Yrs
C. J. Rhodes

FACSIMILE OF DRAFT LETTER.

"RHODES *to* ELMHIRST RHODES,

"MODDER RIVER.

"My messengers cannot get through. Kindly send me some news. A large portion of last official wire from Enslin was that a Boer gave a soldier a tin. I suppose with jam in it. Evidently a Boer mania is on. Really Methuen or some one should see that something better than such rot is flashed.

"Yours,

"C. J. RHODES."

The fact of the matter was that the message was merely a trial in testing a heliograph.

Kimberley was woefully deficient in guns until at last some one bethought him of two large pieces of steel which had been lying in De Beers' yards for a long time, and a gun was designed and built by an engineer named Labram.

The gun, known as "Long Cecil," was built in De Beers' workshops, and before it could be built tools and certain machinery for making it had first to be manufactured. The shells were also made in the workshops, and their bases were inscribed "Compts. C.J.R." One of them is now at Groote Schuur.

Labram was killed by one of the last shells fired into the town. During the three days preceding his death he had several very narrow escapes, and when Rhodes was told of his death he said, "Well, what's a man to do when God's been chasing him for three days?"

Rhodes never spoke much of his experiences during the siege of Kimberley, nor did he say

much about the War, except that Jameson [1] had no business to be in Ladysmith, where he could do no good, and that Baden-Powell should have been operating in the north instead of "mountebanking in Mafeking."

Immediately after the raising of the siege of Kimberley Rhodes went off to Cape Town, and then made another tour of Rhodesia, entering via Beira and going up to Inyanga and Melsetter, which latter place he had not yet seen.

He was much exercised in his mind about the Boers' remarkable knowledge of the movement and disposition of the British troops, and then came to the conclusion that they were supplied with information by the employees of the meat contractors—the firm of Graaff & Co., under the management of the Hon. D. P. de Villiers Graaff (now Sir David Graaff, Bart.), of course, a strong pro-Boer.

Rhodes expressed the opinion that the contractor's employees who accompanied the columns were all spies, and thus the Boers had a ready-made and very efficient intelligence department.

He determined, therefore, to try and counteract this by the formation of a new company—the Imperial Cold Storage Co., Ltd.—which was to make a bid for the meat contract and get rid of the "spies."

The company was formed, its foundation being the business purchased as a "going concern" of one Bergl of Durban; but it was not a great financial success, and I fancy it was liquidated at a large loss.

[1] Jameson had enteric in Ladysmith.

CHAPTER XI

GROOTE SCHUUR, RHODES'S HOME

When Rhodes's political duties brought him to Cape Town, he first lived in hotels and afterwards shared chambers with Captain Penfold, the Port Captain, who was many years his senior, but most amusingly used, in common with the rest of the intimate coterie, to speak of Rhodes as "the Old Man."

He then leased Groote Schuur, at that time the home of Mrs. John van der Byl, and he finally purchased the house with a few surrounding acres of land.

The place is generally called Groote Schuur, but the correct name is "De Groote Schuur," Dutch for "The Great Granary," and a mile off is "De Kleine Schuur," or "The Small Granary."

These names survive from the days of the old Dutch East India Company, when the Cape of Good Hope was the natural port of call for fresh supplies and water for vessels plying between Europe and the East. A few names of the earlier Portuguese occupation and trade between Lisbon

and Calicut and Goa also survive, such as d'Almeida Bay and Saldanha Bay.[1]

De Groote Schuur was built as a storehouse and also a factor's residence for the grain then grown along the Liesbeek River; and on the mountain-side above still stand the ruins of one of the forts erected to protect the young colony from marauding Hottentots. A few years ago one of the guns was still lying there.

Groote Schuur, at different times, came into the possession of the family of the late John Hofmeyr and the Mosterts (the graves of some of their ancestors are on the estate); then it passed to the de Smidts, and then to the van der Byls. The old windmill which used to grind the Dutch East India Company's corn is still standing in a fair state of preservation near Rudyard Kipling's house —"The Woolsack."

The estate is approached by a magnificent avenue of pines, and about the house and in the vicinity are many massive oaks, whose existence is due to the foresight of the great Dutch Governor, van der Stell, who made every owner of land plant a certain number of trees, and the magnificent oaks about Stellenberg and Stellenbosch (called after him) bear witness to his policy in this direction.

[1] *Portuguese.* Algoa Bay and Delagoa Bay on the East Coast form two points of the base of a triangle whose apex is Goa. During the season the prevailing winds set in across the Indian Ocean from a southerly direction, and vessels sailed towards Goa from the direction of Algoa ("to Goa") Bay; and returning, the prevailing winds were more westerly, and Delagoa ("from Goa") Bay was the port for which they steered.

Mrs. van der Byl altered the name of Groote Schuur to "The Grange." When Rhodes purchased the property in 1893, however, he restored the name, but the name of the entrance avenue was not altered from "Grange Avenue" to "Groote Schuur Avenue" until after his death.

After purchasing the house Rhodes set about acquiring the surrounding ground, and the estate now comprises about 1,500 acres, including a large portion of the slope of the mountain, up, in fact, to the old block-house. Most of this was covered with thick bush.

He also purchased a strip of the mountain-side sufficient to make a road for about five miles from Groote Schuur to the Hout Bay Nek. "Westbrooke," the property of the Moodies, which adjoins Groote Schuur, he tried to purchase, but the estate was entailed, and the entail could not then be broken. The property has since been purchased by the Union Government for an official residence for the High Commissioner.

Always intending Groote Schuur to be a pleasaunce for the public, Rhodes had drives and roads made, the bush intersected by protecting firepaths, and benches of teak placed at different points. He then divided a portion of the estate into paddocks, into which were turned different varieties of South African antelope; and he imported from Australia kangaroos, emus, and wallabies, which have all thriven well. Rhodes tried hard to get some giraffe for Groote Schuur, and at last managed to get one; but on the way down country by train in a truck whoever was in charge forgot

to have the animal's head pulled down on entering the Hex River tunnel, and the giraffe's neck was broken.

The aviaries were filled with Lady Amherst and golden pheasants, Californian quail, and Japanese wild duck, with various other birds.

The English song-birds, however, were a great disappointment. Rhodes imported a great number of nightingales, thrushes, starlings, chaffinches, and about two hundred rooks. These were all liberated at Groote Schuur. For a year or two the songs of the nightingales and thrushes were heard in the woods on the estate, but they seem to have died out, or else the phlegm of South Africa having entered their spirits they have developed a characteristic disinclination for anything approaching work, for they no longer sing, though the chaffinches and starlings especially have become very numerous.

The rooks were killed off by the carrion-crows, with the exception of three, who for some years carried on a seemingly bored existence in the firs at the back of the house, but they, too, bucketed about in the high winds in silence.

The starlings, however, were made of different metal. They immediately took to their new country, and throve exceedingly. They have increased in numbers to an alarming extent, and are the curse of the fruit farmers; in fact, they have become almost as great a pest in the fruit-growing districts as the rabbit in Australia, or the London sparrow imported into New York.

The squirrels, too, liberated at Groote Schuur

have spread in vast numbers over the Cape peninsula, and levy a heavy toll upon all manner of nuts, and destroy thousands of peaches in getting at the kernels in the stones. Serious attempts are being made to exterminate them.

At Groote Schuur there were no neat lawns nor dainty flower-beds, but even the garden reflected the "bigness" of the man, and everything grew more or less wild; big flowering shrubs and tangles of blossoming creepers luxuriated everywhere, while the terraces at the back of the house were covered with shrubs and creepers that provide a heterogeneous mass of colour, and the blazing magenta of masses of bougainvillea stand out in vivid contrast to the delicate light blue of the hedges of plumbago[1] by which it was flanked. Rhodes wished everything out of doors to be of "barbaric simplicity."

When Groote Schuur was purchased by Rhodes, the house was not the imposing edifice it is to-day. The old thatched roof had been removed and slates substituted; but Rhodes restored the thatch, which a few years after is said to have caused the fire which gutted the house.

The public readily took advantage of Rhodes's throwing the grounds open to them, and they are the holiday resort of hundreds of busy workers, besides being a show-place for visitors to the Cape. The house was open for inspection even when Rhodes was in occupation; but it was, as a rule, closed on Sundays and public holidays, as the sightseers were too numerous for the staff to deal with.

[1] Rhodes's favourite flower.

Numerous visitors used calmly to walk up and stroll along the back, looking into the windows, even when Rhodes, whom they probably did not recognize, was sitting in his chair at the far end of the stoep. I have known the bell to be rung by couples, and tea asked for, which was always supplied, and I have come across people strolling about the house quite unattended, having probably walked in through some door left open. One afternoon I went into the library, and saw a rough-looking man sitting in an easy-chair reading a newspaper. I inquired if there was anything I could do for him. "No," he replied. "Then what are you doing here?" I asked. "Oh, just havin' a look round," he said. "This is Cecil Rhodes's 'ouse, ain't it?"

The old summer-house was restored, and became a favourite spot for picnic parties and "school-treats." Notice of one of these used to be sent to the steward, and then native "boys" were sent to make fires and boil kettles, and swings were put up so that the visitors had a minimum of trouble.

Rhodes was very much annoyed to find that in a very short time the teak benches had a mass of names and initials cut into them by visitors who wished to immortalize themselves. He hated that sort of thing, and told me he felt like weeping when he saw the disfigurements on the ruins of temples, etc., when he went up the Nile.

Rhodes was presented with a lion and lioness, for whom he built a den or cage in two compartments—one occupied by the lions and one by a leopard. The lions hated the proximity of the

leopard, and the latter having, in an unwary moment, let his tail hang through the dividing-bars the lion got hold of it, and pulled it off, and the leopard died of blood-poisoning. The lioness twice had cubs, but they did not live.

The public had free access to every part of the estate, but were warned against entering the paddocks which contained the more dangerous animals. In spite of all warnings, however, three persons were killed in one of the paddocks by a black wildebeeste (gnu).[1] One man who went in to gather mushrooms was picked up in nineteen pieces.

Rhodes himself had a narrow escape from a big eland bull.[2] While he was walking in a paddock with a friend the bull attacked them, but a large stone thrown by Rhodes at the animal broke its hind leg, and Rhodes and his friend made their escape.

In a speech on the cost of living once at Cape Town Rhodes told his audience that he was horrified when his steward told him that his lions were costing him £180 a year in meat alone, and went on to say that when looking down on Cape Town from the mountain he reflected that if he felt the cost of meat for his lions to be so high, how much more were not the poor in the houses below him affected?

He made President Kruger very angry by presenting a lion to the Pretoria Zoo through

[1] "Wildebeeste" (gnu)—the black species is now extinct, but the brindled or blue abounds in Bechuanaland, Rhodesia and farther north.

[2] "Eland"—the largest South African antelope.

Dr. Gunning, the curator, who came to visit him. The curator was ordered to return it, as Kruger looked on the gift as a studied insult. Dr. Gunning wrote returning the lion in September 1899, and he afterwards told Rhodes that the discourteous letter was dictated for his signature, and that some of the members of the Volksraad had suggested that a silver collar should be put round the lion's neck and inscribed "Suzerainty."

After the outbreak of rinderpest the lions were fed on cold storage meat, which was the only meat procurable, but after a few months they refused to touch it, and would leave it lying for days, until sheer hunger forced them to eat it. A flock of goats was then purchased, and were killed for the lions, who ate the flesh readily. Live pigeons and fowls were also put into the cage for them, as the lions needed fresh blood, and like great cats they would stalk pigeons and spring to the top of the cage to get them.

The animals occasionally escaped, especially one koodoo bull, who used to leap a seven-foot fence and raid Rudyard Kipling's rose-garden. A kangaroo was caught in a leopard-trap by a Hout Bay farmer, who killed it and sent Rhodes a hind-quarter. The quagga (zebra) were not confined in paddocks, but the herd used to range the mountain-side; while the thick bush was full of pea-fowl, which reverted to a semi-wild state. The native grysbok used to come down from Table Mountain and get through the wire fences, and one afternoon I shot five of them in one of the paddocks within an hour.

During the outbreak of plague at the Cape Rhodes offered a site on the estate to the military for establishment of a plague camp, but the municipal authorities objected to the use of this ideal spot for the purpose.

Rhodes furnished his house with all the quaint old Dutch and French furniture he could collect in the Cape Colony, and the bedroom utensils, etc., were all in sympathetic style. One of the old Dutch doors from the Castle was put in on the back stoep, and Rhodes purchased his front door from the Myburghs at Elsenberg (near Stellenbosch). He paid £200 for this door, besides providing a replica.

At Christmas 1895 Groote Schuur was burnt down. The origin of the fire is uncertain, but the circumstances point to the act of an incendiary. The fire broke out in the thatch at the corner of the roof above one of the bedrooms. The house was gutted, only two rooms being spared. The Elsenberg door was destroyed, as no one seemed to know that it could easily be removed by being simply lifted off the hinges. A great number of papers were destroyed, as well as a large number of books, and, of course, a quantity of furniture which it was impossible to replace.

Rhodes's books were distributed through three rooms—some in the ante-room, used as an office, others in the billiard-room, and others in the smoking-room (called the library). With the exception of some old volumes of travel in the billiard-room there were none of particular value.

History and biography predominated, and he

had many works on Napoleon, from Bourrienne's pæan of praise to Rosebery's "Last Phase." The cream of the library was the unique collection of translations of the classics, which cost Rhodes from first to last about £8,000.

Rhodes commissioned Mr. A. Humphreys, of Hatchard's, Piccadilly, to obtain for him translations of the authorities quoted by Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in absolutely unabridged form. They were all type-written and bound in uniform red, and many were illustrated with drawings from coins, medallions, etc., and some of them were of a decidedly erotic nature. When I catalogued the library, I locked away the volumes containing the more disturbing of the illustrations; but despite all precautions the illustrations were cut out and removed. I have a shrewd idea as to the culprit.

There were also many other classics of interest, such as those entitled the "Private Histories of the Roman Emperors and Empresses," and a large number of texts as well as translations of old French and Portuguese books of travel.

Rhodes was up country at the time of the fire, news of which was wired to him; and the story goes that he was told that bad news had arrived for him, and that when the nature of it was conveyed to him he said, "Thank God!—I thought something had happened to Jameson." I don't believe this story has any foundation in fact, but he did inquire immediately whether the front door had been saved.

A Mr. Colley was employed to furnish Groote

Schuur, and he was more or less in the position of an advising architect. He was really in charge of Groote Schuur. When the fire occurred, Miss Edith Rhodes was staying at Groote Schuur and had had a disagreement with Colley, who left the house, and I do not think Rhodes ever again spoke to him. Rhodes said that Colley should have remained at Groote Schuur, as he was in charge and practically responsible for the house.

Rhodes had taken a great fancy to Herbert Baker, who had introduced a new style of architecture into the Cape Colony. Herbert Baker, with Francis Masey, afterwards established the firm of Baker & Masey, the leading architects in South Africa. Rhodes employed Baker to rebuild Groote Schuur on the old site of the house. There was a great deal of alteration, and a new wing was added. The thatch was replaced with tiles and the ceilings made fireproof. Baker rather elaborated, but the simplicity of Groote Schuur is due to Rhodes, who made many suggestions, and took an active interest in the progress of the work while he was there. A replica of the old front door was made, and the old brasses were attached to it.

A feature of the house is the lavish use of teak for panelling, rafters, and ceilings, a whole shipload of Burmah teak having been employed. The fireplaces were all large open ones, in which great logs were burned.

The principal bathroom received particular attention. The whole of it was paved with coloured and white and green marble, the bath itself was hollowed out of one solid block of granite,

brought from the Paarl, and the room contained a large marble slab for any one who required massage.

The bath excited the particular interest of the late "Dick" Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, when he visited Groote Schuur, and turning round to Mrs. Seddon he said, "At last, Ma, I have found a bath to fit me."

On Rhodes's return from the north in 1898, one or two rooms had been completed, and he occupied his bedroom, which he chose on account of the wonderful view it gave of the slopes of the mountain. It directly faced the old block-house and the site of the memorial since erected. He liked showing friends over the house, and would conduct them to his bedroom to point out the view from the window.

After the house had been rebuilt, it was refurnished from top to bottom. The existing dining-room table is a fine piece of Spanish walnut, and at one time belonged to my own people. The beds were all solid teak four-posters, the wardrobes, with silver handles and secret drawers, were old Dutch ones, picked up here and there in Dutch farmhouses and old mansions, and the house generally was filled with antiques of all sorts. Nothing clashed, but in everything, from copper kitchen utensils and brass cuspidors to the Spanish stamped leather in the drawing-room, there was harmony.

Rhodes was not fond of pictures, and I don't think he bought more than one in his life—at least not because he admired it. He always said he could employ his money better than by spending it on

BATHROOM AT GROOTE SCHUUR.

pictures. The one he did buy was a Reynolds, which, he said, represented his ideal of a beautiful woman. This picture was hung over the fireplace in the dining-room.

During the siege of Kimberley Groote Schuur was occupied, at Rhodes's invitation, by some friends, who invited other friends, and entertained themselves and one another royally, nor hesitated to take full advantage of Rhodes's hospitality, even to the length of ordering their own particular brands of wines and cigars.

During one of their after-dinner frolics a table-knife chanced to find its way through the eye of the lady portrayed in the picture. The damage was skilfully repaired, but had Rhodes but known! It is significant, though, that immediately he could get a wire through he closed the house to guests. This picture, after his death, was removed to Dalham.

Another picture he admired belonged to one Kahn of Paris, and Rhodes offered him £6,000 for it. Kahn refused, but agreed to bequeath it to Rhodes in his will, Rhodes, on his side, to leave him £6,000 in *his*. Whichever outlived the other was to have the legacy, and so the fourth clause of Rhodes's will reads: "I give the sum of £6,000 to Kahn of Paris, and I direct this legacy to be paid free of all duty whatsoever."

In the dining-room was a piece of tapestry representing some allegorical subject, and there was another in the billiard-room. I understood that there were four in the set, intended to represent the continents.

The dining-room was lighted by candles in massive silver candlesticks placed on the dining table, the only other lights being small electric lights in brackets on the walls, and the effect of the subdued light on the teak rafters and panelling was pleasing.

One night at dinner Rhodes spoke of the table, and lifted the cloth to show the wood. He then suggested taking the cloth off, and remarked that he believed it was the fashion in many houses to remove the cloth with the advent of dessert and port.

I interjected a remark, and he scowled and said, "Oh, I suppose you'll say you've often seen it done."

"No," I replied; "what I was going to say was that whether it is the fashion or not, it would be nice to see the reflection of the silver candlesticks and bon-bon dishes on the polished surface of the table."

"He's perfectly right," said he immediately in his falsetto voice. "It doesn't matter tuppence if it's the usual thing or not so long as the effect is pleasing. That's the point—the pleasing effect. Of course he's right." And he at once had the cloth removed, to the servants' dismay as they thought of the scratches and probably burns on the surface of the table.

On the front stoep of Groote Schuur were two small cannon, which were found in the Matoppos; one of them, having the Portuguese arms on it, gives clear evidence that a Portuguese expedition penetrated far into South Africa, probably in

SOAPSTONE BIRD FROM ZIMBABYE RUINS.

search of the Kingdom of Monomotapa and its reputed riches.

In the smoking-room, known as the library, two flags hung on the wall—one the Portuguese Standard captured at Maçequece in 1891, and the other a battered Union Jack carried by Jameson's column into Matabeleland in 1893.

In this room there used to stand a large soapstone bird credited with being of Phœnician origin, and found in the course of excavations at Zimbabye. There were also a small similar copper bird of better workmanship and neater design, and many soapstone emblems of phallic worship, with tacks and sheets of gold, with which precious metal the temple at Zimbabye was said to have been plated. The soapstone bird Rhodes had set up in the committee-room of the Cape Executive Council, in order that members might, in their deliberations, "realize their puniness when they contemplated that emblem of antiquity."

The posts on the staircase were surmounted by copies of the bird in teak, and the rain-water spouts on the upper walls were also copies.

A cabinet also contained the gold retort found at Inyanga, a few other curios, and some old snuff-boxes of not much intrinsic value, which had been presented to him by friends. I think the only piece of really good old silver he possessed was given to him by the late Richard ("Dick") Chamberlain, brother of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was an ardent collector of old silver. Rhodes was, however, rather proud of a gold butter-dish (which was in daily use), which was said to

have belonged to Charles I. of England, and was surmounted by a royal crown and the initials C.R.

There was also a large silver snuff-box in the shape of an elephant, given by the directors of the Tati Concession to Lo Bengula, and found in Bulawayo on its occupation in 1893. Lo Bengula adopted an elephant as his seal, and his signet-ring was also found in burning Bulawayo by Garlick, servant to Dr. Jameson.

At luncheon and dinner Rhodes used little coffee-cups and saucers (of which he had a whole service) of various fancy designs. They were made of very fine china, and covered by a secret process with dull beaten gold, which made them rather heavy and retained the heat. They were not, however, as Sir Thomas Fuller says, made in a monastery, but, alas for the romance, "made in America." They are manufactured from a patent held by two old ladies in Washington, U.S.A., from whom I obtained some for Lady Howe and her sister, Lady Sarah Wilson.

Another object of interest in the library was a small oak table, which was carved for Rhodes by the Royal Children at Sandringham, and presented to Rhodes by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. On returning from up country once Rhodes missed the little table, and at once inquired for it. He was told that Mr. Currey, his agent, had had it removed to Kipling's house, "The Woolsack." Rhodes immediately put on his hat, and, walking over to "The Woolsack," returned carrying the

table, which he replaced in the library, saying, "That's mine. It's *my* table. I want it here."

I must mention the large wooden dish which was also in the library. It, too, was found at Zimbabye, unfortunately partly destroyed by white ants; but all things considered, it is in very good repair, and the signs of the Zodiac carved round its rim are easily decipherable.

There was no piano in the house, except in the servants' quarters, but in the drawing-room stood an old-fashioned five-octave spinet, which Rhodes had had copied from one he had seen somewhere. I brought out a fine Edison phonograph for him once for Groote Schuur, but I don't think it was ever used.

In the drawing-room was a bronze of Robert Burns. Rhodes took a great fancy to this when he first saw it, and purchased it, together with the plaster model, so that no one should obtain a duplicate of it. He was fond of asking visitors to guess who it was, and said that as soon as he saw it he knew it was Burns thinking over his poetry "amongst the cabbages."

Rhodes had rather a nice collection of glass in a cabinet in the dining-room, including one or two old Dutch *pokaals* (flagons), on which the coats-of-arms of the past owners were engrossed. After Rhodes's death, however, some of these were claimed by, and returned to, those who had given them to Rhodes, as they said they intended the gifts for him and not for any future Prime Ministers of any federated states.

Rhodes's bedroom contained only the ordinary furniture, severe in simplicity, and on the walls

were a portrait of Bismarck and a photograph of a very old native woman, one of Umziligazi's wives. She was one of the principal intermediaries between Rhodes and the Matabele rebels during the peace negotiations at the historic Matoppo indaba.[1]

In the billiard-room hung two flags—one a small Union Jack with the Moslem crescent and star, carried by General Gordon on the Nile, and the other a large Union Jack, which was taken by Mr. E. S. Grogan from Cape Town to Cairo.

Mr. Grogan was an Oxford undergraduate, who started out to walk from Cape Town to Cairo in the long vacation, and accomplished the trip, though it took him two years. Rhodes afterwards wrote an introduction to his book.

A few women, wives of the servants, formerly lived on the premises, and Tony's wife was cook, but the breath of scandal caused Rhodes to clear every woman, white and coloured, off the place, and none but men-servants were employed.

In the grounds a number of Matabele, who came down as servants to Lo Bengula's three sons, used to work, the sons, N'jube, M'peseni, and Ngongubela being sent to a college for natives.

One of these natives was always flush of money, and on his being watched it was found that he had brought his war-dress with him, and that when opportunity offered he used to don it and dance

[1] *Indaba*, lit. a tongue, comes to mean a meeting for discussion, and is used in the same way as Durbar or palaver. In kitchen Kaffir it is used to mean a matter, as in "What is the indaba?"—*i.e.* matter, or, "Why all this indaba?"—*i.e.* trouble, "That's not your indaba"—*i.e.* business.

THE HOUSE STEWARD, STEWARD (C. WEBB), AND GAMEKEEPER (WHEELER), WITH THE MATABELE SERVANTS AT GROOTE SCHUUR.

in the garden for the edification and coppers of visitors.

N'jube and his brothers often used to come to Groote Schuur to spend the day, and Rhodes took great pleasure in talking to them; and to hear the erstwhile young savages spouting Virgil and talking of matriculating gave one to think.

Rhodes was very fond of telling a story of N'jube. Rhodes had promised to take him up to see his mother in Bulawayo, and N'jube was delighted; but "I told him," said Rhodes, "'Now, N'jube, if you come up with me I must have no nonsense about your being a king. You will have to help Tony and wash the plates and clean my boots.' 'Yes, sir, I understand,'" replied N'jube. The day before they were to start the head gardener came to Rhodes and said that N'jube had taken away two of the garden boys. N'jube was sent for, and explained, in the most natural way, that all he had done was to take away two of his own slaves to come and wash the plates and clean the boots. Rhodes flew into a rage, and said he would punish him by not taking him to Bulawayo. "N'jube then cast himself at my feet," said Rhodes, and said, 'Oh, sir, do forgive me.'"

In 1898 a young reigning Sultan came to see Groote Schuur. He was accompanied by a missionary, who acted as interpreter.

Rhodes told me to show the young fellow round. It was the first time I had ever been asked to act as cicerone to one I looked on as a nigger, and very much resented it, but I bethought me of N'jube and his brothers, who were spending the day at

Groote Schuur, and took the Sultan down to the stable-yard with his guardian. N'jube and the others were there fraternizing with their "slaves," and I called N'jube up and introduced him to the Sultan, saying to the latter, "Here is the king of all the Matabele. I think you ought to be friends," and so left them, the missionary man being too amazed to say anything. The Sultan had a magnificent diamond solitaire ring on. I hope he got safely away with it.

The estate was at different times in charge of various stewards. J. Norris, whose name will be familiar to many old habitués of Groote Schuur, and did yeoman service towards its making, came to Rhodes from the Inniskilling Dragoons. Being threatened with lung trouble, however, Rhodes established him on a farm at Inyanga, where he thrives to-day. He also left him an annuity of £100.

E. G. B. Carter, distinguished by indefatigable energy and unfailing courtesy, came from the Hatfield Estate. When he first asked Rhodes for employment, he was sent in a moment of grim humour to join a number of native women engaged in weeding the paddocks; but this was Rhodes's idea of trying a man. After a few days Carter was moved down to the house, and in a very short time became head steward—a position of trust and responsibility, but apt to produce an attack of *tête montée*.

The house was not very large, and when half a dozen male guests and their "gentleman's gentlemen" were staying there accommodation was strained to its limits.

It was an expensive place to keep up, and when occupied the expenditure amounted to £2,000 a month, reduced to about £400 when empty.

The valets were much more difficult to deal with than the guests. In fact, the servants' hall nearly always had some excitement to provide for the secretary, under whose direction the household affairs were conducted.

The valets and chauffeurs had access to nearly everything, and the servants' hall vied with the dining-room.

Beer they would have none of, and when whisky-and-soda was supplied them they made a strong protest against the locally made soda and demanded Schweppe's. They also found the whisky of poor quality, and perhaps this was excusable, as several buckets of distilled water had been added to one of the casks. Two casks were always kept going, one being filled up from the other.

Rhodes did not spend much in stocking his cellar. He had, however, acquired by gift some very fine '91 and '93 Rudesheimer, Mouton Rothschild of '78, and '54 Port.

A distinguished brewer, who shall be nameless, sent him a couple of dozen very old and very strong ale. It was almost as dark as port, and is usually drunk in wineglasses as a liqueur. Rhodes, however, having quaffed a flagon of it, found it much to his liking, and wrote and thanked the donor *for the sample* of excellent ale sent to him and placed an order for one hundred dozen. The brewer replied that he was very pleased that Rhodes liked the ale, and added that he intended

the two dozen as a Christmas gift, it being ale that he only brewed for friends; but that, as Rhodes evidently appreciated it so highly, he begged his acceptance of the one hundred dozen which he had ordered to be shipped to Groote Schuur.

The ale was very heady stuff, and Rhodes used to delight in getting some guest to drink a bottle of it at lunch, as it was morally certain that the guest would fall asleep after lunch under its influence.

During 1896 and 1897 an extraordinary number of acts of vandalism were committed at Groote Schuur—put down to the scum of the supporters of Rhodes's opponents.

When Rhodes returned from the north in 1898 no less than nineteen fires had been started, and, fortunately, extinguished, on the estate; nests of eggs of valuable golden and other pheasants were smashed, and one night part of the aviary was saturated with paraffin and set fire to. An attempt was made to liberate the lions, the bars of the cage being found bent to a width nearly sufficient to enable the lions to escape. Fifteen kangaroos, eighteen ostriches and emus, and a number of other animals were killed in the paddocks by being knocked over the head with knobkerries,[1] while 1,800 young camphor and oak-trees, which Rhodes had planted in avenues for the benefit of future generations, were destroyed by simply being broken in half. None

[1] Knobkerrie—a short stout stick with a round head the size of a cricket ball, used by natives for striking and also for throwing. A good man can throw one as far as an assegai (spear)—*i.e.* one hundred and fifty yards.

of the perpetrators of these outrages were ever caught.

The grounds were closed to the public for some time after the outbreak of rinderpest at the Cape, and in reopening them in 1898 Rhodes drew attention in the local press to the vandalism, and pathetically asked "the public once again to become guardians of the house and grounds."

CHAPTER XII

RHODES AND THE DUTCH OF SOUTH AFRICA

A "DUTCHMAN" is ordinarily regarded as a native of Holland, but in South Africa to-day a large proportion of families who are called Dutch trace their descent from other than Dutch ancestors.

Some are, of course, descended from the Dutch of Holland who settled in South Africa under the Dutch East India Company or the rule of the Batavian Government; but the majority of the better-class families who call themselves "Dutchmen" to-day are descendants of French Huguenots or *émigrés*. There is a fair mixture of other nationalities; thus amongst those who speak nothing but the "taal" are Murrays, Macdonalds, Frasers, Haydens, and there are Murphys who claim Paul Kruger as a great-uncle.

The majority of the Huguenot settlers came out between 1685 and 1690, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Many escaped in disguise to Holland, England, America, and the Channel Isles; but a refuge having been offered to them at the Cape by the directors of the Dutch East India Company, many decided to avail themselves of it and emigrated. They settled mainly in the wine and fruit

districts from Stellenbosch to Worcester, where, however, little trace of them survives, except in the names of farms such as Champagne, La Provence, La Motte, Languedoc, Normandie, etc. Those who came from wine districts disguised themselves as peasants, vine-dressers, and so on; others from other parts of Normandy, such as Bayeux, carrying the leathern aprons and hammers of tapestry-hangers, and some of these are preserved as relics to this day.

On arrival at the Cape the majority of them destroyed family papers, and, in fact, cut all ties joining them to France. The closest tie of all, that of language, was severed by order of the Dutch East India Company, who forbade the Huguenots to speak French or even to hold their religious services in their own tongue, and to-day the beautiful language of France is, to the Boer, as comprehensible as ancient Greek. As for their names, many have been woefully corrupted; thus De Villiers is pronounced Filjee, Cilliers is pronounced Ciljie, and often spelled Cillie. Théroud has become Theron, and Villon, Viljoen, while La Grange has taken the monstrous shape of Lagranzie. These are the "Dutch" of South Africa to-day, with so much "Dutch" about them that not one in ten if addressed in pure or High Dutch of Holland would be quite sure he was not listening to Hebrew.

The "Cape Dutchman," or, as I prefer to call them, the South Africans, are to-day divided into two great classes, and a fairer comparison cannot be taken than the people of Ireland and their division into Nationalists and anti-Home Rulers.

The country and people are divided on racial lines, but against the great Nationalist Party, organized by the now happily defunct "Afrikander Bond," whose creed is "Afrika for the Afrikanders," is ranged a large section with strong Imperial and closer Union sympathies, but lacking organization.

Many South Africans are proud of calling themselves Africanders (*op-regte*[1]) for choice, but many others are seriously offended at the name. "Afrikander," truly applied, designates the bastards and the half-castes or descendants of the slaves and Hottentots with European blood in them. "Afrikander" is amongst them taken to mean "Bruine-mensch," or brown person, and the term was originally used to distinguish aboriginals and coloured from the whites, whom they called "Ullaners," a corruption of Hollanders, which in the days of Dutch occupation included all white men. A species of gladiolus which grows wild in the Cape Peninsula and is of a brown colour is known as an "Afrikander." A very large number of the old Cape families have a taint of Hottentot or Mozambique blood in them, and the average South African has as much horror of this taint as any southern gentleman in the United States of America. Many a furtive glance have I seen cast at tell-tale finger-nails, the blue tinge in which betrays the existence of the dash of the "tar-brush."

Cecil Rhodes was fond of South Africans, and many of those intimately associated with him were of

[1] *Op-regte*, lit. upright. Honourable does not supply the meaning. It is used in the sense of staunch, genuine, loyal, true, patriotic. It does not necessarily imply honesty, for instance. A horse-thief may be a most *op-regte* Africander.

South African birth. Pickering, Currey, Van der Byl, Lange, Coryndon, Grimmer, Jourdan, and I were all born in South Africa. "Your South Africans are all right," he would say, "but you want to be careful; the So-and-sos are all right, the So-and-sos and the So-and-sos (mentioning the names of different families), but when you get the black blood, then look out."

The half-castes who claim descent on the outer side of the blanket from the early settlers and their slaves used to take the names of the families to whom they belonged, just as many of the liberated slaves did—and thus during the War Louis Cloete, of Alphen, as a joke had himself photographed with four other Cloetes, who were all coloured in different shades, from the peppercorn-headed Hottentot to the light coffee-coloured Cape boy.

The late Colonel Schermbrucker, in the Cape House of Assembly, once administered a severe verbal castigation to a certain member of the Bond Party who was "tainted," and who had bitterly attacked the Progressive Party. In replying Colonel Schermbrucker said that he was in the debt of the honourable member and proposed to pay him capital and interest. Then, having made his point, he said, "That, Mr. Speaker, is the capital." Then he went on, "Mr. Speaker, the hon. member said in his speech that he did not know where the Imperialists came from. Some, he believed, were imported from Germany—referring to me. Well, I am a Bavarian, Mr. Speaker, and am proud of it, and, moreover, I look back through fourteen generations of my ancestors and

I find nothing but *pure* Teutonic blood, and," he thundered out at the unfortunate member, " dot is der interest," and he sat down in a House in which you might have heard a pin drop.

When the Africander Bond was first constituted, its avowed object was the foundation of a United South Africa and the building up of a great South African nation. In earlier days it is true that a separate flag was aimed at, but it is only fair to state that for many years its declared policy was the preservation intact of South Africa as an integral portion of the Empire.

Rhodes undoubtedly used the political power of the Bond, and the Bond was the party that put him into power. After Rhodes's fall, however, the sympathy evinced by the Bond for Kruger and his coterie of Hollanders caused it to become a mighty weapon in the hands of that astute intriguer, Dr. Leyds.

Rhodes often said he had no quarrel with the Dutch ; his quarrel was with Krugerism and all it meant, and that was, when boiled down, nothing more or less than the destruction of British supremacy in South Africa. Kruger was an ambitious man, and his ambition was fed by his ill-chosen advisers, through whose machinations he persisted until he had thrown away the independence so highly valued by his people, and dragged the Orange Free State with him into the melting-pot. Rhodes always accused Kruger of filibustering, and quoted:

(1) The raid into Mankoroane's territory in Bechuanaland, under Van Niekerk and Piet Joubert, when the Republics of Stellaland and Goshen were

established under Kruger's protection; (2) Kruger's attempt to annex Swaziland; (3) Ferreira's raid into Rhodesia; and (4) Kruger's advances to Lo Bengula. He did, however, admire the old Voortrekkers' spirit, and he fully appreciated their value as pioneers, and he welcomed them as such. The roving spirit and dislike of authority caused the exodus from the old Cape Colony of the Voortrekkers, who, impatient under the British control ever since the emancipation of their slaves on December 1, 1835, compensation for which *was only payable in England*, trekked north and founded the Transvaal; and the same roving spirit and love of adventure extant in them made Rhodes select them as pioneers and settlers.

In 1884 he, against the wishes of Sir Charles Warren, insisted on the Dutch filibusters getting title to the farms they had jumped in Mankoroane's territory. In 1889 the columns of occupation of Mashonaland contained a large number of South Africans, while a separate trek was brought up by Laurence van der Byl. In 1891 the filibusters, under Ferreira, who tried to rush across the Limpopo, were allowed to settle on farms at Enkeldoorn instead of being driven out. In 1892 a Dutch trek of about seventy were sent as pioneers to occupy Gazaland, where they founded Melsetter.

In the Matabele wars of 1893 and 1896 the "Afrikander" Corps, under Raaf and Van Niekerk, did yeoman service; and in 1897 Rhodes despatched another Dutch trek to Lake N'gami. Even to-day the "Dutchman" is welcomed as a settler in Rhodesia, though he is often of the type who, when

asked which district he would prefer, inquires, "Waar is de meeste wild?" ("Where is the most game?")

The ordinary rank and file of the Bond followers are ignorant and illiterate, and blindly follow their leaders, and have as fond a faith in their predicants (priests) as the Irish peasantry, and the leaders are well aware that their ignorance is an asset in control to them, and they have as much interest in keeping them ignorant as the Russian authorities have in keeping their mujiks from thinking for themselves. They are strongly bound together by the strong tie of language. They are encouraged to use a bastard dialect—the *Taal*—which has no merit beyond its wide range of expletives culled from Dutch, French, Portuguese, and Malay. The Bantu has none, or those would have been borrowed too to add to the vocabulary of emphatics.

The tie of language has always been a strong one, and it is inevitable that bilingualism (or Hertzogism, as it is now called), to which Rhodes was always opposed, and which he declared was inimical to the best interests of the country, will have a retrogressive effect in South Africa.

As individuals Rhodes liked the Dutch South Africans, whom he referred to as "Nature's gentlemen." "I like the Dutch," said he—"I mean the Dutch as I know them. I do not mean your van Wyks. The man howled at me and wanted to have 50,000 Englishmen for breakfast. That is not the Dutch as I know them."

The late Colonel Warren had said in a speech

that if he were given 10,000 men he could walk through the Transvaal, and no doubt he could have then; but van Wyk, in replying, said that "50,000 Englishmen would be a breakfast for the Transvaal!" And it was to this Rhodes was alluding.

He used to tell a story of van Wyk, who, he said, after he had used his persuasive powers on him for some time, got up and said, "It's no use, Mr. Rhodes; at any rate you can't deny that we (meaning the Dutch of South Africa) are the Salt of the Earth." "I'd like to know," Rhodes would say in telling the story, "where the devil I came in." And this from one of the supposed enlightened ones ruling the destinies of a great country. Is it a wonder that Sir Gordon Sprigg called them "demons of ignorance and prejudice"?

It is nothing unusual, however, to expect from people who refuse to destroy locusts, for instance, because it would be sinful to attempt to stay the hand of the Almighty, by whom the visitation was sent. The ordinary Dutchman is fully imbued with the idea that the Boers are the chosen people of God, and many are extremely angry on being contradicted. The late James Leonard used to tell a story of a Boer who quoted the Old Testament to prove that the natural destiny of the natives was to be for all time hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Boers. Nearly every Boer holds this wholesome doctrine.

Sir Thomas Fuller refers to Rhodes's saying that he was delighted when van der Walt said in the House of Assembly that the one thing he was

hoping for was to see Tengo Jabavu[1] sitting side by side with him in the House. He adds that Rhodes was glad to hear a typical Boer member express a desire to have a native in the House. It is astonishing to think that Sir Thomas Fuller believed that Rhodes took van der Walt seriously, though it might have suited him to pretend to do so at the time he spoke. Rhodes knew his typical Boer member too well not to see the sarcasm, nor to know that had it been made seriously Mr. van der Walt had little hope of having his wish to see Jabavu at his side realized, for he would not long have remained a member himself.

Nearly all the Dutch who met Rhodes liked him personally. Many who were strongly opposed to him politically used to come and see him at Groote Schuur, and Rhodes enjoyed talking to them. Just before the outbreak of the Boer War one Dutch woman wired to him from the Transvaal begging him not to risk his life and safety in Kimberley. Another old Dutchman in the Cape Colony was asked by a friend who was going up to Groote Schuur whether he had any message for Rhodes. "Yes," he replied in Dutch; "tell Mr. Rhodes that if every Englishman were like him I would not mind being an Englishman myself; but," he added, "hij moet niet hier met zij verdomde Brandziekte wet kom" (he must not come here with his confounded Scab Act).

If I know anything of my countrymen, their national traits are essentially suspiciousness and

[1] Tengo Jabavu—an educated native, who is editor of a native newspaper.

slimness (cunning). In every proposition made they will suspect some trap, and in every offer an ulterior motive, and in all their negotiations they will endeavour to leave a loophole, just for eventualities. We hear a lot about the "simple Boer," but in most instances he can, with the help of the cunning he possesses in such marked degree as almost to amount to brilliance of intellect, hold his own; and a more striking instance could not be given than the late President S. J. P. Kruger.

The following is a characteristic Kruger story: A farmer, dying, left his farm to be divided equally between his two sons. On the farm was a perennial spring which both coveted, and the brothers could not come to an agreement.

They decided to appeal to Kruger, and on their doing so the President asked for a plan of the farm. He looked at it, and then handed it to the elder brother, telling him to draw a line, making what he considered was a fair division of the farm.

The elder brother did so, not without misgiving, as he felt he was going to be "had" somehow, though he did not see how.

He handed back the plan to Kruger after making the division, and the President asked him whether he was satisfied with the division. He replied in the affirmative. "You consider this a fair division?" asked Kruger. "Yes, President," answered the elder brother doubtfully. "Very well, then," Kruger replied, and handing the plan to the younger son said to him, "Now, you take your choice."

The simplicity of the Boer is about on a par with that of Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee, and he,

too, can be "childlike and bland, and the same with intent to deceive."

It is generally considered that the happily accomplished union of the South African States is but the first step towards the blending of the two white races in South Africa. Racialism, however, dies hard, and as the political parties have divided in the past on racial lines, no matter what veneer they carried, so I believe for many a decade the opposing political forces at the Cape will be the Britisher who stands for Imperialism as against the back-veld Boer and his ideal of a South African nation, and the principal factor keeping racialism alive is bilingualism.

The bastard dialect known as the "Taal," though useless from a literary and commercial point of view, yet has a sentimental value in the eyes of those who are brought up in it, and to whom it has been the medium of education, and its use tends to throw and bind them together.

A real obstacle to the natural blending of the white races in South Africa has been removed in the dispersal of the organization known as the Afrikander Bond.

Union having been brought about, the avowed object for which the Bond existed was accomplished, and no valid reason could be adduced for its continuance as a political organization except to keep racialism alive. Its very existence tended to defeat the object for which the leaders averred that they were working—*i.e.* the formation of a South African nation composed of a blend of both races, as it was looked upon by both as a race organization, and tended to bind together, by the ties of

language and false patriotism, one race to the exclusion of the other. Not long after the War I heard a South African, now holding an important position in England under the Union Government, speak in Dutch at a meeting of farmers in the Cape Colony, and describe the Liberal Party in England as the "English Bond Party." "Now you can unite," said he. "The English Bond Party, in sympathy with the Africander Bond, is now in power, and we have finished with Chamberlain and his party, who caused the War."

It is amongst the rank and file of the Bond supporters that the danger lies; the enlightened section are doubtless sincere enough in their professions of loyalty, General Botha going so far as to declare that no portion of the Empire was more loyal than the South Africa of to-day.

Be this as it may, and while race feeling as race feeling is declared to be practically dead, a solemn farce is being enacted in the Union by the pandering of the enlightened leaders of the Nationalist Party to their unintelligent and bigoted followers in the matter of the use of the Taal.

Amongst these monuments of stubborn ignorance the hope that the Taal may be forced into universal use in South Africa is a very live one, and it would be hard to persuade them that they are pursuing a chimæra.

General Hertzog has been described as the apostle of Afrikanderdom. Supported by ex-President Steyn and General Christiaan de Wet, he is to the back-veld Boer the inheritor of the Afrikander tradition, the wearer of the mantle of Kruger.

General Botha, from the formation of his first cabinet, consistently preached conciliation between the two races, but this by no means coincided with General Hertzog's views. He strongly condemned that policy, and speaking as representative of the Government gave utterance to views which were certainly not held by the Prime Minister nor his colleagues. He, moreover, opposed strenuously the immigration advocated by General Botha, stating emphatically that he would "first of all assist the tens of thousands now in the country to get on the land before he would assist one single man from outside."

An impossible situation was created, for, as General Botha stated, "the Government seemed to speak with two voices."

General Hertzog, despite the differences between himself as leader of the ignorant back-velders and General Botha, supported by the more enlightened section of the South African Party, showed no inclination to resign his portfolio, and nothing remained for General Botha but to dissolve the Government by his own resignation.

General Botha then formed his second cabinet, leaving General Hertzog out to stump the country on his claim for the paramountcy of the "Op-regte Afrikander" and the Taal which he would force down the throat of every one in the country.

The ideal of the English-speaking section of a great South Africa as a member of the partnership of nations forming the British Empire is as dear to that section as the paramountcy of the Afrikander is to the back-velder. Organization is, however, lacking.

The insistence of the Dutch-speaking section on the universal use of the Taal is a breach of the bargain concluded at the National Convention for "equal rights for both languages."

The claim for everything to be printed in both languages costs the country an enormous sum, while railway-station and public-office notices are posted in both—the "Dutch" being often more puzzling to the Boer than to the Briton.

Some of the notices are farcical: "Turf Klub" is given as the Dutch for Turf Club, "Sports Klub" for Sporting Club, "Pony en Galloway Klub" for Pony and Galloway Club, while an attempt is even made to translate the names of places and men, such as Oost-Londen for East-London and "Blij-Klip" for Gladstone.

It is, however, in the statute-book that the result of bilingualism is to be feared; and wide discrepancies have already been found between the English and Dutch versions of some of the Acts of Parliament.

So far Rhodesia is not affected, but if a cogent reason exists why Rhodesians will strenuously oppose inclusion in the Union of South Africa it is the use of the Taal. Rhodesians will have none of it, and if it is to be forced upon the English-speaking inhabitants of South Africa Rhodesians will retaliate by insisting upon the use of English and English only, and their destiny will be by every means in their power to avoid inclusion in the United States of South Africa until they can come in with sufficient strength to restore the British balance.

CHAPTER XIII

RHODES'S DAILY LIFE

ON THE VELD

RHODES *lived* on the veld. He was always happiest when in camp with the miles of trackless veld around him. The actual trekking did not appeal to him overmuch, but he enjoyed being out far from the busy hum of cities and the petty annoyances to which he was subject in the congregations of men.

He slept better under kaross or sheepskin on the hard ground or the seats of his wagonette than he did at home, and displayed a healthier appetite at the little camp-table in the shade of a mopani tree than he did at home. It was rest for him—rest which he often sorely needed, and which he certainly appreciated to the full.

When trekking, he usually had a travelling wagonette in which he and his guests drove, and another which was occupied by his invaluable Tony de la Cruz, who was valet, cook, and barber combined. This second wagonette carried the cooking outfit, provisions, and stores. As a rule, too, Rhodes had one or two riding-horses with the

caravan, and in this case he would ride the greater part of the day.

On one occasion on the old Hunters' Road we were within a day's journey of Bulawayo, and we passed a man with a drove of horses, amongst which was a fine-looking chestnut. Rhodes put his head out of the wagonette and shouted, "That's my horse. That's the one I want." We stopped, and the horse was saddled. Rhodes inquired the price, and was told £125. "Is he salted?"[1] he inquired. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I'll give you a twelve months' guarantee with him." The bargain was closed, and Rhodes rode off on the horse. He died of horse-sickness within a month.

I saw the "Coper" years afterwards, and we spoke of the deal. He laughed and said, "Well, I knew nothing about the horse; I'd only had him six weeks."

Rhodes was very particular about his camping-ground, and used to choose the spot for a camp himself, as far as possible from where any other wagon had camped.

"I insist on having a clean camp," he said once to a friend. "Grimmer and le Sueur, of course, would simply revel in the dust and dirt of an old outspan; and so *I* always choose the place for an outspan."

[1] *Salted.*—After a horse has had horse-sickness, which used to carry off about 99 per cent. of the horses in Rhodesia, he is said to be "salted," and is very unlikely to get it again. He enhances very much in value, despite the fact that the salting process takes all the spirit out of them, ruins their paces, and makes stumblers of them.

It is usual in buying a horse alleged to be salted to demand a twelve months' guarantee, and these are freely given on the off-chance of the horse living for twelve months, although these guarantees are legally not worth the paper they are written on.

"You can always tell a police camp," he used to say, "by the empty tins and bottles scattered about. Oh, I can just picture them with the basins half full of soapy water dotted with dead flies, and shelves of tins and bottles half full of jam and pickles."

If, of necessity (lack of water or anything of that sort), we had to camp near one of the coaching-stables, he would make the drivers pull off at least half a mile from the stables and well off the road.

All along the road there were trading stores, and they were built at the coach-stations. Rhodes seldom went near them; but one day he walked into one, and greeted the proprietor with, "Well, and how are you getting on?"

The storekeeper, none too affably, replied, "How do you expect us to get on when people like you, who can afford to spend money, carry your own stores and never come near us."

Rhodes just gave his little whine, and after consultation with Tony bought up the whole of the storekeeper's stock, to the latter's delight. This, however, was changed to perplexity a short while afterwards, when some people passing through required some stores and the storekeeper had nothing to sell them. He had to approach "the Old Man" then, and buy some of the stuff back to supply his customers.

All along the route after that Rhodes made it a point to stop at every store, and told me to go in and spend some money. It was free drinks galore for every idler round the stores after that.

At one store, however, Rhodes received a shock.

The wagonette had broken down. Tony had run out of fresh meat, and as the store looked nice and clean Rhodes decided to spend the night there.

We (three of us) went in to dine. We had the ordinary store dinner—a tough beefsteak and a few tinned things, with two bottles of champagne and two of stout; and we were provided with clean beds and breakfast. Then I was presented with the bill. It amounted to £18. Rhodes never went near the place again.

Some of these storekeepers had been in vastly different paths of life. At one place the proprietor was an old man with a splendid little library, and with the whole air of a scholar. He was a garrulous old man, and quoted yards of Shakespeare to us, and we left him feeling rather depressed.

At another lonely store, on top of a hill, we found the scion of a noble house all alone—not even a nigger piccanin near. This sportsman was careering about on a donkey, playing polo with a condensed milk-tin and a stick he had fashioned out of a broom-handle. I called out to him, and as he went on with his game he shouted out, "All right: go in and help yourselves. I'm busy."

They did not last long—these gentlemen of the road. The loneliness, palliated only by the passing of the coach twice a week, led to overdoses of whisky, or, worse still, bottles of chlorodyne and so on to morphia.

The police at the little outlying stations were in almost as bad case. They seldom or never had horses or anything to ride, and had to pass the time

wandering round their dusty camps, hating and loathing the sight of one another more and more every day, as is always the case when two or three men are immured together, the only break in their day often being the call to their bully-beef and damper.

I remember passing an outpost in the Matoppos once where there were a sergeant and twelve men—quite a big post—and when I returned that way three months later I saw the graves of eleven of them.

"Die? Of course they'll die," said Rhodes once, "as long as they lie on their backs and read 'Tit-Bits.'"

Rhodes never travelled very fast, unless there was some particular reason for doing so. We usually got away very early in the morning, and camped for breakfast. Then another trek until about eleven, when we'd camp again, and not go on until about three, when we'd trek until sundown, and camp for dinner and the night.

On the veld Rhodes shaved regularly every morning, and then solemnly walked off and buried the paper he had used to wipe the razor on. "I believe I should shave if I were dying," he said.

A bucketful of water was also kept for him, even when water was very scarce. This was heated, and he was able to have a sort of bath with the aid of a big sponge. I often had to be content with a pannikin of water with which to perform ablutions.

"Grimmer and le Sueur hate water," he said to a lady in London once. "I don't believe they'd wash at all if I didn't make them."

We exacted vengeance for this, however, as, an opportunity offering, we annexed his bucket of hot water and sponged one another down. We discreetly kept out of the way for the rest of the day.

When his hair required cutting, Tony was ready with scissors and comb.

At eleven in the morning Rhodes usually had, like Bismarck, a flagon of champagne and stout or light Pilsener beer, then Pilsener or hock for lunch, and with the exception of a gin-and-soda sometimes at sundown nothing until dinner, at which he drank champagne and a liqueur of kümmel.

Tony used to carry supplies of fresh meat, but as a rule we shot all we wanted.

Rhodes was very fond of biltong,[1] and would sit in his wagonette with biltong and clasp-knife and chew it for hours.

One morning a big piece of biltong he had given to me to put away, and which I had handed to Tony, could not be found, until Tony's wagonette was ransacked, and it was unearthed from amongst pots and pans and what nots. Rhodes grabbed hold of it, and taking his seat opposite me said, to my amusement, "Now you shan't have any of this, as a punishment."

He had a dread of losing himself in the veld, and would not go a quarter of a mile from the road by himself. He seemed to have no "bump of locality." He insisted on one of us being near him when out shooting in bush country.

[1] *Biltong*—dried venison or beef. American—"jerked meat."

As we were driving along one morning, we saw a big flock of guinea-fowl just off the road at the foot of a little kopje. We grabbed our guns and jumped out. The guinea-fowl made over the top of the kopje, and I, being by no means anxious to be in Rhodes's vicinity while he had a loaded gun in his hand, called out that I would go round the left side of the kopje if he would take the right. But this appealed to him not at all. "You just come with me," he said. "Some one has got to lead this party, and as *I'm the eldest* you'll follow me." There was no more to be said, but we did not get any guinea-fowl.

On another occasion we were shooting in some thick scrub not far from Salisbury. There were seven or eight guns placed fairly wide apart, but Rhodes insisted on my walking with him. Of course it spoiled my sport, nor did he improve matters by blowing two charges of No. 6 shot into a leopard which he nearly stepped on. Had it turned on him he would probably have got a very severe mauling.

On these shoots Grimmer or I used to have bets with him as to who would get the biggest bag, and it was our great delight to "wipe his eye." Once or twice, too, we have deliberately fired right across him and produced thunderbolts.

He always used an old hammer-gun, a sort of "Paradox," which took ball and shot in the left barrel, but was not rifled. I think he had the gun some sixteen years. After his death it was given to me by Colonel Frank Rhodes as a memento, and is now in my possession.

During the heat of the day, while on trek, he would produce a book and lie under a tree and read until he fell asleep. He could not take his favourite Gibbon, but carried a pocket "Marcus Aurelius," "Plutarch's Lives," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and a volume of Plato's Dialogues (Professor Jowett's edition).

He also had a large map of Africa, on which he scribbled and drew his proposed railway and telegraph routes. "Study the map," he often said. "You should always study the map."

On the veld we often met men who were out prospecting or roaming about in the objectless way many Rhodesians do, and Rhodes would stay and chat to them about their work, and invite them to meals with him, or supply them with anything he could spare that they required.

A prospector had his camp near ours once in the veld, and Rhodes's supplies had for once run short. The prospector was, however, "dying for a drink," and resorted to the expedient of developing a dose of fever accompanied by fits of ague. Rhodes then produced our last bottle of brandy, and the patient's eyes glistened, but not with fever. He seized the bottle as if it were the chance of a lifetime, and nearly filled a tumbler. "Here, hi!" said "the Old Man," grabbing the bottle—"that'll do." The next morning he went to see how the patient was, and although the latter developed a fine fit of shivering, quinine and not brandy was prescribed.

When at his huts on the Matoppo farms, he felt

one no peace until it was finished. In the hours of early dawn he has started me off on something, and lunch-time has found one still sitting in pyjamas driving the pen, while Rhodes would come in every now and then with a "Well, how are you getting on?" and a tweak of the ear.

At other times he would rise at earliest dawn, and sit on the back stoep in his favourite big arm-chair and watch the mountain crags light up in colours of bronze and blue in the rays of the rising sun. At this time he would glance through the morning papers, but never spent much time on them.

His forenoons were usually spent in Cape Town, about six miles off; and he would drive in in his Cape cart, and at the offices of the Chartered Company transact his official business and return to lunch. After lunch at Groote Schuur he usually retired to his bedroom with a book or several books, and come down about 5 p.m. for tea on the back stoep. He liked his tea very strong—almost black.

When the House of Assembly was sitting, however, he spent his forenoons at Groote Schuur, and drove to Cape Town in the afternoon, coming out to dinner and returning afterwards. The secretary to the Chartered Company would then bring out his official papers to be dealt with before dinner.

On the back stoep, which was, perhaps, his favourite resort, a receptacle was always at hand for cigarette and cigar ends, matches, etc., which he hated to see lie about. On one occasion a visitor chanced to light a pipe and throw the match

on to the stoep. Rhodes, to the discomfiture of the visitor, immediately got up and picked up the match, which he solemnly deposited in the proper receptacle, and then resumed his seat and the conversation.

He often sat for hours after dinner talking, but would now and then play a game of billiards—at which, however, he was not much good. He played a fair game of pyramids, which was his favourite billiard game. Latterly he played bridge, but was not a good player. He disliked anything like high stakes, though in his old Kimberley days he and his associates played "unlimited loo."

He played a good game of chess, but I never knew him to play chess except on board ship, when he would play every day throughout the voyage.

Rhodes took an interest in every little thing being done on the estate. It has so often been said and written of him that he disregarded details, but, as a matter of fact, in any matter in which he was engaged it would be found that he had, before arriving at a decision, thrashed it out to the minutest detail.

As to his work, he was impatient with his letters, and one would have to wait for an opportunity of getting his instructions upon such as one could not deal with oneself. A telegram he would always look at at once, and if it were important he would reply to it at once. In the middle of luncheon, for instance, he would bid one get a telegram-book or a note-book, and the wires would be sent off before luncheon was resumed.

When he wished to reply to a wire or had been discussing some matter on which he had decided to telegraph, he would say, "Come now, let us *make* a telegram"—it was a favourite expression of his.

When he wrote notes or letters himself, he was often very careless about spelling, addresses, and what not. Witness his spelling in his will, nearly all the names of his executors wrongly except, I believe, Beit. Grey I have know him spell Gray; Rosebery with two r's, Roseberry; Michell, Mitchell; Jameson, Jamieson; Hawksley, Hawkesley; Milner, Millner. In the clause of his will relating to Stead he spells embarrass with one r.

I have known him write to a titled lady as "Dear Mrs. ——"; and he once dictated a note for me to send to a "Mrs. ——," a name I did not know, and to my horror I got a very formal reply, commencing, "Lady —— begs to acknowledge, etc."

At Groote Schuur the guests were, in the main, political friends, and the conversation as varied as the colours in Joseph's coat. It really was a liberal education to listen to the discussions at that table. But breakfast, especially Sunday-morning breakfast, was the meal, par excellence, of absorbing interest. If Rhodes had anything he particularly wished to talk over quietly with any one he invited him to breakfast, and many of his more intimate friends used to invite themselves, and the meal was served in relays.

"It is so much better to talk things over quietly than quarrelling," he would say. "Come and have breakfast with me on Sunday, and we'll go and see the lions afterwards."

It was at Groote Schuur, too, that the mug-wumps[1] and doubting Thomases were taken in hand, and the whole thing was full of amusement for the onlooker; Rhodes holding forth to one or two in the dining-room, another conning a lesson in the library from Walton, Smartt vigorously punching light into another in the billiard-room, while Jameson chaffed a wholesome idea of the fitness of things into some one else on the back stoep.

Many a plot for the destruction of political opponents was hatched between those walls, and many a fine clutch of chickens counted what time the hen was set upon the eggs.

Perhaps his principal friends at the Cape were the Hon. Sir Edgar Walton, the Hon. Sir Thomas Smartt, Judge (Sir John) Buchanan, and his medical adviser, Sir Edmund Stevenson.

Sir Edgar Walton, brother of the late Sir Lawson Walton, was proprietor of the "Eastern Province Herald," member of the Cape Assembly for Port Elizabeth, and became Treasurer-General under Dr. Jameson's Premiership. He was an able journalist and a brilliant debater. Rhodes called him "the best of the bunch," and his presence was always welcome at Groote Schuur.

Dr. T. W. (now Sir Thomas) Smartt was, with Rhodes, a member of the Afrikander Bond, and has held different offices—Commissioner of Public Works, Colonial Secretary, and Secretary for Agri-

[1] Mugwump—a name given to the so-called Independent, cleverly described as "a political mule without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

culture. Like most Irishmen he was a most eloquent speaker. He suffered from a very bad and chronic attack of land hunger, and his pet hobby was agriculture. Rhodes was very anxious for him to see Inyanga, and said it would make his mouth water. He visited Rhodes at his huts in the Matoppos, and was very enthusiastic about the dam.

Rhodes liked having Sir John Buchanan at Groote Schuur. He would discuss all the questions of the day with him, and paid deep attention to the judge's views.

Mention must also be made of Sir Pieter Faure, who had a house free of rent on the Groote Schuur estate. He had held the portfolios of Colonial Secretary and Secretary for Agriculture, and Rhodes was very fond of the big-hearted South African, with strong Imperialist views, who was wont to chastise the Bond with scorpions.

Rhodes did not keep very late hours at Groote Schuur—eleven o'clock generally saw him off to bed—but he often sat at the dining-table talking and smoking innumerable cigarettes until bed-time.

His parties were small as a rule, eight to sixteen; but now and then a large luncheon would be given, and then tables would be set out on the back and side stoeps, and we have had luncheon for over two hundred and fifty at times. The custom was kept up after Rhodes's death; and in the absence of the executors I once had all the members of a congress being held at the Cape, while, I think, the members of the visiting Rugby and Association football

Dutch East India Company's Mill.

teams have lively and, I trust, pleasant recollections of their luncheons there.

When at Groote Schuur, he had many invitations; but seldom went out, except, perhaps, now and then to lunch with some friends like C. D. Rudd, who had a place adjoining Groote Schuur. He much preferred to have his friends with him, and play the part of host rather than a guest anywhere.

In London

When in England, Rhodes naturally spent most of his time in London, as his visits were nearly always on business. He used at one time to stay at Claridge's Hotel; but later always went to the Burlington, in Cork Street, where he had a suite of rooms, once a house occupied by the late Miss Florence Nightingale, and leading to which there is a wonderful old oak staircase.

In London he kept his habit of rising very early, and then rode in the Row with one or two friends, clad, as at home, in his white flannel trousers and old brown bowler-hat.

His forenoons and often afternoons were spent at the offices of the British South Africa Company or De Beers, where he would have piles of matter submitted to him which had been collected and kept over pending his arrival.

He was, of course, inundated with invitations to luncheons and dinners, and a careful record of his engagements had to be kept; and this was no easy matter, as he had a habit of altering them at the last moment, and he would get hold of the engage-

ment-book and scribble all over it. As a rule, he lunched out; but nearly always dined in his rooms with friends whom he had asked "to talk things over quietly."

His private correspondence did not amount to much, as letters were kept at Groote Schuur to await his return, and my chief duty in London was to attend to his engagements.

The first day I spent with him in London he sent me off as his proxy to lunch with his sisters in Albion Street. I had never met them, but off I went; and as I had no clothes ready, turned up in a tweed suit, brown boots, and terai hat, and this was the first of many occasions on which I had to go off and act as proxy.

It rather amused me as a rule, but what the effect was on the people who expected "the Old Man" and had to be content with the secretary, in whom they could only pretend to have the slightest interest, may be left to the imagination.

On one occasion I struck, however, and that was when at the last moment he decided to break a long-standing engagement to lunch with a distinguished politician, and he invited me to go instead. I contented myself with calling and making his apologies, and then went off and attended to my own affairs.

He often took me to places with him to which I had not been invited; and a day or two after we had arrived in England took me to the house of a well-known society hostess who had asked him to lunch, but who hadn't the least idea of my existence. After luncheon I had been speaking

to her for a few minutes when he came up, and said, "Well, do you find him of a sympathetic nature? He was horribly in love on the voyage with a woman ten years older than himself."

It was on the same day, I think, that he introduced me to a noble duke, and unthinkingly I gripped his hand rather hard. He was a slight-built man, and turned to Rhodes, wringing his hand, and said, "I wish to God, Rhodes, that you would not bring these African savages over here. He's smashed my fingers."

Having a good deal of spare time on my hands, he used to suggest things for me to see, and insisted on my doing a sort of tourist's round to the Tower, St. Paul's, and Madame Tussaud's, all of which my soul abhorred.

In London Rhodes, to his discomfort, wore the conventional frock-coat and silk hat, which always looked too small for him. It was wonderful how familiar his features were to the passers-by in the London streets; and as we drove to the City, men every here and there along the route would touch their hats to him. For amusement I returned these salutes, and Rhodes turned to me, and said, "Here, you know, those people are not bowing to you—they are saluting me."

I said, "Nothing of the sort. They are all friends of mine."

His week-ends he usually spent with some friend out of town, or at Miss Louisa Rhodes's at Iver, and I was generally left to my own devices.

Although he let one do pretty well what one

liked, it annoyed him for one to be out of the way when he required anything.

On one occasion he was going to Tring for the week-end, and had arranged to leave at about 6 p.m. on Saturday, returning on Monday morning. I accordingly went off with some friends, and did not return to the hotel until Sunday evening, when to my astonishment a servant came in, and said, "Mr. Rhodes asked for you before he left this morning."

I replied, "But he was to have gone off yesterday!"

"Yes," he answered; "but he was detained last night, and left at eight this morning."

"Well, what happened?" I asked.

"Oh, Mr. Rhodes had —— and —— and —— with him" (mentioning the names of two B.S.A. Co.'s directors), "and told me to go to your room and call you, and I came back and told him you had not been back since yesterday afternoon."

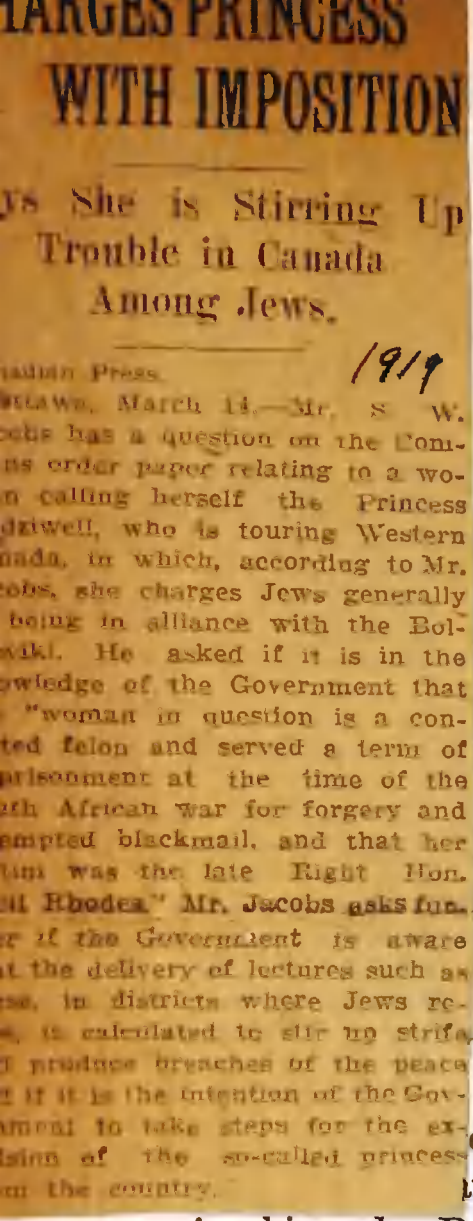
"And what did he say?" inquired I.

"Oh, he just turned round, and said, 'Of course, I remember; he told me he was going to Oxford.'"

As a matter of fact, I had locked away some papers he wanted to take with him, and he must have been much annoyed, but he never mentioned the matter to me again.

He was not overfond of theatres, and when he did go there usually were complaints of his talking audibly all through the piece; but I think the one play he was impressed by was "Julius Cæsar," produced by Beerbohm Tree in 1898, with his own splendid representation of Mark Antony.

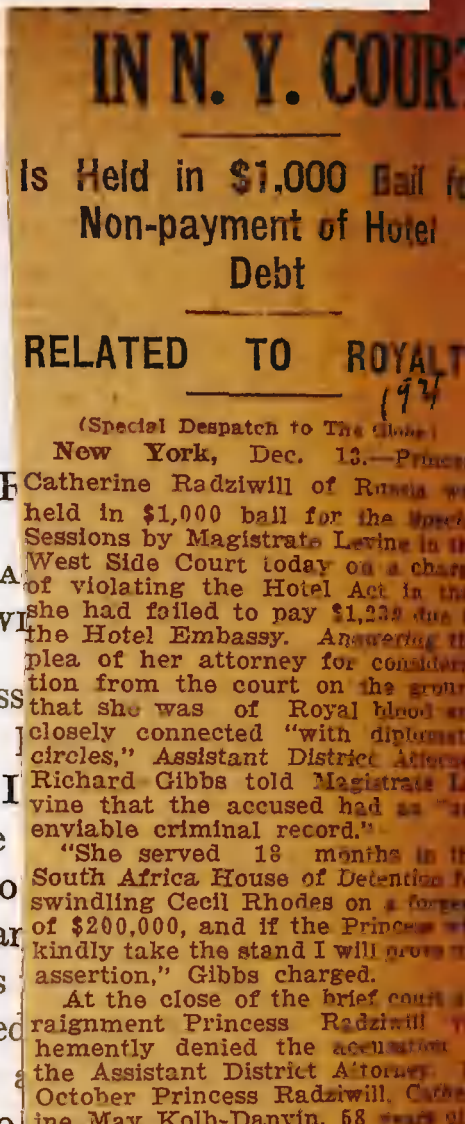
Rhodes always used to speak most enthusiastically of Rannoch Lodge, which he had hired from Sir Robert Menzies, with the fishing and shooting; but I never accompanied him to Scotland, nor did I go with him up the Nile, about which he used to enthuse, but complain of what he called the "desecration of the ruins" by the carving and painting of names on them by tourists, a practice which he always detested, but which was, however, general even in the days of Herodotus.



HARGES PRINCESS
WITH IMPOSITION

...ys She is Stirring Up
Trouble in Canada
Among Jews.

...adian Press.
...tawa, March 14.—Mr. S. W.
...obs has a question on the Com-
...ns order paper relating to a wo-
...n calling herself the Princess
...dziwell, who is touring Western
...nada, in which, according to Mr.
...obs, she charges Jews generally
...being in alliance with the Bol-
...wiki. He asked if it is in the
...owledge of the Government that
... "woman in question is a con-
...ted felon and served a term of
...prisonment at the time of the
...th African war for forgery and
...empted blackmail, and that her
...im was the late Right Hon.
...il Rhodes." Mr. Jacobs asks fur-
...r if the Government is aware
...t the delivery of lectures such as
...se, in districts where Jews re-
...e, is calculated to stir up strife
...d produce breaches of the peace
... if it is the intention of the Gov-
...ment to take steps for the ex-
...sion of the so-called princess
...m the country.



IN N. Y. COUR

Is Held in $1,000 Bail f
Non-payment of Hotel
Debt

RELATED TO ROYALT

(Special Despatch to The Globe)
New York, Dec. 13.—Princ
Catherine Radziwill of Russia w
held in $1,000 bail for the Special
Sessions by Magistrate Levine in t
West Side Court today on a charg
of violating the Hotel Act in th
she had failed to pay $1,239 due
the Hotel Embassy. Answering th
plea of her attorney for consider
tion from the court on the groun
that she was of Royal blood a
closely connected "with diplomat
circles," Assistant District Attorn
Richard Gibbs told Magistrate L
vine that the accused had an "
enviable criminal record."
"She served 18 months in th
South Africa House of Detention f
swindling Cecil Rhodes on a forge
of $200,000, and if the Princess w
kindly take the stand I will prove m
assertion," Gibbs charged.
At the close of the brief court a
raignment Princess Radziwill v
hemently denied the accusation
the Assistant District Attorney.
October Princess Radziwill, Cather
ine May Kolb-Danvin, 58 years o
author of "Behind the Veil at t
Russian Court," "The Austrian Cou
From Within," and other book
under the name of Count Paul Va
sili, spent a night in the Ra
Street Jail following charges by t
management of the Hotel Shelbu
that she had attempted to defraud
of a bill of $352.52.

CHAPTER

...AST DAYS A
RADZIWI

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Rhodes's
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some of them very wealthy.

Princess Katherine Radz
birth, and the widow of a
son of hers served the British during the Boer War. Rhodes was interested in the Princess's conversation and her knowledge of South African affairs, and there is also no doubt that her title impressed him. She had been a lady-in-waiting to the German Empress, and had also incidentally been in the pay of Bismarck, engaged in his secret service. She had all the Russian natural instinct

and capacity for intrigue. Rhodes spoke very freely to the Princess, and she then told him that it was her intention at some future time to proceed to Africa, and he expressed the hope that they might meet. The Princess had every intention that they should meet again. Rhodes next heard of the Princess while we were camped on the veld on our way to Umtali from Salisbury in 1897. I had just received the mail, and Rhodes and Sir Charles Metcalfe were amusing themselves working out the number of people who would gain a sight of the procession on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Amongst the letters was one from the Princess Radziwill, in which she referred to their meeting at Moberly Bell's, and added that the reason for her writing was that she was "blessed or cursed with the gift of second sight," and she predicted that within six months an attempt would be made upon his life, and she besought him to take every precaution. She enclosed "as a safeguard" a small gold Russian coin, which she said had been given by an old gipsy "to my cousin," Skobeleff, and which he wore through all his campaigns; and she cautioned Rhodes to keep it as a mascot, which would assuredly preserve him from the danger which threatened him. Rhodes kept the letter, and asked me to put the little coin away carefully; but, I understand, it has since been lost. I need hardly say that her anxiety was groundless, as no attempt was ever made on his life. He never anticipated nor guarded against any, though his feeling was not shared by every one in 1896–7, and although

he never knew it men were stationed behind the big firs in the avenue leading up to Groote Schuur when in his Cape cart he used to drive in and out from Cape Town at night. He would probably have been much annoyed had he known.

In 1900 the Princess ascertained the probable date of Rhodes's sailing from Southampton, and she promptly proceeded there. She had, however, to wait for six weeks before Rhodes sailed, as he, as usual, put off his departure from week to week. At last, however, he embarked on June 18 (significant date); and the first night out, while seated at dinner at a small table in the corner of the saloon, one of which was always reserved for his party, the Princess sailed into the saloon, came straight to Rhodes's table, and selected a seat. In common politeness Rhodes had to consent to her forming one of his party, and so she remained to the end of the voyage.

The Princess told Rhodes that she proposed doing journalistic work in his interests, and she did so, also later on founding a paper called "Greater Britain," for which she asked and obtained his promise of financial assistance. She took a house at the Cape, and quickly got to know people, although she was continually in a state of financial embarrassment.

She formed a great friendship with a Mrs. Scholtz, the wife of a well-known medical man, who was a great friend of Rhodes, and to a large extent in his confidence.

It was while Rhodes was up country that the

Princess got into grave financial straits, and got Mrs. Scholtz to write to Rhodes for assistance.

Rhodes thereupon wrote to Mrs. Scholtz authorizing her to pay certain debts the Princess had incurred, and to give her a sum of money, adding at the same time that she could do no good in South Africa, and that the money was given her on condition that she returned to Europe.

She faithfully carried out the condition, but as Rhodes pathetically said at the trial, "She came back again."

She did not worry Rhodes much on his later stay at the Cape when she had returned, except that she would frequently arrive at Groote Schuur at or just before lunch-time, and announce that she had come to lunch. As a rule, Rhodes would see her coming up the drive, and either make for his bedroom or get to the stable-yard by a back way, and drive off to C. D. Rudd's for lunch, leaving some one to explain things to the Princess. The latter would sometimes feign indignation, and declare that she was invited to lunch, and in support produce a telegram from Mrs. Scholtz—"Mr. Rhodes expects you to lunch to-day." These telegrams, it was afterwards found, the Princess used to send from Cape Town to herself.

I was still far from well, but although I was doing "scratch work" only for Rhodes I saw a good deal of the Princess, and I am sure she cordially hated not only Jourdan, but Grimmer and myself.

Now and then she would catch Rhodes before he could get away, and after lunch would insist upon his giving her a personally conducted tour round

view to discounting them. Louw made no inquiries, but discounted bills for £4,000, charging 40 per cent. for doing so. Now, although the reports of the trial do not attach any blame to Louw, it is hard to imagine that Louw did not have doubt about the signature when he charged the usurious interest he did. Rhodes's name on a bill would be, to the ordinary man, as safe as the Rothschilds, which Louw knew as well as any man, and good enough security for him to charge a very small rate for. As a matter of fact, I don't think Rhodes ever signed a bill in his life. He would finance himself frequently by overdrawing by means of cheques, but his credit was practically unlimited. However, Louw, instead of proceeding criminally against the Princess, immediately instituted civil proceedings for the recovery of his money, and Rhodes was cabled to to defend the action.

His medical advisers and friends strongly opposed his arriving at the Cape in February, which is an exceedingly hot month, and he was very much averse to going himself. He applied for his evidence to be taken on commission, on the ground of urgent private affairs, but was informed that this could only be arranged on the plea of ill-health. This he would not plead, because of the probable effect on the market, just as in 1897 he was much annoyed that ill-health was given as the reason for his absence from the Bulawayo Railway opening festivities. Sir Lewis Michell then cabled that unless he appeared to defend, judgment would be given against him, and he then determined to sail

for the Cape. "I must go and defend my honour," he kept saying, "and I can only do it by upsetting the *bona-fides* of the Princess." "To upset the *bona-fides* of the Princess" Rhodes wanted to subpœna Lord Salisbury and Lady Edward Cecil, as the Princess had completely hoodwinked Rhodes in regard to interviews she alleged she had had with Lord Salisbury on the political situation in South Africa, Rhodes's status, and the attitude of "the Dutch." She supplied Rhodes, through Jourdan, with extracts from her diary, in which records of the interviews were kept. "I go," says she in one entry (a Sunday), "to Hatfield, and find the family are all at church. I walk through the lovely grounds slowly to meet them. First comes So-and-so and So-and-so, and last of all comes Lord Salisbury himself." She goes on to say how she joins him, and how they walk together, and stop "at the grave of that dear woman, the late Lady Salisbury, her friend!" and talk of her and of various matters until "At last, says Lord Salisbury, Princess, what about Africa? What is Rhodes doing there?"

Then she goes on to retail the whole of the conversation, in which she establishes herself a staunch advocate of Rhodes and his policy and the hold he has on all sections of the community. "But, Lord Salisbury," she reports to have said, "is there not a danger of a man like that being tempted to play the part of a Washington?" and so on *ad lib.* Then she naïvely adds, "I hurry home to write all this down before the actual words escaped my memory!" The whole bears

the stamp of truth, but was conclusively proved to be a total fabrication and only a product of the Princess's fertile imagination. Lady Edward Cecil declared emphatically that the alleged interviews never took place.

At this time Rhodes had taken to lying in bed until midday, which was very contrary to his ordinary habits, and he had given up his early-morning rides, although the horses were sent round as usual. The horse he usually rode in the park he purchased, and we took it to the Cape, and after his brother's death Colonel Frank Rhodes took the horse back to Dalham. Rhodes became very irritable and nervous, and was in constant pain. Several doctors examined his heart, and strongly impressed on me the necessity for his keeping very quiet and not being excited, nor having his temper aroused. They were trying days, as he was in a continual fume when thinking of the Princess. I think he was just as much annoyed at being forced to alter the arrangements he had made as anything else. He made up his mind to sail quite suddenly, and on the Friday night before sailing he sent me off at midnight to get Bourchier F. Hawksley, Alfred Beit, and one or two others whom he wished to see. Hawksley came to the Burlington at about 2 a.m., and they talked for an hour or two. As Hawksley turned to leave the room and say good-bye, he made some remark which did not meet with Rhodes's approval, and he said, "My *dear* Hawksley, you are the most *cha-a-arming* fellow in the world, but you are a ——y ——l."

We sailed on January 16 or 17 on the "Briton,"

Dr. Jameson, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Rhodes, the Hon. William Grenfell, and I composing the party. The ship was not very crowded, but as we had booked so late the only cabins available were below the main deck and very hot. Rhodes had a look at his, and flew into a rage and went straight up on deck. I went up to see what I could do, and the chief officer immediately offered to give up his own cabin, which was on the boat deck, and, with the addition of an electric fan, as cool as any part of the ship. Rhodes was immensely pleased with the change, and asked me whether the officer would be offended if he offered him "a present for his children." Knowing my officer, I thought to myself that he would not mind being offended in that way every day of his life, but answered very gravely that I thought it was improbable. Rhodes made me get his cheque-book, and wrote a cheque for £50, with which I went in search of my officer friend, and made him "drown the insult."

The chief officer's cabin, as a rule, has a writing-table in it, and one night Rhodes, feeling hot in his bunk, cleared the table, and taking the mattress out of the bunk he laid it on the table, purposing to sleep there, but, of course, the rolling of the ship caused the mattress to slide off the slippery table, and Rhodes was precipitated on to the deck, nearly breaking his nose and injuring his shoulder and knee. It is a marvel that he was not killed. He felt very sorry for himself for some days afterwards.

Rhodes played no chess on this voyage, but he played a fair amount of bridge. He got very

excited several times, especially once when I, having dealt, declared "no trumps" and he had a very poor hand. He jumped up, rubbing his hands up and down his chest, and said, "Now that's pluck," thinking only of his own hand. Two or three times, when he was losing two rubbers in succession and his opponents about to make game, he quietly sneaked out and went off to bed; and once, when we were playing the first rubber and our opponent put down a "grand slam" hand with a hundred aces, he had one look at them, and then saying, "Oh, my God, I'm off to bed!" he jumped up and left. When playing one night with cards that had been used several times, he found himself and his partner with twenty-six black cards, his opponents, of course, only having red.

We arrived at Cape Town the day before the civil case brought by Louw in connection with the bills came up for trial. Rhodes never slept at Groote Schuur again, except in death. On the day of our arrival he went straight down to a cottage at Muizenberg, on the sea about twelve miles from his home. It was an unpretentious little place enough, and at the time of his death he was building a large house next door to it on the lines of Groote Schuur.

Rhodes was very much annoyed to find that the "Radziwill papers"[1] had been filed away by Jourdan and could not be found, and he told me to start at once to find Jourdan. He was a hundred miles away, his home being at Worcester. It was then about six at night, but I left just

[1] Every letter the Princess wrote was carefully preserved.

as I was, and managing to get a permit (martial law was still in force), I boarded a goods-train early next morning, and arrived at Worcester at about 11 p.m. I found Jourdan after some difficulty, gave him the message, and caught a train back at midnight, Jourdan following in the morning. A telegram would really have brought him sooner, but Rhodes would not be satisfied unless I undertook to go up to Worcester and see Jourdan personally.

Rhodes installed himself in his cottage, and used to drive to Groote Schuur and back in his Cape cart and in a motor which we had brought with us from England. It was a 12-14 h.p. Wolseley, and the only car he ever owned, and he was as delighted with it as a child with a new toy. The first time it went down to Muizenberg I went down in it, as Rhodes had sent for me to make a fourth at bridge—the others being Metcalfe and Jameson—and I arrived very late, as on nearing Muizenberg we ran over the head of a small coloured boy, and I was delayed in getting a doctor for him. I told Rhodes the reason of the delay, and he immediately raced off to bed, and next morning early he came to my room and said, "I hope you have been to see about the boy you murdered."

Rhodes gave evidence in the action brought by Louw for recovery on the bills, and repudiated liability, as he denied that the bills bore his signature. The verdict accordingly was given in his favour.

Having obtained judgment, he would probably have let matters in connection with the bills lie,

and began to speak of returning to England, but the Princess in her turn immediately commenced an action against him for payment of the bills.

I accepted service of the summons at Groote Schuur, and then went and saw him in his bedroom.

"Damn the woman!" said he; "can't she leave me alone? What am I to do about it?"

I replied that the only course would be to prosecute the Princess for forging and uttering the bills.

"No, no," said he. "I don't want to do that. It seems like persecuting a woman."

"Well," I answered, "you have already declared the bills to be forgeries, and it is positively the only thing you can do."

"Very well, then," he said after some further demur, "go and see about it; but it does seem like persecuting a woman."

I accordingly got his legal representative to come up, and he drew up an affidavit, which Rhodes signed before Mr. Percy de Villiers, son of Sir Henry (now Baron) de Villiers, and a warrant was issued and the Princess arrested.

At this time the Princess had taken a cottage at Muizenberg, near Rhodes's, and we often passed her while driving or motoring on the beach road.

On one occasion we overtook her near the cottage, and Rhodes fancied that she was coming in, whereupon he hurried indoors, and turning to me said, "You stand at the gate, le Sueur, and don't let that woman in, even if you have to use physical force to keep her out." She passed, however, without a glance or sign of recognition.

The heat was intense that February month, and we vainly hoped for a cooling breeze that would bring relief to "the Old Man." At Muizenberg the nights were more or less cool, but at Groote Schuur by day everything was parched and shimmered under the sun's burning rays. The animals and birds drooped listlessly, and there was hardly a breath of wind sufficient to rustle the leaves of the oaks that surround the house, while at night the earth exuded the heat it had absorbed by day. Rhodes would wander about the house like a caged animal, his clothes all thrown open, his hands thrust characteristically inside his trousers, the beads of perspiration glistening on his forehead beneath his tousled hair as he panted for the breath to sustain the life within him, which was ebbing slowly away. Into the darkened drawing-room he would go and fling himself upon a couch, then would he start up and huddle himself up in a chair facing my desk in the anteroom used as an office, and anon painfully toil upstairs to his bedroom and pace to and fro, every now and then stopping at the window which gave him that wondrous view of Table Mountain that he loved so well, all the time hungrily longing for the cooling breeze which never came. Then, unable to bear more, he would order the motor and drive to the cottage at Muizenberg, where he would sit and watch the waves roll up almost to his door, and dream.

The Princess was admitted to bail, and retired to her cottage at Muizenberg, but resolutely declared that she was too ill to appear at the preliminary examination, and finally a temporary

court was held in her cottage. There was an unseemly rush into the place as soon as the magistrate entered, of reporters and the public generally, and it was an unpleasant duty for me to go on Rhodes's orders to hear the proceedings. She sat like a tigress at bay, and assumed such an attitude, finally pretending to faint, that it was impossible to continue the proceedings, and the further hearing was taken in the Magistrate's Court in Cape Town. All this time she used almost daily to write long letters to Jameson, Metcalfe, or some other friends, and give herself away badly. It is impossible to believe that she was not at this time suffering from some sort of mental aberration, and I am positive that she suffered from delusions, in which she had perfect faith.

Dr. Scholtz gave evidence, and stood in the witness-box looking very ill. He did not give evidence, however, at the main trial, as he died of pneumonia before the case came before the High Court. Rhodes's death also occurred before the trial, and the evidence given by him and Dr. Scholtz at the preliminary examination was "declared" to in the High Court.

When attending the court to give evidence, Rhodes drove in by cart, and remained sitting in the cart until his presence in court was required. Instead of going to a club to lunch he would take a packet of sandwiches and a medicine bottle of whisky-and-water.

The Princess was committed to take her trial at the High Court, and was arraigned and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. She brazened things

out to the end, and made herself very unpleasant in gaol—so much so that they were glad to see the end of her.

After her release, which she obtained before the expiration of her full term of imprisonment on condition that she left the country, she commenced an action for damages against the Rhodes Trustees for £400,000 damages, and altogether the circumstances point to a condition of mental aberration.

The giving of evidence at the preliminary examination of the Princess seemed to have severely taxed Rhodes's strength, and he became weaker and weaker day by day, until it was clear to Dr. Stevenson and Dr. Jameson that no hope remained.

"All right—then send for Michell," was his remark when Jameson, some weeks prior to his death, told him that the end was near. He had been sticking to his room at Muizenberg more and more for those last few days, and about then he took to his bed. The nature of his ailment made it impossible for him to lie down, so he sat upon the edge of his bed, his hands usually under his thighs and his back resting against a broad band that was stretched lengthwise along the bed. To try and cool the air an extra window was knocked through the wall and a couple of holes were cut in the ceiling, above which were placed tins containing ice, and a punkah was rigged up over his head and kept going day and night. He wanted Sir Lewis Michell in order that an addition might be made to his will, and to give him some instructions as an executor; and there is no doubt that he knew weeks before the end came that the final dissolution was

near. He made no complaint, but sat dozing on the bedside, and now and again his head would fall forward, and he would start up with a jerk. He preserved an interest in what was going on, and insisted on letters being read to him. He had written to London recommending Jameson's appointment as a director of the Imperial Cold Storage, and had told me that when the reply came I was not to show it to Jameson, but to bring it to him. The managing director replied that he did not consider the appointment desirable. I asked Jameson whether I ought to show it to Rhodes, and I gave it to him to read. Jameson was furious, and, strange to say, Rhodes just then asked for it, and was, if possible, angrier at my having shown it to Jameson than he was at the objection to the appointment—just for fear of hurting Jameson's feelings. It is an extraordinary thing that, in view of the years of friendship between the two men, Rhodes did not make Jameson one of his executors until March 12, 1902, a fortnight before his death. During these last weeks there were numbers of callers, but only very few saw him. The Archbishop of Cape Town, who had seen him and had a long talk at Groote Schuur a little while before, asked whether he would like to see him, but Rhodes did not feel equal to it.

Rhodes also insisted on seeing the evening paper, in which he would, however, merely glance at the day's bulletin regarding himself. It was deemed inadvisable for him to see the ordinary alarming notices, and a special issue was therefore struck off for him, in which the bulletin merely stated that

"Mr. Rhodes had passed a somewhat restless night," and added a few commonplaces. He became more helpless later on, when his legs became dropsical, and silver tubes were inserted to draw the fluid off. An oxygen generator was fitted up at the cottage, and a cylinder was kept at the bedside, which assisted in preserving the spark of life. There were present nearly the whole of the time Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Dr. Sir Edmund Stevenson (his regular medical adviser), Hon. E. H. Walton, his brother Elmhirst, J. Grimmer, Jourdan and I. Sir William Marriott, P.C., had taken rooms at Muizenberg, and used to come to Groote Schuur almost daily. Of course, there were numbers of callers, but no one was admitted to see him, while in the vicinity of the cottage a crowd, probably amounting to hundreds, used to gather every evening, some in the expectation of hearing news, while others possibly came out of ordinary curiosity—the lights being kept on all night.

When we arrived at the Cape, Grimmer wired from Inyanga asking whether he was to come down. Rhodes replied telling him to remain where he was, but I wired privately to him to come with all speed. Not long before Rhodes died he expressed a wish to see Grimmer, and I then told him that Grimmer would arrive on the following day. Always devoted to Grimmer, he was as pleased as possible, but pretended to be extremely annoyed at my wiring on my own initiative. Until his death he hardly allowed Grimmer out of his sight. Under his will he left him £10,000, but

Grimmer did not live long to enjoy it, as he died of fever at Caledon a little over two months after Rhodes.

One morning I was sent by Dr. Jameson in the motor-car to get Dr. Stevenson, as Rhodes had taken a turn for the worse. Rhodes heard the motor, and asked Jameson who was using it. Jameson told him it was I, and he got very angry, and said, "Tell him he is not to use my car. It is *my* car, and not his." He got very peevish and irritable, but his moods constantly changed. During the whole of this time three old coloured servants were in constant attendance on him—John Cloete, his coachman, Tony de la Cruz, his valet, and George Krieger, one of the house servants from Groote Schuur. Early one morning Jameson laughingly beckoned me to come and look through the window, and there I saw George Krieger sitting bolt upright on a stool in front of Rhodes, who sat dozing on his bed, his hands under his thighs, glaring at George with a grim smile on his face. It appeared that George had been guilty of some misdemeanour, and as a punishment Rhodes made him sit bolt upright in front of him for some hours. Every now and then George, thinking Rhodes was asleep, essayed to quietly leave the room, when "the Old Man" would stop him, solemnly shaking a finger at him, and say, "Sit there—you just sit there."

He got irritable when he heard us tiptoeing in the other rooms, and preferred us to walk about in a natural manner. He would call out to know what we were doing in the evening, and say, "Why

don't you play bridge instead of sitting about doing nothing?"

During Rhodes's last days Jameson was indefatigable, and one marvelled at his endurance. He would be with Rhodes for hours, and then steal away for a few moments' much-needed rest, when Rhodes would miss him, and on his "Where's Jameson?" the doctor would reappear for another spell. Towards the end Jameson sometimes almost went to sleep where he stood.

Telegrams of inquiry arrived in shoals. Queen Alexandra sent a kind message of sympathy, which Rhodes much appreciated. The late "Dick" Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, also wired in terms of concern, whilst there were hosts of messages from all parts of the Empire.

Rhodes was allowed to have his own way in regard to diet and so on during these days. One night, towards midnight, he asked for a bottle of stout, and I inquired of Jameson whether he should have it. "Oh, yes," he replied, "nothing can hurt him much now," and he had and seemed to enjoy his stout. A fortnight before he died he ate the best part of a guinea-fowl and drank a bottle of hock at midday. About March 23 he seemed to be sinking, but suddenly developed a craving to go home to England. (All species of animals, when they feel the end approaching, wish to go home to die, and so it was with Rhodes.) Feeling that the end was near, he became possessed of an intense longing to go home, and then it was for Jameson to go and tell him that he would be dead before he reached the Cape Town docks. For all that he

clung to the idea, and cabins were reserved on the mail steamer the "Saxon," sailing on March 26. His cabin was fitted with electric fans, oxygen tubes, and refrigerating pipes in readiness for him. Strangely enough, on the morning of Wednesday, March 26, he rallied considerably—so much so that Jourdan and I went up to Groote Schuur, and even Sir Edmund Stevenson did not deem it necessary to remain at Muizenberg that night. Some of us even thought it possible that he might be able to undertake the voyage by the "Saxon." But a different and a longer voyage was his spirit to take that very day, for at a few minutes to six that evening Jameson announced to the crowd who constantly waited in the vicinity of the cottage that he had passed away, conscious to the last, and with the words, "So little done, so much to do," upon his lips.

Jourdan and I, at Groote Schuur, received a telephonic message a few minutes after six, and immediately drove down to Muizenberg, where we found at rest, in the stillness of death, the remains of him, our benefactor, to whom we owed so much. Jameson took us in, in turn, to have a last look at him, and for a moment I stood there, trying to realize the loss, while Jameson turned and fumbled with the window curtains that he might hide his own emotion.

C... bequest which per-
...ite young Americans, Canadians,
...ustralians and Afrikanders to at-
...nd Oxford has now been dupli-
...ted by a similar American bequest,
...e Henry P. Davison Scholarship
...dowed by the widow of the Amer-
...an financier. This fund has long
...een contemplated by Mr. Davison,
...t he died before he worked out
...e details, and that has now been
...ne by his son and Mrs. Davison.
...x British students each year will
... enabled to spend a year at Har-
...rd, Yale or Princeton. Three of
...em will come from Oxford and
...ree from Cambridge, and one from
...ch university will be assigned to
...ch of the American universities.
...ere will be no tuition charge, and
... other expenses will be met out
... the Davison fund. The fortu-
...e students will be chosen on the
...ne principle that guides the
...oice of Rhodes scholars, and will
...doubtedly be fine representatives
... British youth. The scholarship
... one more practical recognition
... the important fact that the two
...ons should become better ac-
...ted with each other, and that

...PTER XV

...ND SCHOLARSHIPS

...W. T. Stead has given an
...'s intentions regarding the
...n. His first intention was,
... it to Lord Carnarvon for
...n to his secretary, Neville
...e had given instructions as
...of it; then to W. T. Stead,
...in private instructions, but
... "eccentricity," he removed
...cutors. He always intended
...be used for "the betterment
...t in his later years he tried
...estamentary disposal of his
... far as possible that his work
...s though he were still alive,
...se as the executors of his
... had made acquainted with
...nd to whom he could, with
...e hand. While there is a
...ut his schemes for the linking
... Cairo by rail and telegraph
...n of the South African States,

the bigger idea pervades the whole document—*i.e.* the consolidation of the Empire and its binding together by means of prosperity acquired through peaceful commerce—which would be ensured by the establishment of a better understanding between those nations of the world who controlled the world's trade and the powers on the sea, at the same time bringing to the dwellers in the Over-Sea Dominions a sense of the greatness of the Empire, and perhaps an ambition to strive towards the consummation of a great ideal—a United British Empire, closely bound by the joint cords of commercial interests and sentiment.

The last amendments to his will were, I think, made by letter from Egypt. He had, he said, made sufficient provision for his family, and the bulk of his wealth was to go to his scholarships. He naturally chose his beloved Oxford as the centre in which the scholars were to meet for interchange of ideas, and after sojourn in which they would retain a sentiment of common interest. Since the publication of his will it has been remarked that America has, in proportion to what has been allotted to the British Empire overseas, too large a percentage of scholarships; and when the idea of the universal scholarships first occurred to him, upon his being approached for bursaries for the South African colleges, he regarded his scholarships rather as a means of bringing into sympathetic bonds the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. An Anglo-American combine he rightly regarded as a formidable factor, and, perchance, foresaw the

conclusion of commercial treaties for reciprocal benefit as a result of the intercourse of subjects of the two nations commenced at Oxford, which would ensure to the United Empire her position amongst the nations for all time.

The tie of language he always looked upon as a very strong one, and although probably in 1899, when he executed the main portion of his will, he was satisfied that he laid the foundation for a close union between the Mother Country and the Over-Sea Dominions and the great Anglo-Saxon races which might consummate in a world-wide combine, bound by the strong tie of a common language, together with a sentiment of common interest produced by the sojourn in the same educational establishment of the best of the manhood of America and the British colonies, in 1901, when he executed the codicil allotting five scholarships to German students, he had conceived a fresh idea in that, by means of the same educational tie, the peace of the world, so necessary to extension of commerce, might be assured. By his codicil in 1901 he provides for scholarships for students of German birth, to the end that an understanding may be brought about between the three great Powers of the world by means of the strongest tie that he can conceive—that of educational relations—knowing that the existence of such an understanding will ensure the peace of the world; in fact, as he says, make war impossible. It is no mere fad for securing universal peace that he strives for; but the idea underlying the whole is the prevention of disturbances which might lead to the disruption

CHAPTER XVI

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES AND BURIAL

It was about ten o'clock on the night of March 26, 1902, that I drove back to Groote Schuur from Muizenberg to prepare for the reception of Cecil Rhodes's remains.

A post-mortem examination, which showed that the enlargement of blood-vessels over the heart had almost filled the right lung cavity, had been made and a mask of his features had been taken. The body had been placed in a metal shell within a temporary coffin. The front hall at Groote Schuur was cleared, and a large table was moved to its centre. Then Carter, the steward, and I waited for the cortège from Muizenberg.

The temporary coffin had been brought up to Rondebosch by train, and then moved to a hearse which was awaiting it. I was standing on the front steps at a little after 4 a.m., when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and round the bend of the front drive appeared the hearse. Beside it walked Major Elmhirst Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smartt, Dr. Stevenson, Jack Grimmer, and E. H. Walton.

The effect was weird in the extreme—the semi-

THE LONELY GRAVE IN THE MATOPPOS.

darkened house with the little group of servants standing with bared heads waiting for the procession which slowly made its way between the great oaks which line the gravelled drive—waiting for the master who was coming home for the last time.

There was a brilliant full moon that Thursday morning before Good Friday, and its rays shining through the oak leaves cast a pattern of patches of gold and black darkness upon the drive.

Slowly the hearse approached, no sound being heard but the scrunching of the gravel beneath the horses' hoofs and the measured tread of the little band of mourners, who had now been joined by Mrs. K. H. R. Stuart and Mr. Theo. Schreiner. Then it stopped before the door, and the coffin was borne in and placed upon the table in the hall.

The body was in an ordinary lead-lined shell, and the cover, not yet screwed down, was moved so as to expose his face; and so he lay, surrounded by those whom in life he best loved to have around him. And we all stood, hardly realizing that he was indeed gone, nor did any one essay to move until the silence was broken by a woman's sob, and Mrs. Stuart stepped forward and placed a little spray of white flowers upon the coffin.

Then all went to much-needed rest.

The following day and Good Friday were full of work in connection with preparations for the funeral, directions for which were contained in the will.

Only two or three visitors were permitted to see the dead on Thursday. These included

Mrs. Stuart, Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Silberbauer, who placed his Masonic Regalia in the coffin, and the lid was then screwed down. The coffin was made in an incredibly short space of time out of Matabele native teak, and in it were placed the other shells, while it was also lined with lead. Full instructions were wired to J. G. McDonald at Bulawayo as early as possible for the preparation of the grave on the site in the Matoppos selected by Rhodes. Dr. Jameson asked me to remain on with the estate, and to take charge of all Rhodes's papers, and this I was naturally only too pleased to do. My time for the next few days was very fully occupied, as hundreds and hundreds of telegrams, messages, and cards were received, and wreaths and all sorts of floral tributes arrived positively in tons, until the hall was filled with them. On Saturday and Easter Monday there was a public lying-in-state at Groote Schuur, and on those days a continual stream of people of every walk in life passed through the hall from the front entrance, and emerging at the back stoep spread out over the estate. The number who passed through, I believe, exceeded thirty-five thousand. Colonel Frank Rhodes, who had been cabled for, and Arthur Rhodes arrived on Tuesday, and on Wednesday in the little hall we had the real funeral service conducted by the Rev. Canon Ogilvie.

At about ten o'clock that night the body was taken under an escort of Cape police to the Houses of Parliament for the second lying-in-state, and we all followed in mourning carriages.

The State funeral and procession took place in Cape Town at three o'clock of the next day, and over the coffin, which was covered with the Union Jack which used to hang in the billiard-room at Groote Schuur, and which was carried by Mr. E. S. Grogan in his tramp from Cape Town to Cairo, the Chartered Company's flag, and a white ensign from the Loyal Women's Guild, bearing the inscription, "Farewell, Great Heart," the Archbishop preached his address from 2 Samuel iii. 38: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

After the service we moved out of the cathedral to the strains of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and so on to the Cape Town railway station, where the magnificent train-de-luxe, in the designing of which Rhodes had taken so much interest, was drawn up covered and draped with black and purple emblems of grief, ready to take its first journey to the north. It had not been completed long, and had been waiting at Salt River works until the cessation of hostilities to make its maiden journey. Little did Rhodes think that the first time the train he had helped to plan ran to his North it would bear his earthly remains to their lonely resting-place. The platform, like the train itself, was draped in black and purple, and over the entrance through which the bier passed was the inscription, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." The old De Beers' car in which he had so often travelled had been prepared as a funeral car to carry the coffin, and to it the bier was borne. The coffin placed in the car, a few of

the chief wreaths were put in with it, such as the Queen's, Dr. Jameson's, and his family's. Two troopers of the Cape Police, with arms reversed, mounted guard over the bier, we all took our allotted seats, and the train slowly moved out from the platforms crowded with a silent multitude, and gradually gathering speed was soon flying on its road to the north. And so we started on our journey of a week's duration, terminating in the kopjes of the Matoppos.

At every station of any importance we stopped, and found a guard-of-honour drawn up, who saluted the while the bands played dead marches, the cadence of which was ever in our ears.

At stations and sidings where there were no bands, from trumpets and bugles rang out, with startling clearness across the lonely vast of the "Karoo," the notes of the "Last Post," which followed us as we whirled away north in the darkness.

Wreaths and crosses were forthcoming in such abundance, that when we got to Worcester there was hardly room for more. On every platform near which lay town or village mourners of both nationalities had crowded to pay a last tribute to the mighty dead. North of Beaufort West, where we saw General French, the line was flanked at short intervals by block-houses; and as we flew by the little garrisons stood to attention, and there were few more impressive sights than the sentries perched upon the roofs of the little block-houses, standing like statues with arms reversed as the funeral train rushed by. A pilot engine preceded

the train from Cape Town to Mafeking, and from Modder River to Palapye we were escorted by an armoured train with a search-light, which swept the veld on each side of the line.

At Kimberley, which owed so much to Rhodes, we stopped for seven hours, during which many thousands of people filed by the funeral car, the bands playing the "Dead March" on the railway platform.

Amongst those we saw amidst the mourners was N'jube, Lo Bengula's eldest son. At Vryburg, which we reached at nightfall, we were detained for the night. The remnants of Methuen's column, which had been crushingly defeated a little while before by De la Rey, had struggled into the town, which was still sniped every night, and it was considered unsafe to proceed. Mafeking was the last place of any size we stopped at, and here the whole population of the town had assembled about the railway platforms.

We reached Bulawayo early on the morning of Tuesday, April 8, after having disposed by fire of the enormous number of wreaths and other floral tributes. The ribbons and cards attached to them were carefully preserved.

At Bulawayo the coffin lay in state throughout Tuesday, and the first part of the funeral service, which was to be completed in the Matoppos, was held in Bulawayo the following day. After the procession, which followed the service, the coffin was escorted out to Rhodes's huts on his Matoppo farm, about eighteen miles from Bulawayo, by fifty B.S.A.P. troopers, and there it lay for that

night. Those attending the ceremony went out during the afternoon in coaches, carriages, carts, on horseback and bicycles, and even on foot, and on the morning of the day of the funeral, Thursday, April 10, a mighty concourse had assembled at the Hill of "Malindi N'zema."

Jack Grimmer had, to his sorrow, to remain in Bulawayo, owing to an attack of fever. There was also a congregation of some thousands of Matabele, who had come to see the obsequies of "Mlamula Mkunzi," who was to be laid so near to the resting-place of Umziligazi, the founder of their nation.

The coffin had been drawn by a team of oxen to the summit of the kopje, from which Rhodes selected his "View of the World," and the grave was all prepared to receive his mortal remains. After the remainder of the funeral service, adjourned from Bulawayo, had been conducted by the Bishop of Mashonaland, who also read the poem written by Rudyard Kipling for the occasion, the coffin was lowered into its bed in the solid rock, and the wreaths from the Queen, Dr. Jameson, and "his brothers and sisters" were laid upon it, and the massive stone slab, upon which was riveted the plain brass plate bearing the inscription, "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes," was gently settled upon the grave; then the hymn "Now the Labourer's task is O'er" was again sung, and we turned to the sound of thousands of Matabele warriors shouting, as is their custom, the praises of the departed chief, and slowly made our way down the hill, leaving him to lie in sleep for all time—

in the words of Mr. Justice J. G. Kotze, "A picture of energy come to rest . . . amid the silent Matoppos, with the blue vault of heaven above and the massive granite beneath—emblems of his lofty inspirations and his solid work."

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